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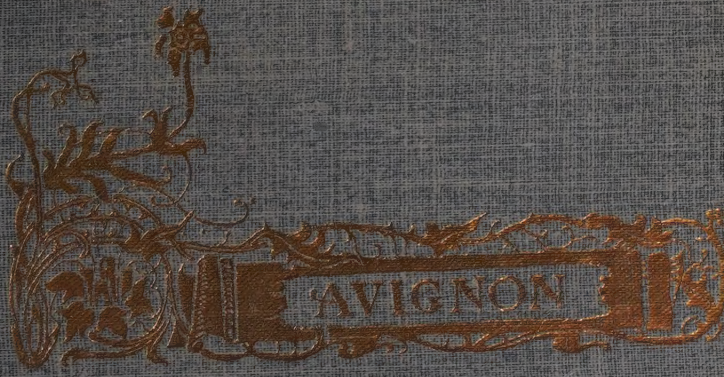

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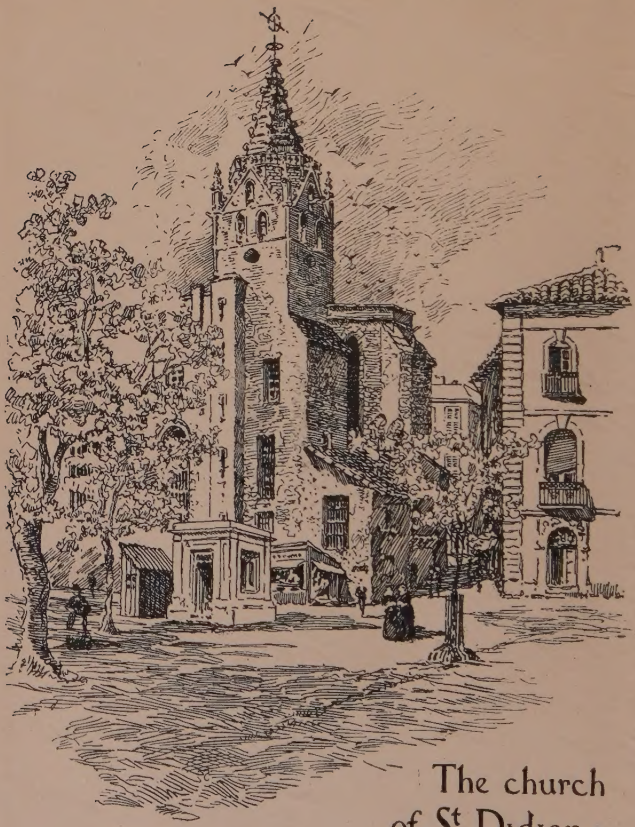
The Story of Avignon



The church
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The Story of Avignon

by Thomas Okey

Illustrated by Percy Wadham

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CONTENTS

PART I

CHAPTER I

PAGE

Introductory 1

CHAPTER II

Legend of St. Martha—The First Bishop—Franks and Arabs 7

CHAPTER III

The Counts of Provence—Republic of Avignon—Building of the Great Bridge 15

CHAPTER IV

The Albigenses—Siege of Avignon by Louis VIII—End of the Republic of Avignon . . 27

CHAPTER V

The Papacy at Avignon—Pope Clement V . 43

CHAPTER VI

John XXII—The Black Art—Wealth of the Papal Court—A Cardinal's Hoard . . 57

CHAPTER VII

PAGE

Petrarch at Avignon—Benedict XII—Clement VI—Rienzi at Avignon 80

CHAPTER VIII

Petrarch and Laura of Avignon . . . 101

CHAPTER IX

Petrarch at Vaucluse—Rienzi again—Death of Clement VI and Election of Innocent VI . 117

CHAPTER X

Queen Joan of Naples—Sale of Avignon to the Papacy 140

CHAPTER XI

The Dread Companions—Urban V—Bertrand du Guesclin—Urban V at Rome—His Return to Avignon—Gregory XI—St. Catherine at Avignon—Return of the Papacy to Rome . 154

CHAPTER XII

The Great Schism—Urban VI v. *Clement VII —A Pope again at Avignon—Froissart at Avignon—St. Pierre de Luxembourg* . . 180

CHAPTER XIII

Benedict XIII—Siege of the Papal Palace—End of the Great Schism 197

CHAPTER XIV

PAGE

Building of the Great Palace—Art and Luxury at Papal Avignon 211

CHAPTER XV

Life in a Mediæval City—Law and Justice at Avignon—The Jews 240

CHAPTER XVI

The Plague at Avignon—The University . . 254

CHAPTER XVII

Avignon under the Legates—The Huguenots—The Inquisition—Royal Visitors—Temporary Annexations to France 265

CHAPTER XVIII

The Eighteenth Century at Avignon—The Old and the Young Pretenders—Final Annexation to France 288

PART II—THE CITY

SECTION I

Notre Dame and Le Rocher des Doms—Pont St. Benezet 297

SECTION II

The Papal Palace 309

SECTION III

PAGE

The City Walls 329

SECTION IV

The Parish Churches of Avignon . . . 336

SECTION V

The Abbeys and Friaries of Avignon . . 346

SECTION VI

The Guilds of Penitents 349

SECTION VII

Some Secular Edifices of Avignon: The Musée Calvet 358

SECTION VIII

Villeneuve-lès-Avignon 373

SECTION IX

Vaucluse 390

Appendix I 394
Appendix II 395
Short Bibliography 397
Index 403

ILLUSTRATIONS

HALF-TONE

		PAGE
Portrait of Petrarch . .	*To face page*	52
Portrait of Laura, so-called .	„ „	102
St. Catherine of Siena . .	„ „	174
St. Siffrein	„ „	224
Altar Piece, Notre Dame du Spasme	„ „	340
Adoration of the Child Jesus .	„ „	362
Coronation of the Virgin .	„ „	378

LINE

The Church of St. Didier, Avignon	*Frontispiece*
The Pont St. Benezet with the Chapel of St. Nicholas	23
Tower of Philip the Fair, Villeneuve-lès-Avignon	42
A Doorway, Carpentras	54
Tomb of Pope John XXII	73
Monastery at Bompas	94
Church of St. Agricol, Avignon . . .	98
The Rocher des Doms	118
Entrance to Villeneuve-lès-Avignon . . .	147
Avignon from the Isle de la Barthelasse . .	149
A Portion of the Town Walls, Avignon . .	158
A Town Gate, Avignon	165
Chateaurenard	202
Porte d'Orange, Carpentras	206
The Papal Palace, Avignon	212
Plan of the Papal Palace, A.D. 1360 . .	214

PAGE

Entrance to the Papal Palace, Avignon . . 226
Buttress in the Rue de la Peyrolerie . . 228
Notre Dame des Doms, Avignon . . . 266
Archiepiscopal Palace, Avignon . . . 267
Ancien Place Pie, Avignon 268
A Corner in the Chartreuse, Villeneuve-lès-Avignon 274
Châteauneuf des Papes 295
Old Papal Throne 301
House of the Painter Mignard, Avignon . . 303
Hôtel des Monnais, Avignon 304
Papal Palace, Court of Honour . . . 313
A portion of the Town Wall, Avignon . . 330
A portion of the Rampart, Avignon . . 332
Porte Pétrarque; now, de la République . . 333
Church of St. Pierre, Avignon . . . 338
Old Portal of Carmelite Monastery, Avignon . 343
Tower, Augustinian Monastery, Avignon . . 345
Jacquemart 359
Portal, Hôtel Baroncelli-Javon . . . 360
A Street Corner, Villeneuve-lès-Avignon . . 374
The Arcades, Villeneuve 376
Courtyard of the Hôtel de Conti, Villeneuve-lès-Avignon 380
Old Buildings in the Chartreuse de Villeneuve . 385
Fort St. André, Villeneuve-lès-Avignon . . 386
Rotonde de la Fontaine, Chartreuse de Villeneuve 387

MAPS

Map of Avignon . . . *To face page* 1
Avignon about 1650 . . „ „ 403

PREFACE

The story of Avignon presents in the main a sequence of disconnected scenes, or acts, of many dramas. Great historic figures—the Raymonds of Toulouse, Louis VIII, popes and anti-popes, emperors and kings; Robert the Wise, Petrarch, Rienzi, St. Catherine of Siena, Joan of Naples—enact a scene or scenes of their troubled or tragic lives in the little hill city on the Rhone; they have their brief passage before the footlights; they pass away to other stages and are seen there no more. The writer of the ensuing pages has essayed, within these limitations, to recall the chief actors to the minds of such English-speaking travellers as may care to interrupt their passage to or from the south by a short sojourn at Avignon, whose majestic, cliff-like palace is so familiar to their sight from the windows of a railway carriage as the train descends or ascends the valley of the Rhone. No more interesting halt can be chosen on the long journey between Paris and Marseilles. Excellent hotels to suit all pockets; a climate, apart from the rare visitations of the mistral, mild, crisp, and bright; a gracious and attractive folk; a centre whence varied and beautiful excursions may be made to the old cities and ruined castles of Provence and Languedoc. And some few, more leisured wayfarers, lured by the charm of the old papal city and its picturesque surroundings, may, perchance, be tempted to linger

amid the circle of those pale, parched hills, so dear to a modern poetess,[1] with their orchard-ring of almond-trees—

More fair than happier trees, I think,
Grown in well-watered pasture land,
These parched and stunted branches, pink
Above the stones and sand.

O white, austere, ideal place,
Where very few will care to come,
Where Spring hath lost the saving grace
She wears for us at home!

Fain would I sit and watch for hours
The holy whiteness of thy hills,
Their wealth of pale auroral flowers,
Their peace the silence fills.

June 1911.

[1] Mme. Darmesteter, "An Orchard at Avignon."

THE STORY OF AVIGNON

PART I

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

Richest among the manifold gifts bestowed by Nature on the fair land of France are her magnificent rivers; and of these, the broad and rapid Rhone, which, with its tributary the Saone, formed a priceless waterway for the commerce of the ancient world, is the greatest. The Rhone was the chief trade route from Marseilles to the centre of Gaul, and the cities along its banks, now known as Arles, Avignon, Orange, Valence, Vienne, Lyons, were so many ports of call for the daring navigators that sailed westwards from Tyre and Sidon and Phocæa and other mercantile centres of the eastern Mediterranean. That there was a flourishing Phœnician city at Marseilles is proved by the discovery in 1845 of a long tariff of dues to the priests of Baal for their various sacrificial offices, and the story in Herodotus of a subsequent settlement at Marseilles by the Phocæan colonists from Asia Minor, who chose to expatriate themselves rather than submit to Cyrus, is well known.

When the Roman conquerors had driven their marvellous roads through Gaul, the Rhone—that road that

marches and carries—was still the great way of the nations, and even down to comparatively recent times the northern traveller to the south of France or to Italy "fell down the Rhone" to Avignon or Arles. The first stage of the journey was Vienne, and Evelyn well remembered the dainty dish of truffles he had to his supper at that port on his journey in 1644. It was a rapid but sometimes a perilous voyage. From Vienne the boat "swam" down, for steering only was needed, and the shooting of the Pont St. Esprit was attended with so much risk that timid passengers were often landed above the bridge and continued their journey by carriage.[1] In 1574 a boat carrying the baggage of Henry III to Avignon was wrecked there, and all the baggage and many of the crew were drowned. Special pilots and special insurance rates were required for the passage through its sinister arches.

But swift as was the downward course of the great rafts and heavily laden boats of the early carriers, as slow was the ascent against the mighty sweep of the current and the prevailing winds from the north. There was no sailing above Tarascon, and some conception of the time required to win up the Rhone in ancient days, when long teams of broad-chested, slow-paced oxen toiled up the rough tow-path, may be formed if we remember that so late as the early decades of the nineteenth century the average period of haulage from Arles to Lyons was from twenty-eight to thirty days and no less than thirty or forty horses were needed to tow a train of boats carrying in all about 300 tons. Even in Smollett's time the return passenger boats were

[1] *Diary*, September 30, 1644. *See* also Haley's *Life of Romney* and Smollett's *Travels*.

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[1] *Diary*, September 30, 1644. *See* also Haley's *Life of Romney* and Smollett's *Travels*.

drawn against the stream by oxen, which swam through one of the arches of the Pont St. Esprit, the driver sitting between the horns of the foremost beast; and readers of Mistral's charming autobiography[1] will recall the old peasant who boasted that before the railway came he had driven the finest teams up the Rhone—eighty noble stallions harnessed four by four.

What the iron road is to the expanding and conquering nations of the modern world, the paved road was to the ancient Romans; and few roads were more important than those that converged on the valley of the Rhone. Beyond the junction of the two ways from Italy and Spain, at Arles, the great north road followed the left bank of the Rhone to Lyons, where, crossing the river, it led by the right bank of the Saone to Châlons. There it branched into four ways, of which one led westwards, to the valley of the Loire and Brittany; a second, by the valleys of the Yonne and the Seine, to Paris and the ports for Britain; a third, by the valley of the Somme, over the Vosges and by the valley of the Moselle to Germany; a fourth, following the valley of the Doubs, crossed the Jura to the Rhine and led to the ports of the German Ocean. Of the eight highways between Italy and the Rhone valley, that which followed the valley of the Po and, by way of Turin, Mont Genèvre and Briançon to the valleys of the Drome or of the Durance, was the classic and natural connection between Cisalpine and Transalpine Gaul: and the Durance entered the Rhone just below Avignon. From Lyons to the sea, in olden times, the Rhone was spanned by no more than one stone bridge—that at Vienne; for even the

[1] F. Mistral: *Moun Espelido*. 1906.

engineering skill of the Romans appears to have shrunk from the magnitude of the task involved in further pontifical construction on that intolerant stream.

The acropolis of Avignon commanded the richest land of Gaul. To this day the old county Venaissin possesses the most prolific soil in France; it supplies western Europe with the *primeurs* of the fruits of the earth, and the little railway station of Barbentane is one of the busiest agricultural distributing centres of Provence. Fantoni, an Italian, writing in the seventeenth century, dilates on the ravishing prospect of its broad champaign; its charming hills; its relative freedom from horrid mountains;[1] its natural loveliness, equalled only by its fertility; nothing is lacking for the food and enjoyment of man; it is an epitome of all the fair things that are scattered over the provinces of France. Arthur Young, who travelled thither in August 1789, dwells on the delights of the country near Avignon; the beautiful, well-planted, umbrageous roads; the delicious effect to the expert eye of its superb irrigation. Hardly a richer or better cultivated sixteen miles of land could be found anywhere than that between the Isle de Sorgues and Avignon.

No longer can the traveller survey from the river the wonderful scene that unfolds itself to the eye when descending the valley of the Rhone from Lyons to Avignon. Save a few cargo steamers the once busy Rhone is silent and deserted. No longer down its swift and ample stream do the great vessels sweep, manned by those tall, stalwart boatmen—shouting, swearing *colossi*, with shaggy beards—of whom Mistral sings in the *Poemo dóu Rose*. Their incessant cries:

[1] *Poco d'orrore d'aspre montagne.*

Pro vero la baisso, hou! Reiaume! Emperi! are heard no more, and all that remains of a navigation that had "Realm! Empire!" for its cries are the furrows left by the cables on the stones along the river banks. Even the little *Gladiateur* that used to puff her way up and down the Rhone between Lyons and Avignon ceased running in 1907, and the traveller to-day must be content to catch what glimpses he can from the windows of a railway carriage.[1]

As one descends the bank of the broadening river below *Vienna la bella* the air softens, and the landscape begins to assume a southern aspect. At Valence the dark cypress and her spire—that sentinel of the south—comes into view; the mulberry, the olive, the almond, the chestnut, the oleander, the myrtle, the ilex and the stone-pine, tell of sunnier skies. Even the common flowers of the north are transfigured under the magic of the bright, translucent sky: the poppy takes on a more sanguine hue, the gorse and broom a more refulgent yellow. The regular features, the dark hair and swarthy complexions, the arlesienne coiffure and queenly carriage of the women—the rapid gesture, the vivacity, the staccato accent of the men—tell us we are among a different race, among the inhabitants of fair Provence, *riante et douce*. But there are other aspects of smiling and sweet Provence that the passing tourist more rarely beholds: its

[1] A great international scheme is, however, said to be ripening, whereby the Rhone may regain some of its old activity. A Swiss Navigation Company is to prolong the river route from Bâle to Geneva, and the French authorities are to open navigation on the Rhone between Geneva and Marseilles. Ultimately a waterway from the North Sea by the Rhine and the Rhone to the Mediterranean may be opened to commerce.

brazen summer firmament ; the pitiless heat of a Provençal sun ; the hot, white, blinding roads whirled into hurricanes of choking dust by the fierce *mistral ;* arid, limestone cliffs intolerant of culture ; river-beds now dry, now ravaged by torrential streams ; the harsh rigid outlines of hills crowned by ruined frowning castles ; the sombre, Spanish hue of its domestic architecture ; the immense sadness of the stony Sahara-like plains of the greater and the lesser Craus, all of which have left their impress on Provençal legend and song.[1]

[1] The story runs, that Hercules fighting against the giant sons of Neptune found himself short of missiles, whereupon, calling on Zeus for aid, the father of gods and men let fall from heaven a mighty hail of stones which formed the stony waste of the Craus.

CHAPTER II

LEGEND OF ST. MARTHA—THE FIRST BISHOP—FRANKS AND ARABS

Mediæval chroniclers begin the story of Avignon at the Deluge. There are, says Fantoni,[1] that refer the foundation of this city to the time of the patriarch Noah, who, after the Flood and before the Confusion of Tongues, put forth to sea with his three sons and showed them the coasts of the earth which he had divided among them : Europe he assigned to Japheth, who, ten years thereafter, sent forth chiefs to found colonies. Of these chiefs, one sailed up the mouth of the Rhone and founded the city of Avignon, which, from a Colonia that it then was, became a Tetrapolitana thirty-three years later, when Samotes Dis, fourth son of Japheth, was sent to Gaul by Noah and, entering the Rhone from the Mediterranean Sea, landed at Avignon. "But these," concludes Fantoni, "are but fables, mere empty dreams, repugnant to Holy Scripture ; and all the learned flee from them, with one accord, both with sail and oars." It is only when they reach the coming of St. Martha and her blessed companions that the seventeenth-century historians of Avignon feel themselves on solid ground. "It was in the year of our Lord 35," says Fantoni, "that our saints reached the shores of Provence and touched land at that open spot which

[1] *Istoria d'Avignone.* 1678.

is named of the Three Marys." Fantoni follows the fifteenth-century legend which includes the two Marys and Salome, and Mary the mother of James, among the outcasts. But, according to the "Golden Legend," it was St. Martha, hostess of Our Lord, with Lazarus her brother, her sister Mary and St. Maximin, who were put into a ship by the Jews and cast upon the sea "wythout sayle ores or other gouvernayle"; and Martha, "who was righte facund of speche and curtoys and gracious to the sight of the people," went her way with Marcella her servant preaching the Gospel of Christ; and on her way up the Rhone she came upon a "grete dragon, halfe beste halfe fysshe, gretter than an oxe, lenger than an hors, having tethe sharpe as a swerde & horned on either syde, hede lyke a lyon, tayle lyke a serpent, & defended hym with two wynges on eyther syde & coude not be beten wyth cast of stones ne wyth other armour & was strong as xii lyons or beres: which dragon lay hydyng & lurkyng in the ryver & peryeshed them that passyd by & drowned shyppes. . . . . To whom Martha at the prayer of the peple came into the wode & found hym etyng a man. And she cast on hym holy water & shewed to hym the crosse, which anon was overcomen, & standyng styl as a sheepe, she bonde him wyth her owen gyrdle[1] & thenne was slayne wyth speres & glayves of the peple. The dragon was called of them that dwellyd in the contre Tharasconus. And on a tyme at Avignon whan she preched bytween the toun and the ryver of Roon there was a yong man on that other syde of the ryver desyring to here her wordes & had no bote to pass over: he began to swymme naked but he was sodenly taken by the strengthe of the water & anon

[1] Another legend says her garter.

suffocate and drowned, whose body unnethe was fonden the nexte day. And when it was taken up it was presented at the feet of Martha for to be reysed to lyfe. She then in maner of a crosse fyl doun to the grounde & prayed in this maner: O addonay lord Jesu Christ which raysedest somtyme my wel beloved brother, beholde my most dere gheste to the faythe of them that stonde here & reyse thys chylde. And she toke him by the hande; and forthwyth he aroos, lyving, & receyved the holy bapteme."

St. Martha, hostess of Our Lord, say the chroniclers, dwelt long years in the city of Avignon, together with her servant Marcella, who was believed to be that inspired woman who cried out, "Blessed is the womb," etc. In the seventeenth century the cave where Martha and Marcella dwelt was still shown near the Tour de Trouillas, between the cathedral cloister and the papal palace. She was believed to have built a church to the Virgin on the Rock of Avignon, and in the old office sung on the octave of St. Agricol. St. Martha was celebrated as the founder of a nunnery near the same spot.

The pilgrimage[1] to the castellated old church of Les Trois Maries, rebuilt by good King Réné to preserve their relics, is one of the most popular in Avignon and Provence generally. There is a charming story, in his autobiography, of the pilgrimage made by Mistral in 1855, before the days of the railway—fourteen happy, laughing pilgrims couched on straw in a wagon, their slow, leisurely progress gladdened by legend and song. Readers of Mistral's *Mireille*, too, will remember in that delightful idyll of the loves of Vincent the young basket-maker and the farmer's daughter, the beautiful Provençal verse

[1] May 24 and 25.

wherein the legend of the Three Marys and of the coming of St. Martha is enshrined.[1] The story is, or was in Mistral's early days, still green in the minds of the peasants of Provence, who, when they dwelt with loving memory, as old folk are wont to do, on bygone days, would say: "Ah, that was in the good old times when Martha span"; remembering how, as children, they were told of the hostess of their Lord, sitting in her rocky cave in the midst of her converts and spinning the while she instructed them in the faith of Christ. Yet another traditional link with the gospel story is recalled by the ruined Romanesque church of St. Ruf that still exists a short distance from Avignon, whose patron saint is identified with St. Rufus, son of that Simon of Cyrene, and one of the Seventy, who was compelled to bear the cross: the Rufus also referred to in the Epistle to the Romans.[2] Rufus is famed to have been the first bishop of Avignon, and to have built a monastery not far from the walls of the city, whither he afterwards retired with his followers to live in austere penance and in contemplation.

As early as the year 125 B.C. southern Gaul had become a Roman province; but it was not until the final conquest by Julius Cæsar that the Latin tongue and the Latin civilization were impressed for ever upon its people, and that Avignon, in common with other cities of Provence, was made a Roman colony, its citizens being endowed with privileges almost equal to those of Rome herself.

During the great Roman peace Avignon was happy in having no history, and into the twilight and gathering darkness that enveloped the decaying empire we can but dimly peer. A second bishop,

[1] Chants X and XI.

[2] "Salute Rufus the chosen in the Lord" (xvi. 13).

St. Just, is said to have sat in Rufus's chair until the year 90, but from that date down to 451 only one bishop is known to the ecclesiastical annals of Nouguier. Other writers have peopled the darkness with shadowy figures, some anonymous, but little is known of those obscure centuries when wave after wave of barbarian invasion swept down the valley of the Rhone on the fair fields and cultured folk of southern Gaul, and when the Christian bishops were knitting together the ravelled fabric of civic life. A century before Christ hordes of Cimbri and Teutons had shown the way to the fat lands of the new Roman province, routing five pro-consular armies before they were finally crushed by Marius at Aix. During the civil wars, Vandal and Goth, Frank and Burgundian, Lombard and Saxon, ravaged the inheritance of Cæsar, or disputed its possession. The glimpses we catch in the pages of the early Gallic chroniclers of the savage warfare and piteous desolation wrought by the Burgundian civil wars and by the Merovingian anarchy are but few, and rarely concerned with the lands of the south. One precious testimony, however, we do find to the high culture and advanced civic life of Avignon in the chronicle of St. Gregory of Tours. Clotaire, king of the Franks (558–561), desiring to advance his faithful friend Domnolus, Bishop of Mans, bethought him of the vacant see of Avignon ; but the blessed Domnolus, hearing thereof, having spent the night in prayer, approached Clotaire and besought him not to send his servant from his sight nor suffer him, a simple-minded prelate, to dwell humiliated among senators who were sophists and magistrates who were philosophers.[1]

[1] St. Gregory : *Hist. Franc.*, Book VI. 9. *Inter senatores sophisticos ac judices philosophicos.*

Avignon, which during the Roman peace was of small importance compared with Arles and Vienne and other commercial centres of Provence, emerges during the barbaric wars into some prominence by reason of its military strength ; for in ancient times the fortress city, except one narrow neck of land, was girt by the waters of the Rhone and of the Sorgue. The mighty Clovis flung his ever-victorious hosts in vain against it, and in 583 it endured a memorable siege by Gontran, son of Clotaire. Mummolus, whom he sought to capture, had already won fame by defeating the Saxons ; and on a second invasion, when they had ravaged the country round Avignon, he forced them to purchase their passage across the Rhone at the price of many thousand pieces of gold. The victorious captain made a vigorous defence ; he cut a canal through the neck of land that gave access to the city and prepared a fleet of boats which appeared water-worthy, but which were cunningly contrived to collapse under the stress of the oars. On the appearance of the besiegers along the right side of the Rhone, Mummolus made a feint to abandon the boats, which were seized by Gontran, who embarked a large part of his warriors in them, most of whom perished in the river. At various places in the cut Mummolus had dug deep pits over which the water flowed, and when at length Gontran had passed the remainder of his army over the Rhone, Mummolus cried to him from the city walls : "If thou art of good faith I will stand on this side of the stream, and do thou stand on the other, and say thence what thou wouldst ask of me." When each had come to his place, the stream being between them, Gontran said : "An thou wilt suffer me, I will cross over, for there be many things whereof we must confer in

secret." "Come, and fear naught," was the answer. Gontran and an officer then spurred their horses into the water, and both fell into a pit. His companion, weighed down by a heavy cuirass, was swallowed up and seen no more : Gontran succeeded in catching a lance held forth to him by one of his men and was dragged ashore.[1] Avignon, by reason of its strength, was chosen by Mummolus as the depository of all his treasure, and at his capture and death his wife discovered it to Childebert, who despatched an officer thither to seize the hoard, which amounted to 250 talents of silver and 30 talents of gold.[2]

But in the first half of the eighth century a scourge more terrible by far than that of Goth or Vandal fell on the unhappy lands of Provence. The Arab conquerors of Spain, after their defeat at Poictiers, wheeling their legions from the western to the eastern passes of the Pyrenees, swept up the valley of the Rhone, their track marked by rapine and desolation. The rapidity and suddenness of their movements were appalling. They seemed to travel on the wings of the wind. On a day they would be heard of a hundred miles distant : in a moment the plains would be black with the fiery little steeds and their swarthy, light-armed riders, and field and barn, village and town, would be consumed like stubble before a raging fire. Now at Marseilles, now at Arles, now at Lyons, their track was hideous with ruined cities and churches and monasteries and butchered Christian folk.

In 738 Ioussef Abderrahman, the defeated of Poictiers, became master of Arles and of Avignon by collusion with certain of the Provençal seigneurs, who

[1] St. Gregory : *Hist. Franc.*, Book VI. 26.
[2] Book VII. 40.

hated the Saracens less than the Franks. Straightway the bishops of Provence hastened to the Frankish king who was warring against the Saxons, and besought him to avenge Provençal treachery and deliver Christ's people from the yoke of the infidel. Charles Martel at once despatched Duke Childebrand, his brother, with a vanguard of Franks and Burgundians, himself following with the flower of his army. The Saracens were well fortified at Avignon, a city, *munitissimam ac montuosam ;* [1] they defended themselves bravely, but nothing could withstand the desperate onslaught of the invincible Franks. The infidel stronghold was taken, and every Arab and renègade Christian put to the sword ; the walls were razed, and the city was left a smouldering ruin. This done, Charles crossed the Rhone, fell upon a mighty host of advancing Saracens at Narbonne and cut them to pieces. Recalled to the Rhine, once again Charles had to listen to piteous appeals from the south ; the Saracens had retaken Avignon, fortified the Rock, and all his work was undone. In the spring of 739, the fair-haired warriors of the north were again seen on the banks of the Rhone and, in two years, with the help of the Lombards, the Cross was again victorious over the Crescent, although the final deliverance was not effected until the victory of Pepin the Short in 759. The Franks were now masters of Provence, and Avignon received a Frankish garrison.

[1] Fredegarius : *Hist. Franc.*, Book XI. 109.

CHAPTER III

THE COUNTS OF PROVENCE—REPUBLIC OF AVIGNON—BUILDING OF THE GREAT BRIDGE

At the Treaty of Verdun (843), when the vast heritage of Charlemagne was parcelled out among the three sons of Louis the Debonnair, Dauphigny, Provence and the Transrhonian lands, with the empty title of Emperor, fell to the share of Lothaire; a tripartite empery of Gallo-Frank, German and Italian princedoms was rent asunder for ever; Charles the Bald was thrust behind the boundaries of the Scheldt, the Meuse and the Rhone, and the dawn of the realm of France is seen in history. In the South, the Rhone became the dividing line between realm and empire; from that day forth, the boatman was to know the ports on its banks as in the Regni or the Emperi, and even down to our own time the cries have survived of *Reiaume! Emperi!* as the helmsman steered for the western or eastern shores of the Rhone.[1]

The fortunes of Avignon during the disintegration of the empire were intimately involved in those of the counts and dukes of Toulouse, Provence, Forcalquier, and others of the great feudal lords who by their military genius carved out for themselves rich seigneuries from its wreck; for in the universal chaos the sword of power was to him who could

[1] H. Martin: *Histoire de France*, III. 74. Mistral: *Lou Poemo dóu Rose*, 339.

wield it. Under the fostering care of the Christian prelates and jurists a new social order was slowly emerging, and the victims of misrule clung around the mighty and dominant lords whose strongholds offered a rallying-point and a defence in the common peril. Lust of power, family feuds, love of adventure involve Provençal history in a tangle of cross purposes and unedifying wars. *Voici bien des ténèbres et des mauvais pas*, complains Nostradamus, the historian of Provence ; but the incidents of the rise and fall of these feudal lords, the clash of peoples and the mutabilities of their fortunes, need not detain us long : they were but the growing pains of the new social order.

A few outstanding figures, however, demand brief notice. Charles, youngest son of Lothaire, who assumed the title of King of Provence, justified in 860 his regal office by defeating the northern pirates who were devastating the Rhone Valley. In 879, when the terrible Danes were seen again, a synod of twenty-three bishops offered the crown of Provence to Duke Boson, and besought him to deliver the land from the fury of the Northmen.

Duke Boson was forced to vindicate his new sovereignty both from the ravages of the pirates and from the attacks of the degenerate heirs of Charlemagne and the defence of Vienne, by his consort, Princess Ermengarde, daughter of the Emperor Louis II, against the army of Charles the Fat ; her successful elevation of her son Louis, with the support of the bishops, into his father's seat is among the most thrilling stories of feminine valour and statesmanship. The young Louis justified the confidence of his episcopal electors and won the affection of his subjects ; but the lure of a Transalpine kingdom in

Italy wrought his destruction, and the falling sceptre of Provence was snatched by Count Hugh, his chief minister and regent, who, by a crushing defeat of the savage Hungarian invaders near Avignon in 926, made good his title to sovereignty. Hugh never assumed a higher title than Duke, or Count, of Provence, and he too won a realm in Italy, wore the crown of Lombardy, fell to naught, and ended his days in a monastery.

In 970 Pope John XIII called for a deliverer who should exterminate the Saracen pirates that were making a wilderness of southern Provence. William I, Count of Provence, in conjunction with Rothbold his brother, answered the call, and by a brilliant campaign cut the infidel host to pieces. For twenty years William I ruled in peace, the beloved father of a prosperous people, and at his death in 992 was succeeded by his son, William II, who shared the lordship of Provence with his uncle Rothbold. The dual régime of uncle and nephew was broken in 1018 by William's death at Avignon, when the heritage of half Provence fell to his sons, Geoffrey and Bertrand, Counts of Forcalquier and Avignon. At the decease of Rothbold, without direct heirs, his moiety of the patrimony of Provence passed to his nephews Pons and Bertrand, sons of Count Taillefer of Toulouse.

In 1078 Raymond, Count of St. Gilles, and second son of Pons, married his cousin, the only daughter and sole heiress of Bertrand of Toulouse. Having thus united the family inheritance, Raymond assumed the title of Marquis of Provence and, after his wife's early death, contracted a second marriage with Matilda, daughter of Count Roger of Sicily, thus allying his fortunes with those of that powerful

Norman house. Meanwhile Raymond's elder brother, William, succeeding to the countship of Toulouse, had died without male issue; and Raymond, inheriting the title, became Marquis of Provence, Count of Toulouse, and one of the mightiest feudal lords in Christendom: a third marriage in 1094 with a daughter of Alphonso, King of Aragon, associated yet another potent family with his interests. But to these connubial and inherited claims to lordship, Raymond added a claim yet greater in those stormy times—that of military genius and prudent statesmanship. In the ensuing year, Pope Urban II was preaching the Holy War in France, when Raymond, fired with crusading zeal, led a powerful and victorious army of Provençal nobles to the Holy Land, modestly declined the proffered crown of Jerusalem, and in 1105 died a soldier's death at Tripoli: his son Bertrand took up the heritage of the Cross, set forth with another army and won Tripoli.

A generation passes away and new claimants to the lordship of the South enter the field. After a period of internecine war, Alphonso, Count of Toulouse—Bertrand's brother and heir—and Raymond Berengar, Count of Barcelona, who as descendants respectively of William II and Rothbold united in their persons the whole inheritance, determined in 1125 to make an end of family discord by dividing up their heritage. To Alphonso was awarded the lands comprised between the Isère and the Durance: to Raymond Berengar those from the Durance to the sea. But since the existing Counts of Forcalquier and Avignon had certain prior claims, Raymond reserved to himself one-half of the city of Avignon and some neighbouring châteaux which were comprised in the territory ceded to Alphonso, in order formally to

invest the Counts of Forcalquier and Avignon with their nominal possession. Thus, in process of time, came Avignon under the dual lordship of the great houses of Provence and Toulouse.

The latter half of the twelfth and the early years of the thirteenth centuries were the golden age of the Provençal poets. Those famed singers became the glory of the courts of princes, and not a little of the diplomatic success of the Count of Toulouse at Turin in 1162 was due to the emperor's delight in the poems and songs of the Troubadours that cultured prince brought in his train. Of the famous Courts of Love, Adelais, Countess of Forcalquier and Avignon, was in her day the chief ornament. In her person, if we may believe her biographers, this noble lady united all those qualities of mental charm and physical beauty the Troubadours most delighted to sing; and in the delicate questions of love and gallantry; in the amorous disputes between knights and dames that came before the Courts over which she presided, her discretion and wisdom were never appealed to in vain. Refinement of spirit, seemliness, unerring judgment in the subtle and complicated forms of Provençal poetry, made Adelais of Avignon the arbiter of good taste and poetic fame and banished all licence from her presence: the productions of her muse, copied and presented to her friends and to foreign princes, were cherished as the highest of earthly gifts.

The city of Avignon during the period when the lords of the South were fighting for the hegemony of Provence had attained a high degree of civic freedom. The magistrates, by a skilful interplay of interests, succeeded in winning a practical independence and elevating their government to a

free republic under the suzerainty of the empire. Neither of the two counts would undertake the cost of enforcing his feudal rights nor co-operate with his rival in a common act of assertion. In 1206 William, Count of Forcalquier and Avignon, confirmed before the bishop, the consuls and the magistrates of the city, the charter of a free commune granted seventy years before by his ancestor, whereby the bishop and the consuls were to continue in the exercise of plenary powers and absolute jurisdiction over all the inhabitants of the city and its territory, the city franchises and rights of all kind were reaffirmed, and the charter of her liberties subscribed.

The city had also rapidly advanced in prosperity and new suburbs were built. In common with most mediæval republics she had a troubled history, and in 1215 the Archbishop of Aix was invited to assist the Bishop of Avignon in composing a fierce quarrel between the trade guilds and the nobles. A decade passed, and after an incipient civil war it was decided to imitate the Italian communes and to call in a foreign podestà who, as chief magistrate, would hold even justice between conflicting interests and administer the laws impartially. The podestà was to be elected annually and the experiment tried for a period of ten years. The new régime, with a temporary interruption in 1229, lasted until 1251. Indeed, so powerful had the republic grown that in 1210, complaint having been made of outrages perpetrated by the inhabitants of St. André across the Rhone, on the peaceful citizens of Avignon, the abbot and monks of that ancient Benedictine settlement were made to swear, placing their hands on the holy gospels before the bishop and consuls, to

demolish their walls that harboured the brigands and never to allow any wall—whether of stone, or wood, or mud—to be erected, either by art, or fraud, or wit; to resist with all their might any who should attempt to raise such walls and, if powerless to resist, straightway to abandon their monastery and never return until the walls were razed. Every inhabitant of St. André above fourteen years of age was to take oath of submission to the bishop and consuls of Avignon as to a sovereign lord.

Meanwhile the republic had wrought a stupendous work of pontifical construction, which greatly enhanced her civic reputation and brought wealth and commerce in its train, for in 1188 a task, which even the Roman builders had not dared to attempt, was achieved by a mediæval ecclesiastic : a work of such magnitude that nothing less than Divine interposition could explain its success in the minds of pious chroniclers.

Let the story be told as it is written in Provençal, by order of Friar Raymond of the Bridge, and sealed by the pontifical Rectors—

Now in the year of grace 1177, after the death of Bishop Raymond, St. Benezet came to Avignon and miraculously built the bridge over the Rhone, whose history is no less true than miraculous, although some have doubted thereof, notwithstanding the testimony of the Holy Fathers and many grave authors.[1] On a day when the sun was darkened, a young child named Benezet, while watching his mother's sheep in the fields, heard a voice from heaven saying thrice : " *Fieou mieou, aus la vos de Jesu Christ.*" " And who art thou, Senor,

[1] François Nouguier : *Histoire Chronologique de l'Eglise, Evesques et Archevesques d'Avignon.* 1659.

that speakest," said the lad, "for I hear but see thee not?" "Fear not, Little Benet," said the voice, "I am Jesus Christ, that alone have created the heavens and the earth and the sea and all that therein is." "Senor," asked the child, "what wouldst thou?" "I will," answered the voice, "that thou leave thy sheep, for thou shalt make me a bridge over the River Rhone." "Senor," said the child, "the Rhone I know not and my mother's sheep I dare not leave." "Be of good heart," said the voice, "for I will have thy sheep watched and will give thee a companion that shall lead thee to the Rhone." "Senor," continued the child, "naught have I save three farthings; how, then, shall I build a bridge over the Rhone?" "Little Benet," answered the voice, "even as I shall show thee."

And Little Benet then set forth, obeying the voice of Jesus Christ, and encountered an angel in the similitude of a pilgrim, with staff and wallet, who said to him: "Follow me, and I will lead thee to the place where thou shalt build the bridge of Jesus, and I will show thee what thou shalt do." Anon they came to the bank of the river, and Little Benet, beholding the mighty stream with great fear, said that in nowise could a bridge be built there. And the angel said: "Fear not, for the Holy Spirit is within thee; pass over to the city of Avignon and show thee to the bishop and to the townsfolk." This said, the angel vanished from his sight. Then Little Benet went to the ferry and besought the ferryman, for love of God and of Our Lady Holy Mary, that he would carry him over to the city, for he had business there. "Nay," answered the ferryman, that was a jew, "if I bear thee across thou shalt give me three pence even as other

THE PONT ST. BENEZET WITH THE CHAPEL OF ST. NICHOLAS

folk do." Yet again did Little Benet entreat him, for love of God and of Our Lady Holy Mary, that he would pass him over ; but the jew answered : "What reck I of thy Mary, for she hath no power in heaven or on earth. I would rather have three pence than thy Mary, for of Maries there are many." Then Little Benet offered him the three farthings he had, and the jew, seeing he could have naught else from him, took them and ferried him over. Now Little Benet entered the city of Avignon and sought out the bishop, who was preaching to the people, and said to him in a loud voice : "Stay, give ear to my words, for Jesus Christ hath sent me to you to the end that I build a bridge over the Rhone." The bishop, hearing these words and holding him for a mocker, bade lead him to the provost of the city that he should be chastised and have hands and feet cut off as a vile knave. And Little Benet said gently to the provost : "My Lord Jesus Christ hath sent me to this city that I should build a bridge over the Rhone." And the provost, too, reviled him, saying : "Thou base varlet that hast naught, and yet pratest of building a bridge, when neither God, nor St. Peter, nor St. Paul, nor Great Charles the emperor, nor any man, hath been able to build it. But, since I know right well that a bridge must be built of stone and lime, I will give thee a stone that I have at my palace, and if thou canst move it and carry it away, I will believe thou canst build the bridge." Then Little Benet, putting his trust in Our Lord, returned to the bishop and related to him what he was called upon to do. "Go," said the bishop, "and we will behold the marvels thou pratest of." And the bishop and all the townsfolk followed him to the provost's palace, and Little Benet lifted up

the stone, that full thirty men could not have moved from the place where it lay, as easily as were it a small pebble and carried it away and laid it down for the foundation stone of the bridge; and all folk when they beheld it celebrated the great marvel and said that mighty was Our Lord in all His works. Then did the provost kneel before him, calling him Saint Benezet, and kissed his hands and his feet and cast down before him 300 pieces of silver, and on that same spot full 5000 pieces were given. Dearly beloved brethren, ends the chronicler, ye have heard in what manner the bridge was begun, wherefore ye have all become participants in that great benefit; and God wrought many miracles on that day, for the blind were made to see, the deaf to hear, and the crooked were made straight, and there were numbered eighteen of them.

Historically, Little Benet, thus called to distinguish him from his greater namesake of the sixth century, appears to have been the chief of a community of Friars Hospitallers founded at Maupas, near Avignon, in 1164 to establish ferries, build bridges, and give hospitality to travellers along the rivers of Provence. His work accomplished in eleven years, St. Benet the Less founded a branch of the Order at Avignon to watch over and repair the bridge. St. Benezet also built the bridge chapel of St. Nicholas, which endures to this day, and established a hospital for the reception of poor travellers near by. Now, since the Pont St. Benezet was the only stone bridge between Lyons and the sea, until the building of the Pont St. Esprit in 1309, the importance it conferred on Avignon may easily be conceived. The counts of Toulouse lavished privileges on the Friars Pontiffs; popes

offered indulgences, emperors and kings privileges, to all who should contribute by money or labour to maintain it in repair. Soon every road converged on the bridge of Avignon, and even to this day at Nîmes, Aix, Vienne, and many another city of the South, a Porte or a Chemin d'Avignon testifies to its former importance.

CHAPTER IV

THE ALBIGENSES—SIEGE OF AVIGNON BY LOUIS VIII—END OF THE REPUBLIC OF AVIGNON

But evil days were in store for the proud republic of Avignon and the fair lands of the South. In 1165 a council was held under the presidency of the Archbishop of Narbonne at the little town of Lombers, near Albi, to try certain sectaries known as the *Boni homines*, who were accused of heresy: the "Good Men" were convicted and ordered to return to the unity of the Church; and since the Latin form of Albi was Albigesium, the term Albigenses became applied to these and other sectaries. The Poor Men of Lyons, the Waldenses, the Cathari, revivals of the smouldering Arian and Manichæan heresies of southern Gaul, rapidly assumed alarming proportions, and neither the preaching nor the miracles of St. Bernard availed to stem the tide of advancing schism. The social atmosphere, the culture, the intellectual freedom, the wealth and luxury of Provence; the artistic and emotional temperament of the Provençal race and their intimate relation with Arab and Jewish thought, formed a fertile soil whereon the seeds of heresy rapidly germinated. The vices, too, of the southern ecclesiastics, many of whom had lost all moral influence over the people, formed a striking contrast with the simple lives and austere characters of the sectaries, and helped not a little to foster that "inconceivable

obstinacy" which the zealous Catholic Missionaries never ceased to deplore in their letters to Rome. Daring attacks on the prelates and clergy were made by the Troubadours. The ignorance of the secular clergy; the luxurious lives of the prelates, their *femmes blanches*, their rich apparel, their red wine and the wealth of those who styled themselves servants of a God that chose to live a life of poverty, became the commonplaces of popular ballads.

In 1183 a decree of Pope Lucius III opened the era of the Inquisition. To make an end of manifold heresies and suppress the insolence of the Cathari, the Patarini, and those who falsely call themselves the Poor Men of Lyons, all such were laid under perpetual anathema. "Supported by the power and presence of our most dear son, Frederick, Emperor of the Romans, *semper Augustus*, and with the Common Consent of the Patriarchs and Archbishops," various enactments were made: every Archbishop or Bishop, either himself or by deputy, was to search out once or twice a year the heretics in his diocese, calling upon three or more persons of good credit, or even on a whole neighbourhood, to denounce on oath any person known to them as a heretic, or any who held secret conventicles, or differed in life or manners from the common conversation of the faithful. These were to be charged, and if, being convicted, they refused to abjure their errors, such pests were to be left to the discretion of the secular power for punishment; lapsed heretics were to be forthwith handed to secular judgment and their goods confiscated to the Church. Consuls of cities, counts, barons and all secular lords were to be bound by oath stoutly and effectually to aid the Church, if called upon to do so, and execute the ecclesiastical

statutes on pain of personal excommunication and an interdict on their lands. Any city that resisted these ordinances when called on by the bishop was to be cut off from all intercourse with other cities. The provisions of this decree having remained almost a dead letter, in 1207 they were made more stringent : informers were bribed by the promises of a fourth part of the confiscated goods of the heretics ; and the house wherein a heretic had been received was to be utterly destroyed as a den of iniquity and receptacle of filth.

In 1198 the great Innocent III had despatched two Cistercian monks on a mission of extirpation : to these, other two, and yet again ten more, were soon added, armed with extraordinary powers. But the situation growing even more desperate, the implacable and fiery Arnaud Amauri, Abbot of Abbots, himself set forth from Citeaux to spur on the missionaries to greater efforts. In 1206 they were joined by a ragged and shoeless Spanish enthusiast named Dominic, later known to fame as the saintly founder of the Friars Preachers. Little headway was made, for it would appear that many of the prelates were either negligent, or slothful, or even tender towards the heretics, and that Raymond VI of Toulouse, "the greatest Count of all the world, having fourteen Counts under him," secretly favoured the sectaries. In January 1208 Pierre de Castelnau, one of the papal legates, having deposed the lukewarm bishops and twice excommunicated the count, was foully done to death as he was about to cross the Rhone. Suspicion fell on Raymond, and Innocent, alarmed at the turn events had taken, reiterated his call on King Philip of France and the Catholic lords of Europe to avenge his slaughtered legate and lead a crusade against heretics, who were worse than Saracens. Philip, who had been laid under

interdict eight years before on his repudiation of his queen, temporized, and the Duke of Burgundy and Simon de Montfort responded to the call. To religious fanaticism was added the lure of personal gain. Innocent offered all the lands and castles captured from the heretics as a prey ; he released crusading vassals from their oaths of fealty and debtors from bonds to pay interest to proscribed lords, for "no faith need be kept with those who were faithless to God" ; crusaders under the ban of the Church he absolved. There was, however, another and more material cause of complaint against Raymond. The counts of Toulouse in their civil and dynastic wars had employed mercenary soldiers, known as *Routiers*, recruited from the scum of Europe—the precursors of the dread Companions of whom we shall hear in the sequel of this story. These, when professional employment failed, ravaged the country, robbing, pillaging, slaying or holding to ransom the peaceful inhabitants, and especially glutting their lust for plunder on the monastic or ecclesiastic foundations. At every attempt to come to an understanding or a peace with Raymond the legates exacted from him a promise to send these brigands out of the country and to police the public highways. It was to prevent a recurrence of these evils that the legate in 1208 ordered the consuls of Avignon to destroy the Château of Sorgues which they held in fief from the Count of Toulouse. Crowds of knights and adventurers gathered round the crusading standard and soon a vast army was descending the valley of the Rhone to Avignon on its avenging mission. Raymond bent before the storm, promised to amend his ways, and, having given material pledges and done penance, received formal absolution. A memorable scene was

enacted in the vestibule of the church of St. Gilles at Valence. The mightiest lord in the west, Count of Toulouse, Duke of Narbonne and Marquis of Provence, was made to kneel, naked to the waist, and swear before a temporary altar whereon lay the holy sacrament and a piece of the true cross, to carry out the act of submission with all its humiliating conditions. This done, the legate looped a stole round the penitent's neck and, lest he were defiled by the touch of a heretic, took hold of the two ends and led the count over the threshold of the church, scourging him meanwhile with a bundle of rods. Then Raymond was finally assoiled and the ban removed: as he left the sacred building he was conducted past the tomb of the murdered Pierre de Castelnau. On the morrow the consuls of Avignon swore to hold the prince to his promise of fidelity to the Church; to search out and confiscate the possessions of all heretics in their city and territory. Raymond took the cross and joined the Catholic host with rancour in his heart. The disorganized Albigenses were powerless against the fierce valour and discipline of the northern knights and the hideous carnage at the sack of Béziers, where thousands of men, women and children were butchered; the treacherous occupation of Carcassonne and other victories carried terror and desolation into the south (1209). There was, however, nothing exceptional in the fate of Béziers. It was in accord with the savage military customs of the time, and similar atrocities were perpetrated by the order of that very "parfait" knight, Edward the Black Prince, as we shall presently learn.

The veteran crusader Simon, Count of Montfort and Leicester, was thenceforth regarded as the Maccabæus of the Catholic forces, and given the

confiscated viscounties of Béziers, Carcassonne and Rasaz. Innocent, delighted at the issue of the campaign, congratulated the count, confirmed him in the possession of the forfeited territory, and awarded him all future conquests.

Of the relapse of Raymond, his alliance with the chivalrous and ill-fated Pedro II of Aragon ; the decisive victory of Muret (1213), and the temporary subjection of the South, space forbids us to treat in detail. Raymond appealed eloquently, but vainly, against the confiscation of his captured lands, at the Lateran Council of 1215 ; but Innocent was implacable. The victorious pontiff banished Raymond from his patrimony, and allowed him a pension of 400 marks so long as he proved submissive to Holy Church ; but, since his territories on the left of the Rhone had not been conquered, Innocent appointed Catholic regents over the County Venaissin until the young Raymond, his son, came of age.

Innocent and Montfort fondly imagined the war was ended, but the enthusiastic welcome given to the two Raymonds at Marseilles and Avignon on their return from Rome, was an ominous portent of future trouble. The citizens of Avignon offered them an army and their wealth : the whole population came forth to acclaim the dispossessed counts with cries of *Vive Toulouse, le Comte Raymond et son fils !* After a conference with the podestà, Raymond determined to join forces with the Marseillais and fight for the recovery of his heritage. Toulouse rose, the whole South turned on their spoilers, prescribed nobles issued from their hiding places, Montfort was defeated at Beaucaire, and in 1218 a stone from a mangonel, launched, says the chronicler,[1] by women

[1] *Chanson de la Croisade.*

and young girls, dashed out the Catholic champion's brains and laid him, black and bloody, on the ground. Meanwhile Innocent the Great, the *stupor mundi*, had gone to his account, and Honorius III, his successor, launched the inevitable anathema against the Avignonnais, calling on Philip of France and all the faithful to fall on their city and on Toulouse. But the citizens of Avignon stood firm to their allies ; they captured the Prince of Orange and flayed him alive—a savage act of reprisal which Honorius made the most of.

The elder Raymond having died in 1222, the pope denied him Christian burial, and the younger Raymond succeeded to the heritage of revolt. A year passed, Philip of France died, and Louis VIII reigned in his stead. After many attempts at reconciliation the papal legate, Cardinal St. Angelo, banned Raymond VII and published a second crusade, Honorius entreating Louis, who had already proved his Catholic zeal by fighting against the Albigenses, to offer the firstfruits of his reign to God and lead the Holy War. He promised a large subsidy from ecclesiastical revenues and the heritage of the South as a gift to the realm of France. Dominican Friars preached the crusade through the length and breadth of France, "and soon a magnificent and invincible host of 50,000 horse, and footmen innumerable," says Matthew Paris, "was advancing on Avignon in terrible array with banners unfurled and bucklers flashing in the sun." The bias of historians has left conflicting records of what followed. The terror-stricken Avignonnais, so the story runs, besought pardon and absolution of Louis and the legate, and offered free passage through their city and over their bridges. But when the army reached the walls on June 6, 1226, the citizens

were foresworn ; they closed their gates, confiscated the provisions that had been purchased for the crusaders in their city, and fell upon and slew stragglers from the French camp. The king and the legate alone would they suffer to pass their gates : the army must gain the bridge by the narrow strip of shore under the walls. The infuriated legate then called upon the crusaders to purge the city of heresy and avenge the insult offered to their king ; a final summons was made and the assault began. Another version runs, that the podestà offered the passage of the bridge to the king, the legate and 100 knights ; the bulk of the army to cross by a wooden pontoon. The vanguard having thus passed, Louis, on his arrival, angrily refused to cross with the main army, and demanded passage through the city, lance on thigh. The podestà, remembering the treachery of Carcassonne and the perilous dictum that no faith need be kept with heretics, shut the gates, and the siege began.

The following story by the chronicler, William of Puylaurens, chaplain to Raymond, is probably the least open to suspicion : "The year of our Lord 1226, in the spring-time, when kings are wont to go forth to battle, King Louis, blessed of God, after taking the Cross, assembled a mighty army, and with the legate, who never left him, descended the Rhone. All the consuls of the cities that held for the Count of Toulouse brought Louis their keys, and even they of Avignon came before him to offer their obeisance and their keys. But, being arrived at Avignon on the eve of Pentecost, and after a part of the army had passed over the bridge, the citizens, fearing pillage by the soldiers if they entered in any large numbers, or God willing it so, closed the gates

against them." Whatever happened it is clear that the legate had determined to inflict exemplary chastisement on the heretical city which for ten years had lain under the ban of the Church ; and Louis, for strategical reasons, could not afford to leave Avignon in his rear, unreduced, before he crossed the Rhone on his march to Toulouse.

The king believed he had an easy task before him, and that a comparatively small city could not long hold out against a host mightier far than that which had won the memorable victory of Bouvines. The event proved otherwise. The citizens had built a second girdle of ramparts and fosses ; they were supplied with artillery and provisions, and for three long months the fortress built upon a rock defied the power of France. Disease, famine, a plague of poisonous black flies that fed on the festering corruption of the dead and infected the living ; the collapse of a bridge ; the incessant sorties of the garrison ; the loss of the Count of St. Paul and of the Bishop of Limoges, who fell fighting at the walls ; the defection of Count Thibault,—at length disposed the legate to listen to an offer of capitulation. Avignon escaped the fate of Béziers ; and after having given 200 of her chief citizens as hostages, filled up the fosses and razed part of her walls, the legate removed the ban and deferred final punishment. This done, Louis refreshed the remainder of his army, crossed the bridge into Languedoc, and laid siege to Toulouse. But although the Avignonnais had not saved their city they, for a time, saved Toulouse. The season when kings are wont to go forth to war drew to a close : the siege was raised, and Louis, stricken with mortal sickness, left the walls of Toulouse never to return. On January 6, 1227, the cardinal-legate

published his deferred sentence on the citizens of Avignon. They were to abandon the Count of Toulouse and all his allies ; to expel all heretics, and to destroy the houses and confiscate the property of any who harboured them ; no podestà or consul must be elected without the approval of the legate's deputy. Their walls and towers, both outside and in, were to be utterly razed ; 300 houses, designated by the cardinal, to be destroyed ; thirty well-armed men to be sent to the Holy Land and maintained there in the service of Jesus Christ for one year. An indemnity of 1000 marks of silver was to be paid to the Church ; 6000 marks to be contributed to the expenses of the campaign against the heretics, from which contribution all those who had been obedient to the Church were to be exempt. All their artillery, cross-bows, armour and munitions of war were to be surrendered to the King of France. They were to pay all tithes in full, and to maintain a professor of theology in their city. Such were the chief clauses of this drastic chastisement, which was inflicted to the letter. The city finances were crippled by the debt incurred to meet the indemnities, and in the civic annals, for many a generation, reference is made to the year when the Lord King of France captured Avignon.

The abortive siege of Toulouse raised for a time the hopes of the South ; but Raymond was kicking against the pricks. Along the ages, from the time when Louis VI, the Great Justicier, hewed his way sword in hand through the Capetian domains, subduing rebellious vassals, to the day when the little band of Jacobins, raising their rallying and victorious cry, *La République une et indivisible*, overthrew the Girondin Federalists, the passion for unity has ever

been the informing principle of French history. The spirit of the age was making for order through unity; heresy was an anti-social movement, a political and religious solvent; and monarchy and papacy were the progressive forces of the time. The Albigenses, like the philosophic anarchists of to-day, were individually men of blameless lives. Mr. Maitland, when analyzing the 932 sentences pronounced by the Inquisition of Toulouse between 1307 and 1323, found that in no one case did the Inquisitor directly or indirectly impeach the moral character of any Albigensian or Waldensian, and their industry, their humility, their enthusiasm are admitted by their Catholic persecutors. But their doctrines were retrogressive; they were harmless folk, but their teaching was not harmless in its results; and the doctrine of *endura*, or heretication, whereby the *perfecti* ensured their salvation by voluntary starvation, or bleeding, or deadly potions,[1] would be a pernicious one under any social polity. The end was not far. During the regency of Blanche of Castile, Raymond and the Toulousians, menaced by famine, gave up the unequal contest, and by the Peace of Paris (1229) the northern monarchy absorbed the viscounties of Nîmes, Béziers and Carcassonne.

On Holy Thursday of 1229, another triumph of the Catholic Church over the heretical house of Toulouse was celebrated, when the last of its great counts and the most powerful feudatory of western Europe—whose possessions were once greater than those of the Crown of France—stood barefoot, a shivering penitent before the portal of Notre Dame in Paris; and, having craved absolution, was led

[1] See MAITLAND: *Facts and Documents illustrative of the Albigenses and Waldenses.* 1832.

to the high altar by the papal legate through a multitude of spectators, the witnesses of his humiliation, and finally released from the ban of the Church. Raymond's penance was a heavy one: he swore to pursue heresy with the utmost rigour; to offer rewards for the capture and conviction of heretics; to pay a large indemnity to the Church; to appoint Catholics and not Jews to public offices; to find 4000 marks for the establishment of two chairs of theology, two of canon law and six of the liberal arts at Toulouse; to take on a crusader's badge and sail for the Holy Land within two years in order to serve for five years against the infidels. His daughter, Joan, was to be given in marriage to one of the king's brothers, and, in the event of no issue from the alliance, the whole of the Toulousian heritage was to fall to the Crown of France; the County Venaissin was to be ceded absolutely and in perpetuity to Rome. Joan of Toulouse was thereupon affianced to St. Louis's brother Alphonso, Count of Poictiers, each being nine years of age.

At the capture of Avignon, Raymond Berengar, Count of Provence, having allied himself with Louis VIII, was confirmed in his sovereignty over the city. His authority was but a shadowy one, for although the citizens' walls were beaten down their courage was high and they continued to act as a free commune. Nor was the Count of Toulouse yet cowed. During the long duel between the papacy and the empire, Raymond VII allied himself with the great Frederick, wrested the County Venaissin from the pope, punished the Count of Provence for his alliance with the king, and sought to get behind the Treaty of Paris by a divorce and a new marriage, whereby he hoped to raise up an heir to his estates, and thus

exclude Alphonso and Joan from the succession. He even intrigued for a marriage with Beatrice, heiress of Provence, but was outwitted by Raymond Berengar's minister, Romieu of Villeneuve, who succeeded in marrying her to St. Louis's brother, Charles I of Anjou—an incident, or, rather, the legend which grew around it, which gave rise to one of the most pathetic episodes in the *Divina Commedia*.[1]

During the stormy times of the wars of the Investiture, the magistrates of Avignon, with their usual astuteness, played off each of the contending forces against the other, and in 1236 Raymond of Toulouse restored their franchises, the emperor promised protection, and authorized the commune to coin money. But once again, in 1247, a king of France and a vast crusading host was marching down the valley of the Rhone to the city of Avignon, with banners unfurled and armour flashing in the sun—not against a Christian folk, but on its way to Aignes Mortes for the Holy Land—and the eyes of the citizens once more turned with apprehension towards the north. A fatal scuffle between some crusaders and a number of Avignonnais, whom they derided as traitors, led to angry scenes, and the northern seigneurs urged St. Louis to fall on the defenceless city and avenge the death of his royal father. But the generous Louis, with characteristic magnanimity, refused, saying: "I have taken the Cross to avenge the insults done to Jesus Christ and not to myself or my father." Two years later, when Raymond of Toulouse was called to follow St. Louis to Palestine, his unquiet spirit had at length worn out its corporeal tenement, and on September 27, 1249, the last of his house and heir to

[1] *Paradiso*, VI. 127–142.

four centuries of greatness, dragged himself, stricken to death, from his bed: falling on his knees, the champion of the Albigenses received, by a curious irony of fate, the last sacrament from the hands of the Bishop of Albi. When the news of Raymond's death reached Palestine, Alphonso of Poictiers set out for France and with Joan, his wife, took up the heritage of Toulouse. The republic of Avignon refused allegiance, but the Count of Poictiers and his brother of Anjou were not to be trifled with; a powerful army marched on Avignon; the city made her submission, and in 1251 the republic of Avignon was blotted out from the pages of history. In 1271 --Alphonso and Joan having died without issue—Philip III seized their vast inheritance, and a big step forward was taken in the consolidation of the French monarchy.

Provence and Languedoc hardly recovered from the devastation wrought by the Albigensian wars. A profound sadness fell on the people. Eclipsed were the glowing life and spacious days of old; silent the singers of love and chivalry, their lutes unstrung, their sweet music turned to woeful lamentation. Instead of the gaiety of Courts of Love, "magnifying lovers' deare debate," instead of the rich apparel and glittering jewels of fair ladies and the dazzling armour of gallant knights, stern Inquisitors of Rome, pallid friars clothed in sable, sat in Avignon and Toulouse and dealt out death, imprisonment and penance to cowering heretics. Lugubrious scenes were witnessed in the streets of Avignon. Black-robed priests, following a bier covered with a funereal pall, stood before the houses of excommunicated heretics, took hyssop in hand, and recited the office of the dead. In 1241 such was the lack of competent jurists,

owing to war, persecution and civil strife, that the judges were ordered to serve for two years instead of one.[1]

The magistrates of the republic had made the best bargain they could with their new French masters. By the Treaty of Beaucaire, May 9, 1251, having acknowledged that they had unjustly resisted the counts of Provence and Toulouse, and having implored their grace, the citizens were declared exempt from all existing tailles and tolls and no new tolls or dues were to be imposed upon them ; they were to have free markets ; they might render military service to their friends, but not against the two princes, their new masters ; once a year, for forty days, they might make a cavalcade in the lands of the empire twenty leagues beyond the city ; they lost the exercise of High and Secondary justice, but they maintained their good old customs and privileges, and their lords could only imprison citizens without bail, for heresy, homicide and other enormities. Alphonso and Charles were to appoint a vicar (*viguier*), with two assessors, all of whom were to be foreigners, to administer justice in their name without regard to persons and according to the laws and customs of the city. The viguier was to swear to extirpate heresy from the city and to protect the temporal rights of the Church. In 1271 the County Venaissin having become by the Treaty of Paris the absolute possession of the Holy See, the papal rector of the county in temporal matters, Guillaume de Villaret, three years later confirmed the franchises and privileges of Avignon ; and in 1290 Philip the Fair, having ceded the Crown rights over the half of Avignon to

[1] According to the old constitution of Avignon the podestà and judges were elected annually.

Charles II of Anjou, Count of Provence and King of Naples and Sicily,[1] that prince became sovereign lord of Avignon.

[1] Sicily had, however, been lost to the Angevin house by the Sicilian Vespers in 1282.

TOWER OF PHILIP THE FAIR, VILLENEUVE-LÈS-AVIGNON

CHAPTER V

THE PAPACY AT AVIGNON—POPE CLEMENT V

In the early years of the fourteenth century, the main stream of European history, unexpectedly swerving from its normal course, raised the little hill city of Avignon into hieratic splendour and drew the eyes of every potentate in Christendom to the banks of the Rhone. Like so many critical and far-reaching events in the lives of states, as well as in those of individuals, the transference of the papacy from Rome to Avignon was the result of no definite or matured policy: the bark of Peter drifted rather than was steered thither.

In 1303 Pope Boniface VIII, the indomitable protagonist of papal claims to temporal as well as spiritual dominion over kings and princes, had suffered defeat and ignominy at Anagni at the hands of Philip the Fair, and on July 27, 1304, the good and righteous pope, Benedict XI, known in Italy as the Angel of Peace, died suddenly at Perugia. The story runs[1] that Benedict died of a dish of poisoned figs brought to him by a youth, veiled and clothed in the habit of a lay sister, as a present from the Abbess of St. Petronilla. Villani's scornful comment

[1] Dino Campagni: *Cron.*, Lib. III. p. 74; and Villani, Lib. VIII. cap. 80. More probably his death was due to a surfeit of new figs. Lizerand: *Clement V et Philippe IV.* 1910.

on this incident, which he regards as the obvious result of the pope's folly in neglecting the ordinary precaution of preliminary tasting by the proper officer, throws a lurid light on the Italian courts of the time. On June 5, 1305, after eleven months of obscure intrigue and patent discord, Raymond of Goth, Archbishop of Bordeaux, was elected to the papal chair, and assumed the title of Clement V.

An irrefutable historical alibi forbids acceptance of Villani's well-known and dramatic story of the secret meeting, while the Conclave was sitting, between Philip the Fair and Archbishop Raymond of Goth in the forest near St. Jean d'Angély, where the wealth of the Templars and the independence of the papacy were bartered for the tiara, and a six-fold bargain impiously sworn over the very body of God on the altar, and finally sealed with a kiss from the foul lips of a regal ruffian and false-coiner who had humiliated Christ's vicar at Anagni, and was now, in Dante's words, to drag the Church like a shameless harlot to do his will in France. But the story, although untrue in fact, is not untrue in the impression it conveys: in April 1305 three royal councillors were despatched to Perugia by Philip (one of whom was his banker) for the "good of the universal Church," and that the tiara was placed on Clement's brow by collusion with the King of France is not open to doubt. The Bonifacians in the Conclave had in fact been outwitted. Having at length agreed on a compromise with the French and Colonna factions they were induced to accept a Transalpine pope on condition that they nominated three candidates, from whom their opponents should select one. And since the Archbishop of Bordeaux, being a Gascon, was English in sympathies, and had supported Boniface

in the contest with Philip, his name was placed first on the list: he was of course chosen by the French and Colonna cardinals.

The choice of Lyons for the ceremony of enthronement gave the first warning of the deception practised. Met at Montpellier by the kings of Aragon and Majorca, and a host of counts and barons and knights, the papal conclave, imperial in its magnificence, was joined at Lyons by the King of France and his brothers. But unhappy auguries attended the solemn coronation procession. On November 14, 1305, Clement, superbly seated on a fine white horse, and "looking[1] like King Solomon wearing his diadem," his gilded bridle held successively by the King of France, Charles of Valois, and the Duke of Brittany, paced through the streets of Lyons. As the head of the *cortège* was passing by a portion of the old city walls, which were crowned by a mass of spectators, a cry of horror rang through the streets: the wall had crumbled and pope and princes were enveloped in a cloud of dust and falling masonry. When the air cleared, the pontiff's horse lay dead, himself prostrate, and the ill-bought tiara shattered on the ground. Clement was but slightly hurt, but his escort were less fortunate: Charles of Valois was gravely wounded; the Duke of Brittany; Clement's brother, Gaillard de Goth; Cardinal de Ursins and twelve others lay among the dead; many were more or less injured. This awful calamity, and subsequent drought and famine in the land, were hailed by the Bonifacians as so many tokens of divine wrath. So bitter was the enmity evoked that on the occasion of the State dinner following Clement's first pontifical mass, certain of the papal household and

[1] Muratori: *Rer. Ital. Script.*, III. i. 673.

some servants of the Italian cardinals came to blows with fatal results.

The issue of the first Consistory on December 15, removed all doubts as to the import of Clement's election; the Curia was packed with ten new cardinals of whom nine were Gascons, or Limousins, and all relatives or friends of the new pope; the ecclesiastical offices were filled with the same partiality, and Philip peopled the vacant bishoprics with his own creatures. The Bonifacians were furious, but they were only paid in their own coin, for the Conclave (1292–94) that elected Boniface VIII had been composed of ten Italian and two French cardinals.

Early in 1306, Philip demanded his reward. Clement temporized: conferences with Philip at Poictiers; a year's sickness, not perhaps wholly diplomatic; an attempted escape to the English at Bordeaux, only to be ignominiously haled back by the king's officers—all were in vain, and payment of the unholy price was enforced. All the sentences launched against Philip by Boniface and his successor since November 1, 1300, were expunged from the papal records, and all existing copies destroyed; the French king was declared to have been actuated by praiseworthy and righteous zeal in his conflict with Boniface, and the Knights Templars were abandoned to spoliation and martyrdom. Clement, however, resolutely refused to listen to the last of Philip's demands—the posthumous condemnation and excommunication of Boniface—and after much wrangling a compromise was agreed upon: the royal commissioners were to be allowed to indict, and the Bonifacians to defend, the dead pontiff's memory in full Consistory. A bribe of 100,000 florins paid

by Philip to the papal treasury had its effect in the isuse of the conference and the removal of the ban.

After many wanderings, the harassed Clement bethought him of the papal County of Venaissin beyond the Rhone, and it was agreed that pope and cardinals should meet in the Dominican friary at Avignon, on its borders, on the octave of the Epiphany in the coming year, 1309. Ominous portents in the heavens followed this momentous step : an eclipse of the moon, whereby she became first bloody, then black in hue, followed by snow and rain, *ultra modum et cursum naturae.* This fateful decision was the beginning of Avignon's historic glory. As before to the city of seven hills on the Tiber, so now to the hill city on the Rhone, every road led, and soon a constant procession of the great ones of the earth, or their envoys, streamed to Avignon, to deprecate the ban or sue for the blessing of the Vicar of Christ on earth : prelates and priests, jurists and clerks, waiters on fortune of all kinds, flocked to the little city where the vast patronage of the Christian world was dispensed and the supreme ecclesiastical court of Europe pronounced its irrevocable decrees. Scarce was the Curia lodged at Avignon when a deputation of noble Venetians came to appeal against the bull of excommunication launched against the republic for warring against Ferrara, only to be haughtily refused an audience ; the ambassadors of the Kings of Castile and Aragon followed, craving permission to take tithes for the sinews of the holy war against the Moors of Granada ; a solemn embassy from the Genoese concerning their claim over the bishopric of Lucca ; three counts of the empire and two bishops seeking confirmation of the election of Henry of

Luxembourg to the imperial crown and the kingship of Rome—that *alto Arrigo*, minister of God, in whom was centred all Dante's hopes for the regeneration of Italy ; Robert the Wise to receive from Clement's hands the oil of consecration and the crowns of Jerusalem, Naples and Sicily, and to do homage to the high pontiff as his liege.

In September of the year 1309 there was seen on the church doors at Avignon a papal citation to those who sought to incriminate, and those who would defend, the good memory of Boniface VIII to appear before the pope in Consistory ; and in the spring of the next year Philip's henchman, William of Nogaret, author of the outrage at Anagni, strode insolently into Avignon with an escort of armed knights to prefer charges of blasphemy, infidelity, cynicism and vice against the memory of the dead pontiff and to demand that his body be disinterred and burned and his ashes scattered to the winds. A crowd of disreputable witnesses, gathered by Philip's agents from all parts of Italy, trooped over the Alps under the charge of Rinaldo di Supino, another of the Anagni bullies. Boniface's memory was vigorously and ably defended by Clement's advocates, and after futile and half-hearted proceedings that lasted the greater part of a year, Clement, with his usual astuteness, succeeded in referring the trial to the forthcoming Council of Vienne (1311–12) : there the matter was practically shelved and Boniface's memory escaped outrage. On May 5, 1313, Clement enrolled among the Blessed, Pope Celestin V, who made the great refusal,[1] and decreed that the new saint should be invoked as St. Peter the Confessor, he having been known as Friar Peter before his elevation, "whereby,

[1] Dante : *Inferno*, III. 60.

it is seen that the said lord Clement ratified the refusal, for he willed he should not be called Celestin."[1]

Clement's last preoccupation was the redaction and promulgation of the acts of the General Council at Vienne; and after many labours, anxieties and tribulations, say his biographers, he migrated to God on April 20, 1314, at Roquemaure, in the territory of King Philip, where he had been forced to interrupt his intended journey to try the healing effect of the air of his native Gascony. Clement was never well, said his confessor, after the revision of the Constitution of the Mendicant Friars.[2] So intent were the Gascons who accompanied him on their own interests that they cared little for Clement's mortal remains; and as the body lay neglected in the church, one of the tapers that burned beside the bier fell during the night and it was consumed from the girdle downwards. Such was the miserable end of Clement V: his guilty fellow-conspirator and hard task-master, Philip the Fair, survived him but six months.

There is a bitter verse of Heine's wherein the tyrant is bidden to remember Dante's Hell with its terrible terzette, and to beware of the Hell of poets, from whose singing flames no Saviour can deliver him.[3] Dante, in common with the Italians of his day, never forgot and never forgave Clement's perfidy at the Conclave of Perugia, and has branded his memory with indelible infamy: in the third of

[1] Baluze: *Vitæ Paparum Aven.*, p. 51. 1693.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 56. The revision of the Rule of the Franciscans (*Exivi in Paradiso*, May 6, 1312) was an attempt to compromise between the *Spirituali*, or rigid interpreters of St. Francis's rule, and the *Conventuali*, as the friars who desired its relaxation were called.

[3] *Deutschland, Ein Wintermärchen*, Kaput XXVII.

the Malebolge, the lawless pastor of the west, of uglier deeds than any of his papal predecessors in simony, is prophetically fixed for all time, head-downwards, with flame-licked feet.[1] Giovanni Villani, Dante's contemporary, is equally bitter. "This was a man," says the historian of Florence, "most greedy for money and a simoniac. Every benefice was sold in his court for money, and he was so lustful that he openly kept a most beautiful woman, the Countess of Perigord, for his mistress. He left a large and countless treasure to his nephew and kinsfolk, and it is related that on the death of the cardinal, his nephew, whom he dearly loved, Clement consulted a great master necromancer to learn how it fared with the dead cardinal's soul. A trusty chaplain of the pope was, by the wizard's art, taken to Hell, and there a devil showed him a bed of fire in a palace, whereon the dead cardinal's soul lay a-burning for the sin of simony. And opposite to this he beheld another palace which the devil told him was preparing for the soul of Clement." All this the chaplain reported to the pope, "who never afterwards took any joy in life."[2]

A less partial survey of Clement's pontificate will, however, give cause for a favourable estimate of his diplomatic skill if not of his moral character. When the subtle Gascon began his pontificate never had the papacy fallen so low. The secular power, in the person of Philip the Fair, had taken a savage and memorable vengeance for the imperial penance of Canossa. Philip had humbled in the dust the great pope, Boniface VIII, who, like Zeus, was wont to hurl from his holy throne ambitious mortals to per-

[1] *Inferno*, XIX. 82–87.
[2] Villani, Lib. IX. cap. 58.

dition; who had arrogated to himself the position of God's delegate over kings and kingdoms, to build and destroy, to plant and to root up.[1] The feeble Edward II of England was his son-in-law, and the house of Capet, with its collateral Angevin progeny, occupied the thrones of France, Navarre, Hungary and Naples; the countships of Piedmont and of Provence; the duchies of Taranto and Durazzo. Of the Angevin princesses, one was Queen of Sicily, another Queen of Majorca, a third Duchess of Ferrara; and, on the death of the Emperor Albert, Philip's soaring ambition aimed at seating his brother, Charles of Valois, on the throne of the Holy Roman Empire. This formidable aggrandizement of the Capetian dynasty Clement succeeded in checkmating. With masterly diplomacy he compassed the election of Henry of Luxembourg, whom he had met at Lyons and Poictiers, as emperor, after having bound him to defend the person of the pope, the honour of the Church, and all her patrimony since the days of Constantine. Clement never cancelled, but only promised to interpret favourably to France, the famous bull *Unum Sanctum* (1302) which reasserted the supremacy of popes over kings; that the sword of the temporal power must be subordinate to the service of the Church and wielded at the will of the pope and at the nod of a priest; which declared that the subjection of every man to the Roman pontiff was a doctrine necessary to salvation. He never suffered Boniface's memory to be blasted; he saved western Europe from the hegemony of France; disposed of crowns, reconciled sovereigns and subjects, governed whole countries by his legates, and brought the Venetian republic to her knees. Claiming suze-

[1] The bull *Ausculta fili.*

rainty over the empire after Henry's death he, as overlord, removed the emperor's ban on Robert of Naples, and appointed him papal vicar-general in Italy. Clement was undoubtedly a worldly pontiff, but he was tolerant to opinion and averse from persecution. He might have taken the Æschylean precept, "Learn to observe the naught-too-much in things divine," as his guiding principle. By the bull *Exivi*[1] the tolerant pontiff held a moderating course between the rival factions of the Franciscans, and stood between the *Spirituali* and the violence of their *Conventuali* opponents in the order. "During his reign," says Renan, "one might have suffered for believing too much: never for having believed too little." Clement was one of the earliest Transalpine patrons of the Italian renaissance, and his love of the arts is shown by the vast treasure of gold and silver vessels, gems, antiques and manuscripts seized by his nephew at his death. The student of the "Babylonish Captivity" at Avignon has ever to be on his guard against the passionate rhetoric of Italian partisans. The Villani—Giovanni and Matteo—never lose an opportunity of denigrating the memory of the Gascon pontiffs, and, according to Petrarch, the papal court at Avignon was the abode of monsters battening on human blood; instead of being fishers of men the popes swam in pleasure and riches. Avignon was a living hell, a sink of vice where the moral sewage of Europe was poured forth; there was neither faith, nor charity, nor religion, nor fear of God, nor shame, nor truth, nor holiness. The very city itself was odious. *In rupe horrida tristis sedet Avenio;* disgusting when the wind raged, pes-

[1] See Holzapfel: *Handbuch d. Geschichte des Franciskanerordens*, § 11. 1909.

PORTRAIT OF PETRARCH. *From MS. of Petrarch's "De Viris," which belonged to Francesco da Carrara.*

[*To face p.* 52.

tiferous when it dropped.[1] Provisions were said to abound there, but the only abundance the poet found was of filth and mire and wind. When he descends to particulars the letters are untranslatable.[2] Benvenuto da Imola, commenting on a passage in the *Inferno*,[3] remarks that he, too, would never have believed that there were so many assassins, cut-throats, brigands, robbers and scoundrels in the world as he once saw in Avignon. Doubtless the moral atmosphere was corrupt enough in a city swarming with rich and celibate ecclesiastics, a city where the ambitions, the patronage and the political intrigues of Europe were centred. But the condition of Avignon was certainly no worse than that of Rome herself. At the Council of Vienne the Bishop of Mendé recited an appalling indictment of the incredible depravity and moral turpitude that disgraced the Eternal City, and so far as the public peace and good government were concerned everything was in favour of the Provençal city. French annalists iterate their complaints of the disastrous effects of the Italian invasion of Avignon, bringing in its train, luxury, dissolute living, falsehood, simony, poisonings, lechery, and unspeakable Italian vices, corrupting an innocent population of Arcadian simplicity. The truth is that in the Vanity Fair of Europe there was little to choose between Italian Row and French Row.

At the death of the Gascon pope, twenty-three cardinals entered into conclave at Carpentras, the capital of the papal county where Clement's remains

[1] *Avenio ventosa, Cum vento fastidiosa, Sine vento venenosa.*

[2] See *Epistolæ sine titulo*, especially *XVI.* : also the three savage sonnets *ad Avignone*, cv, cvi, cvii.

[3] *Comentum super Dantis comædiam*, I. p. 116. *Inferno*, III. 55–57.

found a temporary resting-place. After months of wrangling between the Italian and French factions the contest degenerated into a riot that left the greater part of Carpentras a smoking ruin. The discreet author of the third life of Clement V, in Baluze,[1] deems the incidents of the scuffle meeter to be left in the pen than written down; but the veil

A DOORWAY, CARPENTRAS. FORMERLY ENTRANCE TO CARMELITE CONVENT.

thus cast over the unseemly proceedings is lifted for us by an encyclical letter addressed from Valence on September 8, 1314, by the Italian cardinals to the Chapter-General of the Cistercian Order. They were in conclave, "seeking not their own ends, but the will of God," when on July 24 the Gascons deliberately fomented an attack on their servants by an armed force of horse and foot under the command of Bertrand de Goth, the late pope's brother, and

[1] Vol. I. p. 61.

Raymond Guillermin his nephew, who entered Carpentras on the pretext of escorting Clement's body to Uzeste, his appointed burial-place. Italian merchants were attacked, slain, their houses pillaged, and in their fury the Gascons set fire to the mansions where the Italian cardinals were lodged. Increasing in number, the rioters attacked the episcopal palace in order to terrorize the Conclave, shouting : "Death to the Italian cardinals ! Give us a pope !" They then set fire to the palace, and the Italian cardinals, fearing a base and cruel death, escaped by breaking through the back wall of the building and fled to divers places of refuge throughout France.[1]

Earlier in the proceedings Cardinal Napoleone Orsini, the Decan of the Conclave, wrote to Philip the Fair, assuring him that, having the fear of God before their eyes, and the salvation of souls, the Italians had been willing to elect a French pope, the Cardinal of Palestrina—a righteous and learned man, and zealous for French interests—but, to their amazement, the Gascons rejected him for no apparent reason.[2] In truth the conflicting interests of the Gascon, French and Italian factions made compromise impossible, despite Dante's eloquent and passionate appeal to the cardinals for peace and concord.[3] Let us note in passing that an onlooker at these scenes of violence at Carpentras was a precocious little lad, ten years of age, one Francesco Petrarca, son of a fellow-exile with Dante from Florence.

Ten years passed, Philip the Fair had gone to his account, and Louis X reigned in his stead : but no pope sat in Peter's chair. At length Louis bade his

[1] Baluze, Vol. II. pp. 286–289.
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 289–293.
[3] Epist. VIII.

brother, Philip of Poictiers, essay a convocation of the scattered cardinals. Mindful of what had happened at Perugia and at Carpentras, they agreed to meet at Lyons if Philip bound himself by oath that they should suffer no violence, nor be imprisoned in conclave. Scarcely had they assembled when Louis's death called Philip to the throne of France, and the new king, impatient of delay, resolved to make an end of the business. Complacent confessors having assured him that his oath was unlawful and need not be kept, Philip, "with subtle and gracious words," invited the cardinals to confer with him on the state of Christendom at the Dominican friary, before his departure for Paris. The conference over, the unsuspecting cardinals, rising to go to their lodgings to dine, found every issue beset with armed men, and Philip sternly warned them they should not leave the chamber until they had provided the Church with a pope. On August 4, 1316, after a lapse of forty days,[1] Jacques d'Euse, sometime Bishop of Avignon, was chosen to fill the vacant see, and called himself John XXII. The decisive factor had been the passage of Napoleone Orsini to the French party.[2]

[1] The cardinals, to relieve the tedium of long sittings, apparently had their little jokes. At the Conclave that resulted in the election of Gregory X one of the cardinals said jestingly: "Hadn't we better uncover the building. The Holy Ghost can't get through so thick a roof." See Muratori, III. i. 597.

[2] Josef Axel: *Die Wahl Johanns XXII.*

CHAPTER VI

JOHN XXII—THE BLACK ART—WEALTH OF THE PAPAL COURT—A CARDINAL'S HOARD

THE new pontiff owed his election to the influence of the royal house of France, for he had steadfastly supported Philip the Fair in his spoliation of the Templars. Although in his seventy-second year, and partly chosen for his advanced age, John proved to be possessed of remarkable vigour and force of character. His subtlety gave rise to a popular story that he finally compassed his election by a promise to the Roman cardinals never to mount horse or mule save to journey to Rome ; and then, not to be foresworn, dropped down the Rhone from Lyons in a boat, entered the episcopal palace at Avignon on foot, and never left it again save to cross to the cathedral.[1] Villani informs us with his usual bias, that Jacques d'Euse elected himself, and that he was a cobbler's son ;[2] but, although not of noble birth, as some of his apologists have sought to prove, he came of an honourable and substantial middle-class family of Cahors. Like Zacchæus, Jacques d'Euse was small in stature, but he was great in the scholastic learning of the day and a profound master of the canon law. Feeble of voice, yet forceful in purpose, he was harsh and inflexible to any who crossed his path, and his

[1] Baluze, Vol. I. p. 178. [2] Lib. IX. ch. 79.

austere habits and immense capacity for work made him a formidable protagonist of Gallic interests.

John XXII was the first of the popes to contemplate a Transalpine seat at Avignon. Clement V, so far from settling there, had, just before his death, decided to remove the Curia to Bordeaux, and John, but for the unhappy memory of the Conclave, would probably have chosen Carpentras for his court. There was little to attract the Curia to Rome, where chaos reigned supreme. The savage feud between Orsini and Colonna had made the city of the Cæsars a hell upon earth. Pilgrims were assassinated and robbed in her streets with impunity, and churches plundered; the better sort of citizens had themselves organized a provisional government to maintain some degree of civil life in the mercantile parts of the city. In the vast girdle of her moss-grown walls, sinister towers and embattlemented strongholds frowned over the territories the nobles had parcelled out for themselves; the Colosseum was a nest of brigands; the Quirinal, the Mausoleum of Augustus, the tomb of Caius Cestus, were feudal castles impregnable, whence fierce nobles issued with savage war-cries to assail their enemies. The Campagna, the public roads, were the haunts of robber barons, who swooped down from their eyries to kill and plunder priest and layman, cardinal and merchant. Italy, a very hostel of woe, was a cockpit where Guelph and Ghibelline, Bianchi and Neri, rent each other in pieces, "her cities full of tyrants, herself no more the mistress of provinces, but a brothel, she reeled like a storm-tossed and pilotless vessel in a mighty storm.[1] Small wonder that the strong little city that bordered his Provençal domains,

[1] See Gregorovius: *Geschichte d. Stadt Rom.*, Vol. V. p. 628 *et seq.*, and Dante: *Purg.*, VI. 76 *et seq.*

and with a friendly and potent monarchy across the Rhone, should have offered a more attractive sojourn to a Gallic pope than anarchic and hostile Rome.

On August 25, 1316, John XXII despatched his episcopal *clavarius* to Avignon with 100 florins of gold to prepare the palace for his reception. It was a brave sight, as the pontiff, on October 2, with his attendant cardinals in rich and magnificent array, entered the Rhone gate of the city. The cardinals, says Nostradamus, were like flaming torches around a great and brilliant star, or so many shining planets around their sovereign sun: they were the sacred princes and true hinges of the Roman Church. The citizens, however, regarded the entry of the court with mingled feelings, for all this splendour of equipage was to be quartered upon them. Two papal and two royal [1] forerunners had prepared the way and assigned the best houses for the reception of the cardinals and their households. The list of the properties which were delivered (*livrées*) to them, and afterwards known as the cardinal's *livrées*, is printed in Fantoni, and covers seventeen closely printed quarto pages. Many families were compelled to surrender their ancestral homes and seek habitations elsewhere; complaints loud and bitter reached the pope's ears of the difficulty the owners had in obtaining any just equivalent for the rent of their expropriated homes, and a special tribunal was appointed to adjudicate on the matter. After protracted and stormy debate it was decided that the cardinals must pay up monthly, however much they might resent it—a wise and reasonable decision, says Nostradamus, for the cardinals were

[1] Representing Robert the Wise in his capacity of Count of Provence.

possessed of many fat benefices. So difficult did it become to find house-room that folk were forced to sleep in wooden sheds erected in cemeteries, whereupon John ordered their demolition.[1]

The old episcopal palace, a spacious fortified structure situated at the south of the cathedral of Notre Dame des Doms, together with the almonry, hospital and garden ; the old parish church of St. Stephen, standing between the palace and the cathedral ; the prior's house and two other private edifices, had been assigned to the pope; and on October 30, 1316, William of Curcuron, a local mason and master of the works, drew a first instalment of sixty florins from the papal treasury to pay his men, who worked night and day in feverish haste. In 1318 three payments for the painting and decoration of the upper and lower chapels of St. Stephen's prove that the old parish church had been restored and prepared as a pontifical chapel, and lavish payments for arras tapestries, gold and silver vessels and precious stuffs were made. A new Hall of Audience for the papal law courts was subsequently erected, where the famous *Auditori della Ruota*, or court of appeal, created by John, held its sittings. This famous tribunal was composed of twelve judges appointed by the pope, to whom was entrusted supreme jurisdiction over the whole Christian world. Meanwhile a new episcopal palace was rising to the north of the old one on a large plot of land bought by the pope's nephew, Arnaud de Via, who had been appointed bishop of the city. The bark of Peter was safely moored at Avignon.

Adequately to deal with the reign of John XXII would necessitate a review of the history of western

[1] Maulde : *Anciens Textes*, p. 328.

Europe. "This great and *bel esprit* enclosed in a small body," says Nouguier, "changed the whole aspect of the Church, and the register of his eighteen years of office is as full as that of a century": only the briefest outlines can therefore here be drawn. Any faint hope the Italians may have cherished of a less partial college was dashed by the first Consistory of Avignon. Three months after his arrival John created eight cardinals: one his nephew, Arnaud de Via; three from his native diocese of Cahors; of the others, one was a Gascon, and another the chancellor of the King of France; only a solitary Italian, and he an Orsini, was created. Of the second batch of seven, three were French or Provençal. A third creation of ten, consisted of six French cardinals, one Spanish, and three Italians. In the first year of his pontificate John canonized an Angevin prince, St. Louis of Toulouse, and, declaring the imperial throne vacant, for which Duke Louis of Bavaria and Duke Frederick of Austria were contending, he reappointed the Angevin King of Naples, Robert the Wise, papal vicar-general in Italy.

The papal court had not sat many months in Avignon when the widening rift within the Franciscan Order (which even in its founder's days had declared itself) between the strict observants of the gospel rule of poverty and the relaxed policy of Friar Elias, had resulted in open rupture. The former had been unappeased by Clement's gentler methods, and coercion had been tried. In 1317 a crowd of ragged insurgent mendicants clad in short, squalid garments, marched chaunting into Avignon and, issuing into the square before the papal palace, demanded audience of the pope. They were a deputation from the *Spirituali* friars of Provence,

who had risen against their *Conventuali* superiors, deposed them, and reinstated the zealous *Spirituali* wardens who had been ejected from their settlements and excommunicated. Arriving late they had been refused audience, and, uncompromising *poverelli* as they were, lay down on the bare earth and awaited the dawn. John, however, was made of sterner stuff than the tolerant Clement. He brooked no insubordination, and six of the ringleaders were, on the morrow, laid by the heels in jail, the remainder despatched to the Avignon friary, where they were kept under observation. He then called a council and ordered the recalcitrant friars to resume the regular habit of their order, to submit to authority, and restore unity to the community. The majority submitted, but twenty-five of the stiff-necked and rebellious *Spirituali* were handed over to the Inquisitors, who succeeded in bending the necks of twenty to the yoke: of the recusant five, four were burnt alive at Marseilles on May 7, 1318, and one imprisoned for life. On November 12, 1323, John published the famous Constitution, *Cum inter nonnullos*,[1] which declared the doctrine of the *Spirituali*, that Christ and His disciples had no more than the immediate use (*usus facti*) of things and possessed nothing individually or collectively (*nihil in speciali nec etiam in communi*) to be heretical. Pontifical surgery cut deep, and to this day the wound remains unhealed. The majority of the friars obeyed, but a considerable and influential minority, diffused over the whole of Christendom, declared Pope John himself guilty of heresy, and in 1327 Friar Michael, the General of the Order, asserted at the Chapter of

[1] Holzapfel: *Handbuch d. Geschichte d. Franciscanerordens*, p. 71.

Perugia that the doctrine of absolute poverty so far from being heretical was pure Catholic dogma. He was deposed for his temerity, but the friars reappointed him to office, and John summoned him to Avignon: he obeyed, withstood John to his face, but the smell of the Marseilles fires reached him, and he fled with William of Occam to Louis the Bavarian,[1] who, having ignored John's citation to Avignon, to answer for his unauthorized assumption of the imperial crown in 1322, had felt the weight of papal displeasure.

John, who in 1317 had reaffirmed papal claims to divinely delegated supremacy over temporal as well as spiritual things, attacked the defiant Louis with all the spiritual artillery at his command. He declared the usurper's impious acts and deeds null and void; the prelates were forbidden to do homage to him; edict after edict was launched at the rebellious Bavarian, and at last John fulminated the final bolt of excommunication against that son of Gehenna as a heretic and harbourer of heretics. Needless to say, the errant Franciscans found a ready protector in Louis of Bavaria, who already in 1324 had retorted the charge of heresy on his papal enemy and issued a lengthy appeal[2] to a general council. At the head of a powerful army the Bavarian descended on Milan, won the iron crown, and pursued his triumphant march to Rome; there, before a popular assembly on the piazza of St. Peter's in April 1328, he published a violent ban of excommunication against John, whom he declared to be deposed from his office as a notorious and manifest

[1] Holzapfel, p. 26.

[2] The document fills thirty-four columns in Baluze. See Vol. II. pp. 478–512.

heretic, guilty of pestiferous and detestable blasphemies, and as one having incurred the canonical punishment due to heresiarchs. In the following month Louis set up an opposition pope in Peter's seat at Rome in the person of the Franciscan friar, Peter of Corbario, and received at his hands, who styled himself Nicholas V, the imperial diadem of Charlemagne. Friar Peter did not enjoy his perilous eminence long. After a brief curial session in the archiepiscopal palace at Pisa, Nicholas V, a hunted fugitive, sought peace with John at Avignon, and on August 25, 1330, an accursed and miserable outlaw, he knelt in the dust with a rope round his neck, confessed himself *sceleratissimus peccatorum*, and craved mercy, penance and absolution. Having abjured all his past errors and crimes he swore obedience to the mandates of the Church; John, mercifully lifting him up, kissed him in token of forgiveness and assigned him 3000 crowns of gold for maintenance. Friar Peter was then placed in safe ward until it were seen whether he would walk in darkness or in light; and "even now, as we write," says the chronicler, "he is treated as a friend, although watched as an enemy."[1] Friar Peter gave no further trouble, and, dying three years later, was buried in the church of the Friars Minor at Avignon, where his tomb remained —a mute testimony to the power of the papacy at Avignon—until the Great Revolution. Nor did Louis the Bavarian fare better. He, too, with his anti-pope and ephemeral cardinals, fled from Rome amid the maledictions and missiles of a hostile population, crying: "Death to the Bavarian!" and "Long live Holy Church!" His imperial fabric had vanished like an empty dream, and he slunk over the Alps, dis-

[1] Baluze, Vol. I. pp. 145–152.

graced and defeated.[1] In December 1329, Robert of Naples, John's vicar, was in Rome again, the revolted States sued for absolution, and the triumphant pope beheld the hand of God in the mockery and defeat of his enemies. Louis made repeated, even abject, overtures to Avignon, but the inflexible pontiff as often rejected them.

Our story reverts to the year 1317 and to scenes of judicial cruelty such as the modern reader can barely conceive of. The mediæval mind was girt about with unseen terrors. In addition to the ever-present menace of plague and pestilence and famine, of battle and murder and sudden death, diabolic powers, mysterious and invisible, peopled the air, who at the command of sorcerers and their master-spirits brought ill-fortune, disease and death to mortal man. No one, however exalted his station, was immune from these supernatural and ubiquitous forces of evil. Popes and cardinals, emperors and kings, had been done to death by black and devilish arts (so it was universally believed), and defenceless and unsuspecting victims had been palsied and withered. Terror and cruelty are akin, and thus the law measured the atrocity of its repression by the dread that possessed its ministers. On May 4, 1317, the Bishop of Cahors, convicted of having been implicated in an attempt to poison Pope John XXII, and of compassing the death of his nephew, Cardinal Jacques de Via, by witchcraft of waxen images, was publicly degraded at Avignon. Stripped of his vestments, his mitre, his episcopal ring, his biretta—for he was a Doctor of Laws—he was laid in jail. One sultry July day of the same year, after a final degrad-

[1] See the graphic story in Villani, Lib. X. cap. 98.

ation by the removal of the clerical tonsure, he was clothed in a sheet and handed over to the secular arm in the person of the pope's marshal, one Walsingham, an Englishman. The unhappy prelate was then tied by his heels to the tail of a horse and haled through the streets of Avignon to the place of execution. There the grey-haired old man, bruised and bloody, was flayed alive and then roasted to death by slow fire.[1]

Now Pope John himself was obsessed by dread of these aerial legions, and had pledged all his possessions to the Countess of Foix for the loan of a serpent's horn which was believed to be an infallible charm against their awful powers. Nor were his fears unfounded. On February 9, 1320, Bartholomew Cannolati of Milan, a clerk in holy orders, swore some startling depositions before Cardinal Arnaud de Via, the apostolic notary, and other papal commissioners at Avignon. In October of the previous year, said the deponent, Duke Matteo Visconti, the excommunicate Ghibelline despot of Milan, bade him attend at his palace in that city, where, being arrived, he was ushered into the duke's private chamber. Besides Visconti, there were present his justice, Dominie Scot of San Gemignano and Master Anthony Pelacane, his physician. Matteo drew the deponent aside and begged a great service of him—a very great service. Bartholomew, having assented, the duke called Dominie Scot, who drew from his bosom a small silver image, about a palm high or more, in the form of a man and complete in every detail, on whose forehead was engraved, *Jacobus Papa Johannes*, and on the breast the cabalistic sign ♑ and the word Amaymon: these, as he afterwards explained

[1] Baluze, Vol. I. pp. 154, 737.

under examination, were the symbol of Saturn and the name of a potent demon of the western parts. The head of the image was hollow and covered by a movable circular lid. The duke then declared, that John was no more pope in God's eyes than he was, and that the image had been made to pay John back in his own coin for having tried so persistently to work the Visconti's destruction ; but the image, to do its deadly work, must be subfumigated, and since Bartholomew was the only person who could perform the incantations with the necessary solemnity the duke promised to make him rich and powerful if he would do his bidding. Bartholomew deprecated any knowledge of these dangerous arts, but Dominie Scot drew forward and said, "Hast thou any *zuccum de mapello?*" Bartholomew denying all acquaintance with so deadly a drug, was interrupted by Master Anthony, who bade him beware, for he had seen it in his possession. Bartholomew now owned up, but said that a certain friar had bidden him in confession cast the devilish stuff away, and he had thrown it into a cesspool. Nothing further could be extracted from Bartholomew, so he was dismissed with fearful threats of consequences if he divulged a word of what had passed.

A month later, Bartholomew was again summoned to the palace, and asked about a certain Peter of Verona, and requested to take the image to him, who was admitted to be the next best qualified master for the business : Bartholomew pleaded ill-health, and was again angrily dismissed. Master Anthony, he subsequently learned, had taken the image to Verona. Shortly after these events, being summoned to Avignon, Bartholomew happened on Dominie Scot in Milan, who invited him to his

house, and there the pair fell talking of professional matters such as love spells, hidden treasure and the like, when, after a while, the matter of the image was reverted to. Scot said all went well ; the sub-fumigation had been excellently performed, and on Bartholomew desiring to see the image he drew it from a chest. The deponent then saw the name of another devil, Meruyn, inscribed between the shoulders. The image, said Scot, had been sub-fumigated for nine nights and was now all but ready ; the hollow space on the head was to be filled on the ensuing Saturday, then, after certain incantations had been worked for seventy-two nights the image was to be placed on a fire, night after night, and as the contents were slowly consumed, even so Pope John would infallibly wither away and die. Of this awful plot, Bartholomew said, he at once warned the papal officers, that they might be on their guard.

We now turn to the second deposition made at Avignon on September 11, 1320. One day in March of that year Bartholomew, while riding home with his servants through the streets of Milan, was accosted by Justice Scot's deputy, who said : "Ah ! Messer Bartolomeo, what—back from Avignon ! The justice desires to confer with you." Arrived at Scot's house, Bartholomew was incontinently flung into a dark dungeon, loaded with chains, and made to pay a florin a day for his maintenance : the carefully concocted spells had failed, and Pope John was not a penny the worse. Scot railed at his prisoner as an informer, and since Bartholomew persisted in denying the charge, saying he had only gone to Avignon to tend Pierre de Via who lay sick, the usual methods of mediæval torture were resorted to

in order to extort a confession, despite his victim's claim to benefit of clergy, and his appeal to the Archbishop of Milan, all of which Scot scornfully turned a deaf ear to, saying he recked naught of clerical tonsure. Heavy weights were tied to Bartholomew's feet, and he was then swung by his arms over a pulley and jerked up and down, Scot threatening the while in a terrible voice to rack him to death if he did not divulge what he had revealed at Avignon. Forty-two days of this horrible torture having failed to break down Bartholomew's fortitude and constancy—so he told the papal commissioners—the prisoner was released on heavy bail (2000 florins), on his promise to report himself twice daily to Justice Scot. Hereupon Matteo's son, Galeazzo Visconti, invited Bartholomew to his camp at Piacenza, and having obtained relief from his duty to Scot, the unhappy clerk repaired thither. A most remarkable interview ensued. "Come," said Galeazzo, "make a clean breast about this business of the image. We had it heated with such solemn incantations that it must infallibly have done for the pope; yet, so far from being dead, he is persecuting me and my father with greater vigour and success than ever: some human agency must have intervened." Bartholomew, having asseverated that he had not interfered, suggested that the business had obviously been bungled, whereupon Galeazzo entreated him *instantissime* for God's sake to aid him and his father in yet another trial; but the poor clerk, who had evidently had enough of popes and potentates, declared he could not imperil his immortal soul in such nefarious work. "Pooh!" answered Galeazzo, "to kill Pope John would be a work of charity and mercy, and would save your soul even if you were

damned already." Bartholomew temporized, promised to think it over, and Galeazzo said he hoped that God would guide his thoughts aright (*Deus det tibi bene cogitare*). Galeazzo now remarked that he had already sent for Master Dante Alighieri, of Florence, to come to him on the aforesaid business; Bartholomew replied that he would be only too pleased if Dante did what was wanted. Galeazzo protested, however, that not for the world would he suffer Dante to have a hand in the matter, and that he had the greatest confidence in Bartholomew's powers.

Two days passed, and Galeazzo again sent for him and asked if he were now prepared to help him rid the earth of that great devil the pope. Bartholomew feigned consent, and succeeded in getting thirty gold florins from Galeazzo to purchase the necessary *zuccum de mapello* at Como or Milan. He also obtained possession of the fateful image from Galeazzo's own hand with which he made off, hot foot, to Avignon; and this silver simulacrum he produced before the papal commissioners wrapped in a cloth together with incriminating letters—a damning confirmation of the Viscontis' guilt. Accusations of this nature against the arch-enemies of the papacy were sweet to hear at the Curia, and doubtless Bartholomew was richly rewarded for his evidence, as well as the compensation he received for the loss of his four horses, value 100 florins and more, which he asserted Scot had confiscated at Milan.[1] The interest of this remarkable

[1] *Zauberinnenwesen anfangs des 14. Jahrhunderts.* K. Eubel: *Görres Gesellschaft. Historisches Jahrbuch*, Band XVIII. pp. 608–625. The validity of the reference to the author of the *Divina Commedia* is much canvassed by Dantologists. See also *The Times*, May 28, 1910.

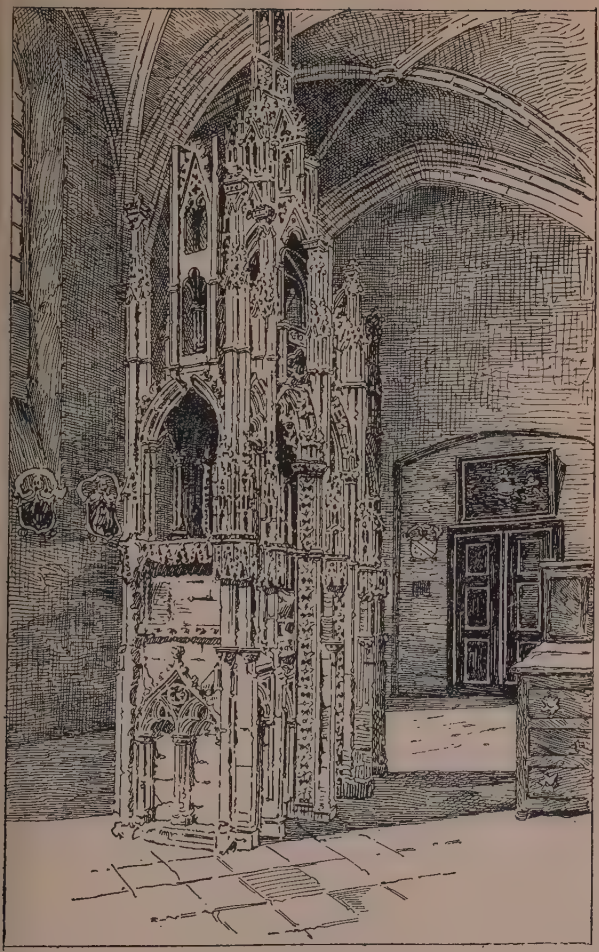
episode lies in the fact that those concerned were not poor, benighted, ignorant folk, but men of the highest education and estate. Pope John was a man of vigorous intelligence and profound sagacity ; the Duke of Milan, a great military captain and ruler over one of the most powerful and wealthy States of north Italy ; Dominie Scot was a learned judge, and Master Anthony an eminent physician. Nothing can more clearly exemplify the profound contrasts of the Middle Ages—ages of infinite tenderness and pity and charity, yet of callous insensibility to human suffering ; of fervent piety and beautiful self-abnegation, yet of fiercest lusts and unbridled sensuality ; of deep spirituality, of preoccupation with things of the mind and with the nature of the unseen world, yet of grossest materialism ; of keenest intellectuality, yet of grovelling superstition and puerile science.

Pope John, despite the multifarious cares of his office—and some conception of his marvellous activity may be seen in the 65,000 letters relating to his reign on the Vatican registers [1]—was much concerned with theological speculation, and found time to prosecute his scholastic studies. On All Saints' Day of 1333, in a sermon preached at Avignon, he propounded the novel doctrine that the souls of the blessed had no clear vision of the Divine Essence before the resurrection of the body and its reunion with the soul on the Judgment Day : not even the Holy Virgin herself could enjoy the perfect vision of the Sacred Trinity before that awful doom, but could only comprehend the humanity of her Divine Son. A learned Dominican scented heresy and wrote against the doctrine ; John defended his thesis, the supreme

[1] See *Analecta Vaticano-Belgica*, Vol. II. *Lettres de Jean XXII.* Publiées par A. Foyer. 1908.

theologians of Paris intervened, the University of Paris declared the doctrine heretical and the pope himself a heretic if he maintained it. The whole air of Christendom became charged with passionate controversy. King Philip of France, King Robert the Wise of Naples, protested against the heresy, and the problem of the Beatific Vision became the burning question of the day. John never renounced his opinion until he lay in mortal sickness, when friendly exhortations persuaded him to submit to the authority of the Catholic Church, and to sign a formal retractation. It will be seen, however, that the indomitable old pontiff, even with death at his throat, contrived to insert a saving clause. On December 3, 1334, at the first hour of the day, being a Sunday, believing himself about to die, Pope John declared, confessed and believed, that purged souls, parted from their bodies, are verily in the heaven of heavens and in paradise with Christ amid the angelic hosts, and do behold the Divine Essence face to face and clearly, *in so far as the state and condition of the soul apart from the body may comport;* and that anything he may have said, preached, written or disputed to the contrary, either in dogmatizing, teaching, arguing or writing about these matters, or any others, regarding the Catholic faith—all such he willed should be deemed not said or preached or written and expressly revoked; and all the aforesaid things, or any others, written or said in any place or in any state, he submitted to the judgment of the Church and of his successor:[1] his successor spoke with no uncertain voice, and two years later Benedict XII, in full Consistory, anathematized as heretics all who held such

[1] Baluze, Vol. I. p. 183. See also Villani, Lib. XI. cap. 19, who had a copy of the retractation from his brother at Avignon.



TOMB OF POPE JOHN XXII

doctrines, and threatened them with the penalties incurred by heretics.

The ink was scarcely dry on the retractation when death solved the problem of the Beatific Vision for John XXII, for on that same Sunday his unquiet spirit lay at rest, and once again the Transalpine chair of Peter fell vacant. During John's pontificate the Dominicans were rewarded for their constancy and sacrifices by the canonization of Thomas Aquinas, their great teacher: and a saintly and learned Bishop of Hereford, Chancellor of Oxford, who had died in Rome in 1282, was also raised to the seats of the Blessed.

John XXII opens the the line of the great building popes of Avignon. In addition to his architectural activity at the papal palace he restored the episcopal châteaux at Noves, Barbentane, Bédarrides and Châteauneuf; he built the pontifical château at Pont-de-Sorgues near the ruined stronghold of the counts of Toulouse[1]; he added a chapel to the cathedral, where ten years later a magnificent sepulchral monument,[2] erected by Master Jehan of Paris, at a cost of 650 florins of gold, was raised to his memory; he enlarged and added chapels to the church of St. Agricol, he extended the Dominican and Franciscan friaries, the Carmelite monastery, the Hospital of St. Benezet; he built the church of Notre Dame des Miracles and a new almonry; he was lavish in his gifts to churches, to his servants, and to the poor. Much has been done in recent years to clear John's memory from the charge of avarice levelled against him by Italian partisans. His wealth, as we shall presently see, was enormous, but the flourishing condition of the Avignon treasury was largely due, says

[1] See p. 30.

[2] See pp. 301, 302.

Göller, to John's careful economy and to his improved method of book-keeping and financial control.[1]

According to Villani—who makes the statement on the authority of his brother, who was the representative at Avignon of the great Florentine banking house of the Bardi, of which they were members—eighteen millions of gold florins were found in the papal treasury at John's death ; and gold and silver vessels, crosses, mitres, jewels and precious stones to the value of seven millions more. And this prodigious wealth, adds the historian, was amassed by his industry and sagacity and the system of the reservation of all the collegiate benefices in Christendom on the plea of preventing simony.[2] According, however, to Samaran and Mollat,[3] the papal treasury at John's death contained less than one million florins, but, accepting Villani's statement for the moment, what may this vast sum be estimated to represent in modern values ?

The amount of gold in the famous florin of Florence is well known. Villani tells us[4] that the good money of the gold florin was first coined in 1252, of twenty-four carat standard, and that eight of these florins went to the ounce of gold : each florin exchanged for twenty soldi of silver and each soldo for twelve denari. On the face was stamped the lily of Florence : on the reverse St. John the Baptist. In September 1322 the Florentines, much to Villani's disgust, gave permission to John XXII to coin a

Vatikanische Quellen zur Geschichte der päpstlichen Hof- und Finanz Verwaltung, 1316–1378. Einnahmen d. päpst. Kammer unter Johann XXII.

[2] Lib. XI. cap. 20.

[3] *La Fiscalité pontif. en France*, fasc. 96, p. 190. The actual figure was probably somewhere between the two amounts.

[4] Lib. VI, cap. 54.

florin of the same alloy and weight as that of Florence, but distinguished by the imprint of the pope's name on the face. Now, inasmuch as the Florentine coins, by reason of their purity, soon became a standard of value for all Christendom, other States began to imitate them so closely as to cause much confusion : John therefore, in 1324, issued a bull of excommunication against those princes, such as the Marquis of Montferrat and the Spinolas of Genoa, who were minting them. But, complains Villani, Pope John himself was equally at fault, for he, too, issued a florin that differed from the Florentine piece merely by the imprint of a papal tiara on the reverse and of the letters St. Peter and St. Paul[1] on the face. Of the existing papal florins of the reign of John, however, engraved in the pages of Orsini[2] and of Vettori,[3] none bears his superscription, but simply a papal crown to the left of the head of the Baptist and the cross keys to the right of the lily : only the letters SANT PETRH. (Petrhus) are impressed. The coins are identified by the fact that the crown is the double one first adopted by Boniface VIII and used by John to denote the twofold authority over spiritual and secular matters, whereas a triple crown was assumed by Benedict XII, John's successor, to denote the Church triumphant, militant and everlasting. This curious fact was finally established by Sade, who was present at the opening of John's tomb at Avignon in 1759, and who, carefully examining the tiara, found it consisted of a two-fold crown : on his recumbent statue also was carved the double crown, and on that of Benedict the triple crown.[4] There is some reason to

[1] Lib. IX. cap. 279.
[2] *Stor. della Monete della Rep. Fiorentina*, p. xxvi.
[3] *Il Fiorino d'Oro Antico*, p. xiv.
[4] *Memoires pour vie de Pétrarque*, Vol. I. pp. 258, 259.

believe that the papal florin was only of twenty-three carat gold and quoted at a discount on change at Florence,[1] but it was certainly received at Marseilles in 1365 as equal in value to its rival, for in that year enactment was made that, if of good fine gold and just weight, the florin of our Lord the Pope and the florin of Florence were to be current in that city for one and the same value, and that no other gold pieces should be legal tender.[2] We may therefore accept the metallic value of the papal florin, at eight to the ounce, as equivalent to 9*s.* 9*d.* on the basis of the English Coinage Act of 1870. But what was the purchasing power of the eighth of an ounce of gold in the fourteenth century? No precise answer can be given. The gold florin of Florence had only been in circulation a few years when the most bewildering variations began to occur in the ratio between the standard gold coin and the silver currency. The Florentine florin which in 1252 exchanged for twenty soldi, in 1277 exchanged for thirty, in 1286 for thirty-five, in 1303 for fifty-two, in 1337 for sixty-two, in 1343 for sixty-five,[3] and the rates at Avignon, one of the greatest financial centres of Europe, were equally variable. Authorities differ as to whether these variations were due to the appreciation of gold or to the depreciation of silver. What the gold florin did was to fix a definite standard of value, and since folk in those days did not, as now, hoard the power to call on gold but the actual gold itself, the amount of the precious metal withdrawn from circulation must have been considerable.

A striking example of this and also of the monstrous wealth accumulated by the princes of the Church at Avignon is afforded by the personal estate left by

[1] Vettori, p. 26. [2] Du Cange, *sub verbo* Floreni.
[3] Villani, *passim.*

Cardinal Hugh Roger in 1364. His executors found in a red chest, twenty-one bags of gold, which they counted and weighed: each bag contained 5000 Florentine florins of fine gold of standard weight of the papal chamber. Other bags they found and counted their contents as follows: 5000 Piedmontese gold florins, 5000 old gold crowns, three bags each of 4500 gold crowns and one of 4266; 5000 old gold regalia, 2000 gold florins of Aragon; in other bags, purses, and, wrapped in cloths: 855 gold francs, 500 gold paviglioni, 500 gold angels, 97 gold ducats, 100 gold papal florins and 263 of Florence, 511 Sicilian and four Florentine florins, 900 gold florins *du grayle*. Sundry bags of silver they valued at 1209 gold florins. The executors also found a large treasure of gold plate, jewels, ornaments, books and other property.[1] Clearly the Church could no longer say: "Silver and gold have I none" —*but it preferred gold*, as the relatively small hoard in silver proves. How far the accelerated relative depreciation of silver may have been due to this nursing of gold, and how far to actual debasement of the silver coinage, is not known; but if we accept the multiple of eight[2] in translating the papal gold florin into modern values we shall not be far wrong. This equation would give the approximate value of the papal treasure at John's death, according to Villani's statement, at the incredible figure of one hundred million pounds sterling, and the personal property left by Cardinal Roger must have amounted to not much less than three-quarters of a million sterling in modern values.

[1] Baluze, Vol. II. pp. 762–767.

[2] Eugène Müntz, after careful study, adopts a multiple of from 8 to 10. See "L'Argent et la Luxe à la Cour Pontif. d'Avignon," *Revue des Questions Historiques*, Vol. LXVI. pp. 1–10.

The sources of this prodigious wealth were the plural benefices held by the princes of the Church, of which John's nephew, Cardinal Jacques de Via, may be taken as an example : he, the cardinal-priest of St. John and St. Paul, and Bishop of Avignon, held in addition two archdeaconries, three canonries (one at Lincoln), three rectories (one at Chichester), six priories, two deaneries, and the treasurership of Salisbury Cathedral.[1] Under Clement V the youthful Prince Philip of Majorca was receiving temporalities at seventeen years of age : at one time he held canonries at Chartres, Paris, Beauvais, Tournay and Barcelona ; he was custos of St. Quentin, and held the preferment to all the benefices of the provinces of Narbonne and Tarragona up to the sum of 200 and 300 marks respectively ; he was treasurer of St. Martin at Tours, secular abbot of St. Paul at Narbonne, and held the canonries of Elne and Majorca ; he was provost of Bages, perpetual pensioner of St. Cyprian in the chapter of Elne, and held divers other benefices in the provinces of Tarragona and Saragossa and in the diocese of Majorca. The least favoured of the Curia accumulated from three to four benefices and drew the revenues from England, Flanders, France, Italy, and other nations, which enabled them to live luxuriously in splendid palaces at Avignon and the Comtat : pluralism was no invention of the Avignon popes, but its abuse, together with financial exactions of the later pontiffs on the Rhone during the Great Schism, undoubtedly helped to prepare the ground for the Reformation and to foster the idea of national churches.

[1] For these and similar details see the *Analecta Vaticano-Belgica*, already cited, and the *Revue des Questions Historiques*, Jan. 1 and Oct. 1, 1910.

CHAPTER VII

PETRARCH AT AVIGNON—BENEDICT XII—CLEMENT VI—RIENZI AT AVIGNON

In the last years of Clement's pontificate there arrived at Avignon Ser Petracco, an outlaw from Florence, his property confiscated, a price set upon his head, bringing with him a wife and two little lads, all barely snatched from shipwreck in the stormy Gulf of Lyons: of these children of misfortune—Francesco and Gherardo—the former was destined to confer a more enduring fame, to shed a more brilliant lustre on the city by the Rhone, than all the line of great pontiffs that paraded their magnificence through its wind-swept streets. The Tuscan seeker after fortune, finding house-rent in Avignon too high for his slender purse, despatched his wife and boys to Carpentras and applied himself to a jurist's career in the papal city. A curious reference to the existence at Avignon of an Italian lawyer named Petracco has recently been published. On October 24, 1312, the members of the great banking firm of the Frescobaldi at Avignon were committed to prison at the suit of the Bishop of Chester; whereupon the firm, on October 26, engaged four advocates, all Italians, at twenty florins each, whose proctor or solicitor was one Ser Petracco.[1] Dates conflict, but

[1] C. Johnson: "An Italian Financial House in the Fourteenth Century," *St. Albans Architectural and Archæological Society Transactions*, Vol. I., 1895–1902, p. 331.

it may well have happened that Petrarch, writing late in life of his father's arrival at Avignon, had made a mistake in the year : [1] the coincidence is certainly a remarkable one.

At Carpentras the young Francesco began a career of precocious scholarship under the famous pedagogue Convennole, and was subsequently sent by a fond and proud father to study law at Montpellier. But the Muses had early marked the young Petrarch for their own ; his father had given him at Carpentras a beautiful MS. Isidore ; a chance copy of Cicero, found among his father's books, had fired his ardent spirit, and, instead of poring over the tomes of great jurists, he hungrily devoured and incessantly ruminated on the ornate periods of the Latin master. One cold winter day, as the young student sat brooding in his room at Montpellier over a small treasury of the Latin poets, painfully acquired at the cost of much self-denial, there entered Ser Petracco, angry with disappointed hopes, and, seizing the precious volumes, flung them like heretical poison into the fire. Francesco, groaning as if he himself had been cast with them into the flames, and uttering piercing lamentations, softened his father's ire, who snatched two half-consumed volumes from destruction, held smilingly a Virgil in his right hand and the Rhetoric of Cicero in his left, and said : "This will help you to bear the loss you have sustained, and this prepare your mind for the study of the law." [2] From Montpellier the unwilling law student was despatched to Italy, but the schools of Bologna held a heady perfume for the seething brain of the youthful Petrarch. The poetic fragrance of "the sweetest and subtlest" [3] of

[1] 1313. See *Epist. ad Posteros*, begun about 1370.
[2] *Rer. Sen.*, XV. i. 947 ; *Opera*, Bâle, 1581.
[3] *De Vulg. Eloq.*, I. x.

Italian poets, Cino da Pistoia, friend and poetic correspondent of Dante,[1] floated about its halls ; the fame of Guido Guincelli da Bologna, founder of the *dolce stil nuovo* and parent in poesy of Dante[2] himself, was a potent lure ; the very speech of Bologna, which was held by the rigid Dante to be, not without reason, distinguished for its beauty[3]—all combined to intoxicate the student's mind : the doctor's cap never graced the brow of Francesco Petrarca. Orphaned of both parents, Francesco, and Gherardo his brother, were recalled to Avignon in 1326, only to find that dishonest trustees had left them almost penniless. Francesco's sorrow was, however, tempered by the discovery that a precious manuscript of Cicero had escaped the wreck. The joy of possession was not his for long. Meeting one day his old pedagogue, Convennole, in the streets of Avignon, he lent him this unique and beautiful manuscript and another Cicero, to enable him to finish some work he had in hand. The impecunious scholar pawned the volumes; repeated requests to be informed where they might be redeemed only drew tears from the old man's eyes, and at length Convennole left the city and Petrarch lost both master and books.

In the Middle Ages, Law and the Church were the only avenues to fortune for peaceful folk. The brothers, therefore, took the clerical tonsure and waited on fortune. Their efforts to maintain appearances in the ante-rooms of the great in those early days are humorously recalled in a letter, written somewhat late in life, by Francesco to his brother, then a Carthusian monk at Montrieux : their scanty

[1] *Canzoniere*, Sonnet xxxiv.
[2] *Purg.* XXIV. 57 and XXVI. 97–99.
[3] *De Vulg. Eloq.*, I. xv.

wardrobe ; the exquisite torture of ill-fitting boots ; the hours spent at their toilet day and night ; their mutual help with the curling-tongs ; their dread when they sallied forth lest their well-trimmed locks should be ruffled in the wind-swept streets or a passing horseman should bespatter their only clean and perfumed garments.[1] Francesco, doubtless, soon made friends with the great ladies and pleasure-loving cardinals who were the dispensers of favours at Avignon, where Italian was the speech of the courts and Provençal the medium of familiar intercourse in the salons. Petrarch's skill in the vernacular verse of both tongues, which verse, as Dante tells us, was first evoked by the need of making poetry intelligible to ladies, stood him in good stead, and his profound knowledge of Latin literature proved a password to the palaces of cultured princes and prelates of the Church who cherished, or affected to cherish, the poets and philosophers of ancient Rome. He composed and sang with facility and grace, accompanying himself on the lute, and no one in Avignon could indite a Latin epistle with such classic purity and polished style.

In 1330 Francesco knit a close friendship with an old fellow-student at Bologna, the learned and noble churchman, Bishop Jacopo Colonna, then at Avignon; he who, when Canon of the Lateran, had daringly read out before a thousand people in the piazza of St. Marcellas at Rome the papal bull which anathematized Louis of Bavaria as a contumacious heretic, while Rome swarmed with imperial troops, and, having nailed the document on the church door, leaped on his horse and escaped to Palestrina.

The bishop invited the young Petrarch to his

[1] *De Reb. Fam.*, X. 3.

palace at Lombez, where he passed a heavenly summer, which in after days he looked back upon as the fairest period of his life ; and soon we find him installed, a cherished and honoured guest, in the palace of Cardinal Giovanni Colonna [1] as tutor to the cardinal's nephew, Agapito Colonna. The illustrious cardinal, if we may believe his partial panegyrist, was the gentlest, tenderest and simplest of men, who treated his *protégé* as a son, or, rather, as a beloved brother. Of irreproachable morals and noble bearing, his palace was the centre of the intellectual life of Avignon ; a meeting-place where all that was exalted and cultured in the city foregathered. There Petrarch found an admiring and indulgent audience and access to one of the finest libraries in Europe ; there he met the learned bibliophile, Richard de Bury, Chancellor of England, reputed author of the *Philobiblion*, an envoy from Edward III to the court of John XXII, whom he questioned as to the position of the Island of Thule ; there, too, he met the mighty Stefano, head of the patrician house of Colonna, the *glorioso Colonna* of Sonnet x, and hung on his lips as he recited piteous stories of the fallen grandeur of Rome. But most important of all in its effect on the poet's future fame, it was at Avignon in 1327 that the fateful meeting with the immortal and enigmatical Laura took place, whose grace and beauty were, amid all his wanderings and ambitions, to draw him back like a lodestar to the banks of the Rhone. But the loves of Petrarch and Laura merit a separate treatment. Suffice it to say that during the pontificate of John XXII the young humanist established a reputation at Avignon that was to make him the friend and confidant of popes and emperors, of kings and princes,

[1] The palace stood on the site of the present Hôtel de Ville.

and the literary dictator of Christendom. At the request of the pope he seconded the call to the abortive Crusade of 1334 by two noble poems, Sonnet xxiii. to Philip of Valois, and Canzone ii. to his friend, Bishop Colonna of Lombez, exhorting him to rouse Italy and her sons to take up the lance for Jesus' sake.

At the death of Pope John XXII the Seneschal of Provence summoned the twenty-four cardinals to meet in conclave, and, having assembled in the Dominican friary at Avignon, he well and straitly guarded them. On December 20, 1334, after one of the shortest conclaves in history, Jacques Fournier, a Cistercian monk, born in the County of Foix and popularly known as the White Cardinal, waselected in his place, and chose to be styled Benedict XII. The inevitable fable in denigration of a French pope duly appears in Villani. The cardinals, relates that partial historian, having reached a deadlock concerning the question of a return to Rome, put jestingly to the scrutiny the name of the least among them, when, to his amazement, no less than to theirs, the White Cardinal obtained the necessary number of votes. "You have chosen an ass," was his comment on the result, wherein, says Petrarch, who also heard the story, he gave proof of great judgment. Scarcely was Benedict enthroned at Avignon when appeals from Rome, and a passionate letter from Petrarch, urged him to remove the Holy See to Italy. The White Cardinal, who had no intention whatever of leaving Avignon, replied that it was impossible to make any plans until he had decided the question of the Beatific Vision : meanwhile, to prove the impossibility of any transference to Italy, he despatched nuncios to

Bologna with instructions to ascertain what reception the Curia might expect there, and to prepare a palace for himself and *livrées* for the cardinals, if the citizens proved to be well disposed. The result was what Benedict anticipated. The nuncios found the city in open rebellion, and the citizens, having not long since ignominiously expelled a French papal legate, were in no mood to welcome a French pope. As for Rome, confusion had become worse confounded. The internecine war between Orsini and Colonna raged with unabated fury ; many of the houses of God were roofless ; others near to collapse. So neglected and ruinous and overgrown with weeds were the churches, that cattle browsed up to the altars in St. Peter's and the Lateran, and a papal legate offered the marbles of the Colosseum for lime-burning.[1]

The author of the vernacular Roman chronicle, to whom we owe our knowledge of Rienzi, gives a vivid picture of the state of Rome in 1327. "I well remember," he writes, "as in a dream, for I was of very tender age at the time, how, being outside the Church of Aracœli, I saw Stefano della Colonna, lord of Palestrina, and Missore Orso, lord of Castell St. Angelo, with a troop of armed knights, riding to the Capital swiftly and proudly ; all were horsed and in gorgeous trappings. The piazza was a veritable camp with tents and pavilions, and I remember the ringing of the bells, the shouts of the people, the blaring of the trumpets, the rolling of the drums and the banners fluttering in the wind." He remembered, too, in the same year the repulse of the Guelph forces under the papal legate in a night attack at Rome, which opened the way to the entry of Louis of Bavaria ; the clanging of the alarm bells, the tramp

[1] Pastor, L. : *Geschichte der Päpste*, Vol. I. p. 63.

of armed men, the shock of battle in the streets, the people of Rome surging backwards and forwards like the waves of a storm-tossed sea ; the ghastly aspect of the streets when morning dawned. From Castell St. Angelo to the portal of St. Peter's lay countlesss heaps of the maimed and slain, naked and bloody, like chaff scattered by the wind : for days the peasants of the Campagna found the dead bodies of wounded fugitives who had crept exhausted into the vineyards or into mountain caves.

Benedict professed himself grieved at the issue of the attempt to settle at Bologna, and set about the building of a palace worthy of the Head of Christendom and adequate to the needs of the papal court. He purchased the new episcopal palace, raised by Arnaud de Via, for the diocese of Avignon, and ordered that the old one occupied by his predecessor should be known in future as the Apostolic palace, which palace in the process of time was by Benedict and his successors transformed into that edifice, *valde solemne*, and of marvellous beauty to dwell in, "which," says one of the chroniclers, " with its walls and towers of immense strength stands like himself, four-square and mighty." [1] Under his pontificate, the cardinals, too, began to build sumptuous summer palaces at Villeneuve across the Rhone, at whose sight Petrarch, in prose and verse, gave vent to intense indignation. While the roofs of the Apostles and the temples of the saints at Rome were in ruins, he complains, magnificent palaces were rising on the Rhone, glittering with gold, menacing heaven with their proud towers.

The new pope, burly in form, ruddy-faced and sonorous, was in person and character a striking

[1] Baluze, Vol. I. pp. 199, 226, 236.

contrast to the short, pale, emaciated and treble-voiced pontiff who preceded him in Peter's chair. "Pope Benedict," says the author of the Roman chronicle above referred to, "was a big man and *molto corpulento*. He was a most holy man who never would give dispensation for marriages between kinsfolk, and was careful and diligent in searching the moral characters of all candidates for benefices, and many he examined himself. *Non bolea ideote*—he would have no illiterates—he went about seeking good and efficient clerics, and honoured them much because he found so few. And on a time there came before this pope a certain Brother Monozella, from the Abbey of St. Paul's at Rome, who had been nominated as abbot. Now this monk took delight in singing about Rome by night and playing his lute; for he was a fine player and a beautiful singer of *ballate*,[1] and was wont to frequent the courts of the nobles and wedding feasts and other festivals. Ah! how sorely the blessed Benet[2] must have grieved when he beheld his monk dancing and singing! The abbot-elect came to Avignon and stood before the pope. 'Holy Father,' said he, 'I am chosen abbot of St. Paul's at Rome.' Now the pope, who knew all the monk's ways, demanded of him: 'Can'st thou sing?' 'Right well,' answered he. 'I mean,' added the pope, 'the *Cantilena*.' Said the elect: 'Yea, and *canzoni* too.' 'Can'st thou play?' 'Aye, that I can.' 'I mean can'st thou play the organ and the lute?' Quoth the abbot, 'Excellently well.' Then burst forth Benedict angrily and sternly, 'Is it meet that an abbot of the venerable monastery of St. Paul should be a buffoon? Away with thee!'

[1] *Ballate* were dance measures.

[2] St. Benedict, founder of the Order.

And so," concludes the scribe, "this monk came back to Rome with a flea in his ear."[1]

Among the many gorgeous spectacles that were making Avignon a city of regal and imperial splendour was the triumphal entry in 1340 of a solemn embassy from Alphonso the Brave, King of Portugal, and his ally Alphonso of Castile, bringing the Gonfalon, the latter carried at the attack on Tarifa, and the twenty-four royal standards captured at that bloody victory over the four Moorish kings. The flags were hung in the papal chapel, and, says the Roman annalist, good King Alphonso, out of the 1000 mule loads of loot, gave 160,000 florins to the pope, who had sent a welcome contingent of 700 well-armed French and German crusaders, on stout chargers, assoiled of pains and sins. One hundred horses with gorgeous trappings formed part of the procession, each bearing the scimitar and shield of a chief Moorish officer slain in the fight; before these paced, proudly eminent, the beautiful charger Ferrante, noblest of the host, which had been ridden in battle by Alphonso, King of Castile; following came twenty Moorish captives with their arms and accoutrements. Unhappy knights of the Crescent! The air of a papal prison soon proved fatal to them: all died save one, who became a devout Christian and a servant of the pope.[2] As the glittering pageant approached Avignon, red-robed cardinals went forth to meet it; a solemn pontifical mass was celebrated by Benedict himself, who preached a fine sermon. "Now this Alphonso," writes the chronicler, "was the most noble, the most glorious, the most just and

[1] Literally: "with his head washed," *Con lo capo lavato.* Muratori: *Antiquitates*, Vol. III. p. 277.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 335.

most pious king that ever reigned in Spain. He had every virtue and no defects; only one thing was blameworthy—he loved not his queen, although she bore him a son—and kept a baggage, one Doña Leonora, whom he loved above all else, and was his solace: by her he had sons and daughters, and he could not exist without her. Many times the pope admonished him and excommunicated him; but Alphonso answered sweetly in a letter, and said: 'Holy Father, an it please you that I die, and live no longer, I will cast her away, but without her I cannot live.' And so the Holy Father vexed him no more, for he would not that Alphonso had a brief life. This story I heard told by one of the Beadles in the Rector of Medicine's room when I was a student at Bologna, learning the fourth book of the Physics."[1]

Many and exalted were the envoys that came entreating absolution from "Dominus Lodovicus, who called himself Emperor," and who made the most abject proposals for reconciliation with Avignon; but Benedict was as inexorable as his predecessor, and there, too, across the Rhone stood the great French king, forbidding any compromise with the enemies of France. A sixth embassy in 1336 having been rejected with scorn, Louis turned to make his peace with Philip VI, and two years later there rode into Avignon the Imperial Counts of Saxony, of Holland, and of Hohenberg, whose prayers were reinforced by the petition of a noble French envoy: Benedict scornfully replied that he could not hold Louis one day for a heretic and the next for an orthodox son of the Church at the good pleasure of the King of France; Louis must submit unreservedly and undergo

[1] Muratori: *Antiq.*, Vol. III. p. 341.

canonical penance and then he would listen to prayers for absolution. When Benedict died in 1342 the ban of the Church lay still on Louis of Bavaria.

Among the great kings and princes that during Benedict's reign swept into Avignon, in gorgeous array, were Peter, King of Aragon, and the young King of Majorca to do homage to the pope as suzerain for the kingdoms of Sardinia and Corsica; and a magnificent and refulgent embassy from the great Cham of Tartary, consisting of fifteen Tartars of noble birth and a Frankish lord, who presented letters to the "Lord of the Christians and the Franks beyond the seven seas where the sun sets," and who were received most honourably and accorded many interviews with pope and cardinals. In 1336 no less a potentate than Philip of Valois, King of France, in all the panoply of his high estate came to Avignon, thinking to bend the will of the imperious pontiff who had revoked the permission accorded by his predecessor to tax the clergy for financial aid towards the abortive crusade of 1334. Philip pretended to be on his way to Marseilles to organize the crusade, but Benedict told him that if he had two souls he would willingly sacrifice one for Philip of France, but since he had but one he wished to save it, and could not suffer the money of Holy Church to be spent for aught save the Holy War.

Benedict was implacable against any of his officers who betrayed their trust. In the early years of his pontificate he had strenuously endeavoured to make peace between France and England, and in 1337 an envoy from Edward III, the noble gentleman Niccolini Flisco, of Genoa, lay at his inn in the street of the Currateria,[1] when in the silence of the

[1] Now Rue Carreterie.

night certain sons of perdition and iniquity entered his chamber, tore him from his bed, and carried him across the Rhone a captive to French territory. The papal marshal had connived at this abominable violation of the laws of hospitality and the honour of the papal city, and Benedict, when he heard of the outrage, was furious with indignation.[1] No fear of the secular might of France deterred him ; he fulminated sentences of excommunication against all concerned in the abduction, and anathematized any who should harbour them : so vigorous and effective were his menaces that in a few days the captured gentleman was safely back again in Avignon. Punishment, swift and terrible, fell upon all the officers of his court and others who had been accessory to the crime. However exalted their stations they were cast into the papal prisons. Some were hanged, high as Haman, on a beam from the window of the inn, others were executed elsewhere. The pope's marshal cheated the gallows "not by hanging himself like Judas, but by taking poison," his body was denied Christian burial and carried forth in the sight of all the people, on the shoulders of his servants who had been faithful, and flung on the banks of the Rhone to be devoured by the birds of the air or the reptiles of the earth, so that all trace of him might perish and his name become a byword in the world. Such was curial justice in the papal days of Avignon. One of the last acts of this righteous pope was to inflict exemplary punishment on William de Durefert, a corrupt judge of the criminal court of the county, who sold justice and oppressed the poor.

[1] *Spiritus furoris accensus.* See Baluze, Vol. I. p. 217, and Vol. II. pp. 595–599, where the bull is printed—a grand example of pontifical invective.

Benedict was equally stern to conventual laxity. He reformed the constitution of the Cistercian and Benedictine orders, and had girded himself to deal with the abuses of the mendicant friars when death stayed his reforming hand. Benedict's pontificate was unsullied by nepotism. He declared that a pope, like Melchisedek, should have no relations ; he only preferred one of his nephews, whose commanding merit justified appointment, to the see of Arles at the urgent request of the cardinals. To kinsmen asking for favours his answer was : "As Jacques Fournier I know you well : as pope I know you not." He routed out place-hunters from his court and sent bishops back to their dioceses ; he set his face against pluralism, and even when stricken with death he presided over Consistory from his bed.

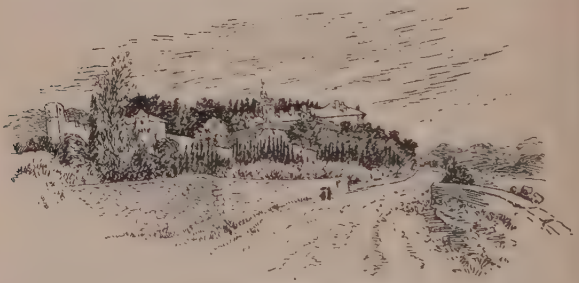
The ambitious and worldly clergy never forgave Benedict's rigid economy, his calls to integrity and devotion to duty, his inflexible will ; and they pursued his memory with bitter calumny. "He was a man," writes one of his clerical biographers, "hard, obstinate, avaricious ; he loved the good overmuch and hated the bad ; he was remiss in granting favours, and negligent in providing for the services of the Church ; more addicted to unseemly jests than to honest conversation ; he was a mighty toper[1] and '*Bibamus papaliter*—let us drink like a pope'—became a proverb in his day." A savage libel went the round of the Court at his death which defamed him as a wine-bibber, and compared him to Nero : he was a viper to the clergy and death to the laity.[2] Petrarch

[1] *Potator vini maximus.* Baluze, Vol. I. p. 241.

[2] *Iste fuit Nero, laicis mors, vipera clero,*
Devius a vero, cuppa repleta mero.—
Baluze, Vol. I. p. 240.

unworthily echoed the calumny[1]—Petrarch, whom Benedict in 1325 had preferred to a canonry at Lombez, eulogizing the poet's love of letters and good character.

Benedict pursued the building of the great papal palace with characteristic Gallic energy, and about two-thirds of the existing edifice are due to his vigorous reign. But not only did he leave his mark so indelibly on the Rocher des Doms, he restored and enlarged, wondrously and sumptuously, the old parish



MONASTERY AT BOMPAS

church of St. Pierre, and he built a noble walled Carthusian monastery at Bompas on the Durance. The cardinals emulated his munificence; Bertrand de Montfavet raised and endowed the grand castellated abbey and church of Montfavet, whose fine architecture is one of the most precious relics of conventual architecture near Avignon, and Cardinal Arnaud de Via built and endowed at Villeneuve the noble collegiate church of St. Mary.

On April 25, 1342, Pope Benedict XII went to

[1] *Epist. sine titulo.* Lib. I. Ep. 1. *Vino madidus ævo, gravis ac soporifico rore perfusus.*

his rest, beloved of the poor, whose cause he judged righteously and whose wants he liberally relieved ; a stately monument rivalling that of John XXII enshrined his remains in a chapel founded by himself in the cathedral church of Avignon, and miracles were wrought at his tomb. The Avignon monument has perished, but the majestic figure of the great pontiff may still be seen in the crypt of St. Peter's at Rome [1]—one of the finest examples of fourteenth-century plastic art in existence.

On May 7, 1342, Cardinal Pierre Roger of Limoges was elected to St. Peter's chair, and on the 19th of the same month solemnly enthroned as Clement VI in the presence of the royal dukes of Normandy, Bourbon, and Burgundy and a noble congregation of counts, barons, and knights. It was the day of Pentecost, and as on that day tongues of fire descended on the apostles, so the like appeared to descend on Clement as he sat with the precious carbuncle in the tiara glittering over his brow. Clement, a learned Benedictine, was of exalted lineage, and had passed a brilliant scholastic career ; endowed with a marvellous memory he was a powerful and eloquent preacher, and when he held the pulpit at Paris to dispute or preach, says the Roman chronicler, all the city flocked to hear him. The inevitable embassy from Rome made an early appearance—six clerics and six nobles, led by the head of the Senate, the venerable Stefano Colonna—and entreated the return of the papacy to the eternal city and the institution of a half-centennial Jubilee. To the latter request Clement acceded : to the former he gave a gracious but evasive answer, proving by twelve cogent reasons

[1] In the Grotte Nuove.

that it was right and just he should come to Rome, and promised to cross the Alps when he had made peace between France and England. Petrarch, now at Avignon, fresh from receiving the laurel crown at the Capitol, reinforced the demand in an eloquent epistle, and for reward received the gift of a priorate in the diocese of Pisa.

The revolution wrought by Clement at Avignon in the conduct of affairs was pleasing to ecclesiastics, and they are kind to his memory. He completely reversed Benedict's policy. Generous and open-handed, a thousand hungry clerics are said to have crowded into Avignon seeking preferment, none of whom went empty away; for no suitor should leave a prince's court, said he, unsatisfied. Exquisitely polite and courteous, Clement had a gracious amenity of manner. Accustomed to the society of noble ladies, his court was crowded with fair dames and gallant knights; his stables were filled with beautiful horses; his hospitality was regal and his table loaded with rich viands and rare wines. The fair Countess of Turenne, his constant companion, disposed of benefices and preferments, and her favour was the surest avenue to fortune.[1] No sovereign of his time kept so brilliant and expensive a court, and when one of the cardinals remonstrated and recalled the examples of Benedict and of John, he replied magnificently: "Ah! my predecessors never knew how to be a pope." Clement relaxed the rigid constitution of Gregory X, *Ubi magis*, for the government of

[1] Matteo Villani of course puts the worst construction on this friendship. *Delle femmine, essendo archivescovo non se ne guardò ma trapassò il modo dei secolari giovani baroni, e nel papato non se ne seppe contenere nè occultare ma nelle sue camere andarono le grandi dame, &c.* Cronica III. 43.

Conclaves, made in 1274, and ordered that the cardinals might have curtains to their cells, to be drawn when they rested or slept; they might have two servants, lay or cleric, as they pleased, and after the lapse of three days, in addition to their bread and wine, they might have fruit, cheese, and an electuary, and one dish of meat or fish at dinner, and another at supper.[1] Clement's lavish generosity subjected him to unpleasant importunities, as we learn from an attempt to curb the unbridled audacity of "certain persons who, casting from them all regard for decent manners and the reverence due to ourselves, have presumptuously dared, and still do dare, when we are in Consistory and at other times when we are riding, to cast before us, and sometimes upon us, their petitions, in which they even wrap up stones, to our perturbation."[2]

Early in 1343 a second embassy from Rome arrived in Avignon, despatched by the thirteen Buoni Huomini or heads of the chief trade guilds, who had assumed the government of the city. Among the envoys was one Cola di Rienzi, a handsome, erudite, and eloquent young notary, son of a laundress and an innkeeper at Rome, whose impassioned denunciations of the insolent tyranny of the Roman nobles and vivid pictures of the desolation due to abandonment of their heritage by the popes, deeply moved Clement, and he loved to hear him daily. But the young Rienzi's growing favour with the pope was gall and wormwood to Cardinal Colonna and the party of the Roman nobles at the Curia: they poisoned Clement's ear and compassed Rienzi's disgrace. Poor and sick and ragged, the unhappy Cola

[1] Baluze, Vol. I. p. 261.

[2] *State Papers. Papal Registers: Petitions*, Vol. I. 1342-1419.

CHURCH OF ST. AGRICOL, AVIGNON

was constrained to seek the public hospital, or like a snake to bask in the sun for warmth. But the enthusiastic young Roman patriot and classicist had found a fervent sympathiser in Petrarch, and fair were the dreams they dreamed of a regenerate and republican Rome, under the headship of the popes, free and mighty, as they communed together in St. Agricol. To Petrarch, Cola's voice seemed the voice of a God rather than of a man; he used his influence with the Colonna and with Clement, and the disgraced Roman advocate was taken into favour again: on April 13, 1344, Cola di Rienzi, appointed Apostolic Protonotary by the Pope, returned to Rome joyous, but muttering threats between his teeth.[1]

During the year 1347 ominous portents foreboded ill to the city of Avignon. In August a fiery comet swept across the heavens; at daybreak on December 20, a column of fire hung over the apostolic palace, inspiring the cardinals with terror. They were the dread pursuivants of the devasting Black Death, which the genius of Boccaccio has impressed for ever on the minds of men. The plague entered the city on January 1348, and for seven months the Angel of Death mowed down his thousands and tens of thousands in the homes of Avignon. During the three days that preceded the Fourth Sunday in Lent, no less than 1400 victims fell before his passage. Clement spared no expense to mitigate the horrors of the plague; he paid physicians to treat the poor, and authorized parish priests to give a general absolution to all who should die of the infection; he took measures to check contagion; bought a public cemetery[2] outside the city walls and founded a

[1] *Fra li dienti menacciava.* Muratori, *Antiq.*, Vol. III. p. 401.
[2] It was known as *Campus Floridus* (Champ fleuri).

hospital there. But the mortality grew apace ; it was found necessary to consecrate the waters of the Rhone, into which the bodies were flung, when the living were unable to bury the dead. Eight cardinals perished, and crowds of monks and friars. Great fires were kept burning in the streets, and Clement secluded himself in his apartments, keeping up roaring fires day and night.

Among the victims was numbered the fairest and most famous of Avignon's daughters, Laura, the beloved of Petrarch. It will now be fitting to tell of her, and of him—

[1] Per cui Laura ebbe in terra onor celesti.

[1] Alfieri : *Alla Camera di Petrarca.*

CHAPTER VIII

PETRARCH AND LAURA OF AVIGNON

It was in the year 1327, at the season when the cold wanes and happier stars wax in splendour, that in the early morning of April 6,[1] Francesco Petrarca, a youth who yet had ne'er felt a wound, entered the little church of the Poor Clares at Avignon to pray. Lifting his eyes, he beheld a sweet young damsel of Provence, modestly arrayed in green and decked with violets, whose fair eyes bound him captive, and drew him into the labyrinth of a passion whose vicissitudes he has celebrated in 5000 lines of a lover's plaints and praises. Her form, more than human, had in it something of celestial grace; golden tresses, spun and woven by the hand of Love himself, fell over shoulders whiter than snow, and adorned a neck that in its candour eclipsed the whiteness of purest milk; tender, flashing eyes shone beneath eyebrows black as ebony; from an angelic mouth, filled with pearls and roses, issued a voice musical, clear, divine; her soft cheeks glowed with melting fire, dainty were her feet, her hands whiter than ivory—the poet might as well hope to number the stars of heaven as to set her charms to verse.[2]

[1] Thus according to the note in his *Virgil* (see p. 112); April 6, 1327, according to Sade, *Mémoires*, Vol. I. p. 122, was the Monday of Holy Week, whereas the poet, in Sonnet iii., tells us the day was Good Friday.

[2] Sonnets clxxvi., clxiv., clxvi. Canzone xv.

But despite countless references to eyes that full of joy and modesty and sweetness showed the way to heaven, their actual colour is an unsolved problem of the commentators, and to this day no man knoweth whether Laura's eyes were blue or black. In one of the famous three sister *Canzoni*[1] in praise of her eyes, and in Sonnet cxviii., they are a *bel dolce soave bianco e nero;* in Sonnet clxvii. and other of the *Rime* they are *sereni*.[2] An ingenious Italian critic of the sixteenth century, who notes that in the poetical inventory of Laura's charms no mention is made of her nose, concludes she was endowed with the pert snub-nose regarded as a mark of Gallic beauty. Whereupon the Abbé de Sade, sacrificing his erudition on the altar of his gallantry, protests he knows not what is meant by a *naso scavezzo*.[3]

They were a noble pair of lovers. There was little of the pale, cloistered student in Petrarch, who, in the full bloom of early manhood, was handsome, well-formed, strong-featured, with brilliant eyes and keen vision, betraying all the fire of his genius; he had a rich complexion inclining to dark olive (*inter candidum et subnigrum*),[4] and was graceful and easy in bearing. Already in his youth he was so often pointed out for his beauty that it became an annoyance to him. Later in life his beautiful face and luminous eyes were wonderfully expressive, and something of wisdom, gravity, and majesty in his aspect arrested the attention and compelled the admiration even of those who knew him not. In the funeral

[1] Canzone ix. See also Canzone iii., *nel bel nero e nel bianco.*

[2] Canzone iv., *bel guardo sereno.* She had, however, golden hair. *Ep. Poet.*, I. 7, *caput auricomum.*

[3] Vol. I. p. 123, note.

[4] *Epist. ad Posteros.*

PORTRAIT OF LAURA, SO-CALLED. *Laurentian Library, Florence.*

[*To face p.* 102.

sermon preached at Padua by Fra Bonaventura, the preacher dwells on the celestial beauty of his body, which heaven had endowed with all gifts and graces.[1] His physician, Tomaso di Garbo, affirmed that he had never beheld a healthier or a better constituted body.[2]

Passing one May day, near Avignon, before the garden of a veteran servant of love, Laura and Petrarch are bidden enter, and with sweet words and a smile fit to enamour a savage, the old lover plucks two fair roses, gathered in Paradise, and hands one to each, sighing as he exclaims: "Surely the sun ne'er beheld such a pair of lovers."[3] Efforts have been made to construct a connected story of the vicissitudes of Petrarch's passion,[4] but no exact chronology of the vast collection of Sonnets, Canzoni, Ballate and other poems in which the story has been enshrined is possible. The happy discovery by Pierre de Nolhac (1886) in the Vatican Library of the transcript of the *Rime*, begun by Petrarch himself in 1368, helps us but little, for it is well known that when the poet in his old age set about correcting his "youthful follies in the vulgar tongue," he had but vague recollections of the occasions of their begetting. Of how much *Wahrheit* and how much *Dichtung* the *Rime* are compounded will never be known. They are the poetical epitome of the hopes, the despair, the fears, the exaltation, the sorrows and the joys of all the pilgrims of Love the world has ever

[1] See M. A. Bruce-Whyte: *Histoire des Langues Romaines*, Vol. III. pp. 362–4.

[2] Tomasini: *Petrarchus Redivivus. Vita Fr. Petrarchae, Hieron. Squarzaficus*, prefixed to the Bâle ed. of the *Opera*.

[3] Sonnet ccvii.

[4] See the three tomes of the Abbé de Sade, *passim*.

seen. They are the quintessence of the themes sung by—

> Those singers in France of old
> By the tideless, dolorous midland sea.

Even the very existence of the mistress has been called in question, whose lovesick swain made every valley resound to his heavy sighs.

She, cruel one, who with glances that steal men's souls opened his breast and stole away his heart, flees before him. He fain would declare his love yet fears to speak; he bewails the veil that conceals her face; hunting one day he surprises the cruel fair bathing by noonday heat in a crystal spring, and angrily she flings water on his face; he is changed to a stag, like Actæon of old, and flees with swift feet from wood to wood, even yet he hears the hounds baying and feels their fangs in his flesh. With marvellous variations he plays the old themes of the classic poets and the Troubadours and the early Italian *dicitori* on the lyre of his verse. Like Dante, he haunts the places where ladies are wont to assemble; like him, he travels to a far-off country. Scarce out of Avignon the errant lover begins to regret his journey; through Flanders, Brabant, Aix, Cologne, her image still pursues him; he yearns for the fair land of Provence and the delightful banks of the Rhone. He returns to Lyons, and descends the river.

It is the year 1334; seven years have passed the very hour that he writes, and those fair eyes are still destroying him even as snow melts under the hot sun—seven years since he has wandered, sighing, from shore to shore in summer heat and winter cold;[1]

[1] Sestina ii.

pale as snow, he yet, without and within, is consumed by raging fires. He longs for death, yet fears to strike the blow; he seeks help from his confessor and tries philosophy. Alas! alas!—

Ein Blick von dir, ein Wort, mehr unterhält
Als alle Weisheit dieser Welt.[1]

He beholds his mistress in the streets of Avignon and passes by on the other side; she smiles on him, but in her presence he is dumb. She tries a little coquetry; he plucks up heart, and, passion urging him, he bursts forth into reproaches for her rigour; divining his purpose she flees from him and denies him her presence. He sickens and grows pale; death is imaged on his face: a word of pity from her lips, and he recovers health and joy and his natural hue.

He happens on a peasant girl washing his mistress's veil in a stream, and shivers with amorous chill. Again he will flee from her; he ponders on the peril of his soul, and, as Dante in the dark wood, he, too, *quasi a mezzo il giorno* would turn back.[2] Eleven years have revolved since he has bowed beneath Love's pitiless yoke, and in one of the finest sonnets in the Italian language he beseeches the Father of heaven, after wasted days, and nights spent in empty visions, that with His light he may be guided to a better life and to a nobler emprise; and that his obdurate enemy, having spread his nets in vain, may be mocked. Have mercy, he cries, on my anguish, not unworthy; lead back my thoughts to better things, and recall to them how that this day

[1] FAUST to MARGARET: "One glance from thee, one word, is more entrancing than all the wisdom in the world."

[2] Madrigale ii.

Thou wast nailed on the Cross.[1] He seeks solitude in his hermitage at Vaucluse ; but thrice her wraith appears at his bedside in the stillness of the night to reclaim her slave ; pallid, and chilled with fear, he prevents the dawn ; he flees to the woods, to the summit of the rocks, in order to escape the pursuing phantom. Weary of weeping, he resolves to leave her ; yet, when he begins to recover liberty, he regrets his slavery, and when he puts on her chains he regrets his liberty. Fourteen years pass, and his ardent desire does but wax in fervour ; at Vaucluse he writes the trinity of sister *Canzoni*,[2] the three Graces of his amorous muse, before which all Italy fell prostrate in admiration. How oft have the hills, the vales, the rivers, the woods, the fields, mute witnesses of his dolorous life, heard him call upon death.

In 1342 he returns from the Capitol, laureate of poesy, and, sitting in a public place, sees her approach ; he rises, inclines before her passage ; she, even as Beatrice to Dante, gives him sweet salutation and turns to him with a glance that would have disarmed Jove in all his fury and quenched his wrath. They meet in an assembly at Avignon ; she drops her glove—pure, white, dainty, precious glove of silk embroidered with gold, that concealed her fair nude hand, whiter than ivory, fresher than roses, with its five pearls of orient hue. He picks it up ; she snatches the noble prey from him. Three sonnets relate the story (clxvi.-clxviii.). Sixteen years of sighs pass ; he tells in mournful numbers how that Love is sweet, but life grievous—enthralled, he yet desires to escape ; would he had a more steadfast will. He watches by

[1] *Padre del ciel dopo i perduti giorni.* Sonnet xlviii.
[2] Canzoni viii., ix., x.

her window at dawn and beholds two suns rise together at one and the same hour ; one makes the stars to pale, the other eclipses the sun. Alas, fresh tears of an ancient passion only prove he ever remains his old true self.[1] He finds no peace, yet cannot wage war ; he fears and hopes, burns and freezes, soars to heaven and falls prone on the earth.[2] As a silly little gnat in summer heat that in her wantonness flies into the wayfarer's eye and finds death there, so he runs towards the fatal sun of her eyes. He beholds her in a little bark filled with joyous dames floating down the Rhone, one bright sun amid twelve stars : neither Jason nor Paris e'er bore away so fair a burden ; again he beholds her, returning on a triumphal chariot, sitting apart and singing sweetly. O, happy Automedon ! happy Tiphys ! that didst guide or pilot such beauteous creatures.[3] One of her eyes, the fairest that ever shone, is infected with ophthalmia : he, returning to feed his fasting sight, finds Love and Heaven less hard than is their wont, and by their grace he is infected with the same malady. The ill that rejoices, and pains him not, sprang from her right eye, or rather sun, and, as if endowed with intelligence and with pinions, the sickness flew to him, swift as a meteor athwart the sky ; nature and pity guided its course.[4]

Seventeen years, and his burning love is not quenched ; but when he reflects on his present state, an icy blast freezes him amid the flames. As the proverb says, "'Tis easier to change the colour of one's skin than one's habits"—and human passions slacken not with age. He contemplates the flight of years. Ah me ! when shall he issue from the burn-

[1] Sonnet xcv.
[2] Sonnets civ., cx.
[3] Sonnet clxxxix.
[4] Sonnet xcvii.

ing and assuage his long pain? He is ageing, Love is unmanly; once again he will depart for Italy. He takes leave of Madonna; she pales, casts her gentle eyes to the earth and seems silently to say: who is stealing away my faithful friend?[1] He is at Verona, but once more yearns for Avignon; the sweet hills and vales where he left his life are ever before his eyes, and, as the wounded stag that bears the poisoned dart in his flesh, the farther he flees the more he feels the smart, even so he, with Love's arrow in his breast. Wasted with grief, he is weary of fleeing. He visits again the banks of the Rhone. Twenty years of traffic in Love have brought him only tears and sighs and grief: under what evil star must he have taken the bait. He is chasing a shadow; he swims in a bottomless and shoreless sea; he pursues a swift hind on a lame ox; he seeks her, blind and weary, day and night, groping, stumbling, calling on Love and Madonna and Death.[2] Yet again he is drawn to Verona; with foreboding heart he takes leave of her, a rose among lesser flowers. She had quitted her wonted adornment; no pearls, nor garland, nor gay attire; no smiles, nor songs, nor sweet human speech; she seemed to dread an ill not yet felt. A series of woeful sonnets tells of black thoughts, evil dreams and sad auguries.[3] The plague is raging over western Europe; he hears no news and despair seizes him.

On April 6, 1348, as the poet lies on his bed at Verona, he beholds her in a vision, fair as spring, her head crowned with orient pearls. It is the early morning when dreams are true,[4] and even as Beatrice, in

[1] Sonnet xcviii.
[2] Sonnet clxxvii.
[3] Sonnets ccxi–ccxvi.
[4] Quando del ver si sogna. *Inferno*, XXVI. 7.

the vision of Purgatory, reproaches Dante, so Laura relates her story, confesses her love, and reveals to her weeping lover her attempts to lift him up from base thoughts and curb his passions ; to hearten him to virtuous deeds by her innocent artifices : he seeks to justify himself, and she rises to anger. Petrarch protests that to live without her is grievous and hard ; and he would know if he is to follow her quickly or tardily. Turning to depart, she tells him he will remain on earth without her a long space.[1] At Parma, on May 19, a letter from Avignon brings the fatal news : that very morning of April 6, when her wraith appeared to him, Madonna died of the plague. In a series of sonnets and canzoni he bewails her loss. Death has loosed the fiery chains of twenty-one years ; but Love, unwilling to renounce his power over him, provides a new flame, and sets yet another snare in the grass with a new bait. Had it not been for the long experience of his former woes he would have been caught again and the more easily kindled in that he was now of less green wood. But Death, freeing him once again, broke the bonds and quenched the flames, against which neither strength nor wit avail.

How far the romantic loves of Petrarch and Laura correspond to any reality we shall never know. It will surprise no one who is familiar with the lives of the Troubadours or of their early Italian imitators, not excluding Dante himself, to learn that during two decades of amorous vicissitudes Laura was probably a married lady and mother of a large family ; that Petrarch became the father of a scape-

[1] *Trionfo della Morte*, Cap. II. Evidently composed some time after her death. Petrarch, like Dante, always prophesies after the event.

grace illegitimate son, and that this was not the only olive branch plucked from less rigorous mistresses. Nor will it surprise him that the poet, in letters to intimate friends, quotes with approval the lines from Plautus that there are no good women, only that some are worse than others,[1] and that the reason given to his friends for quitting Avignon in 1347 was his inability otherwise to rid himself of an importunate and jealous mistress who, many times repulsed, always returned to besiege his door, day and night, and scoffed at his talk about leading in future a life of celibacy, saying she knew him too well to be thus deluded.[2] As in the breast of Faust in the tragedy, so in Petrarch's—two conflicting souls contended for mastery. One with mighty wrestlings and upstrivings towards celestial fields of divine ancestry: the other holding on to earth with clinging organs of sense.[3]

Whatever real basis there may have been in the passion that evoked the *Rime* of Petrarch, their actual success was prodigious. All Europe was entranced by them. Every one knew them by heart, and even grave and venerable old men could not refrain from reciting or singing them. Petrarch himself professed to despise the poems as trivial effusions of his youth, and in a letter to Pandolfo Malatesta, accompanying a copy of the *Rime*, he complains that, to his sorrow, these immature follies in a vulgar tongue are read more than the productions of his riper years:

[1] *De Reb. Fam.*, l. IV. ep. 18.
[2] *Ibid.*, l. IX. ep. 3.
[3] *Die eine hält in derber Liebeslust*
Sich an die Welt mit klammernden Organen;
Die andere hebt gewaltsam sich vom Duft
Zu den Gefilden hoher Ahnen.

he would they were forgotten ; but since they were so widely diffused he had revised them, ill-becoming though it were to concern himself in his old age with past literary sins, for which he craves pardon of his friends.[1]

Who, then, was the immortal Laura, best sung of poet-lovers ? Many and conflicting are the claims to her birthplace and her identity. She was born at Avignon, Thor, Graveson, Cabrières, Lignes, Gales, Caumont. She was the daughter of Paul de Sade, of Henri Chabot, of the princely house of Les Baux, of Pierre Isnard, of Audibert de Noves, and, latest of theories,[2] of the house of Sabran of Montdragon. Other theories are : that there were more than one Laura, and that she never existed at all save as a phantom of the poet's brain.

It is obvious that if the last can be maintained the subject need not be pursued further. That Laura was but a figment of Petrarch's imagination, an invention whereby the poet might exercise his muse and that the only reality was his passion, not for a mortal Laura, but for the immortal laurel crown of poetry, is no new theory : early in the poet's career his patron and friend the Bishop of Lombez roundly accused him of such mystification.[3] No clue is to be found in the poet's published works, and some hint of there having been more than one Laura is afforded by Canzone xix.[4] Less is known of Petrarch's Laura than of Dante's Beatrice. Boccaccio, Ben-

[1] *Rer. Sen.*, XIII. 10.

[2] F. Flamini : *Tra Valchinsa ed Avignone.* 1910.

[3] *De Reb. Fam.*, II. 9.

[4] He protests against the insinuation : he served for Rachel, not for Leah. He would stay for Rachel, even if Elisha's chariot were to call him to heaven with Leah. See also Cesareo's *Su le Poesie vulgari di Petrarca.*

venuto da Imola, nor other of Petrarch's friends ; nor contemporary author, had the least suspicion who Laura was ; none of the poet's biographers who wrote immediately after his death mentions her family name : everywhere a blank silence. Nor have the acres of print published since the fourteenth century availed to lift the veil that conceals her identity. All that her lover tells us is that she lived and died and was buried at Avignon, and that she came of noble lineage. On the fly-leaf of the poet's favourite copy of Virgil, at the back of a miniature by Simone Memni, preserved at the Ambrosian Library at Milan, may still be read, written by his own hand, all that Petrarch has chosen to relate.[1] "Laura, so long celebrated by her own virtues and by our poems, first appeared to my eyes in the time of my early manhood in the Church of St. Clare at Avignon in the year of Our Lord 1327, in the early morning of the 6th day of the month of April ; and in the same city, and in the same month of April, and on the same 6th day, and at the same first hour of the day, in the year 1348, this light was bereft of that light, when I, alas, ignorant of my ill-fortune, was at Verona : the ill-omened news reached me at Parma, in the same year, on the morning of the 19th day of the month of May. And on that same day of her death, after vespers, her body, most chaste and beautiful, was buried in the convent of the Friars Minor, whose soul, as Seneca saith of Africanus, I am persuaded hath returned to heaven whence she came." Petrarch then proceeds to add that he has written this thing of cruel memory, yet with something bitter-sweet in it, in a place which is often

[1] See the authentic copy in Sade, Vol. II., *Pièces Justificatives*, VIII.

before his eyes. That and a few vague references to her in the poet's[1] works is all that is known of Petrarch's Laura. In the fifteenth century she was very generally believed by Italians to be an allegory —the Christian faith, philosophy, virtue, poetry— a theory revived by D. G. Rossetti in the nineteenth century, who out of Dante's Beatrice, Petrarch's Laura and Boccaccio's Fiammetta evolved a three-fold personification of the Ghibelline movement for national independence in Italy. Velutello, at the opening of the sixteenth century, finding no one in Italy who could give any information of Laura, made a journey to Avignon, and to his amazement could discover none but the vaguest and most conflicting traditions as to her family name and almost complete ignorance of Petrarch and his works. Foiled at Avignon he repaired to Vaucluse and to Cabrières, and after three days' search found documentary references to several Lauras, one of whom he decided must be the Laura of Petrarch.

In 1533 Maurice de Scève of Lyons, an admirer of the poet, came to Avignon in further quest of Laura. Assisted by a Florentine gentleman, Messer Jeronimo Manelli, and by the vicar of the Archbishop of Avignon, vain search was made in the church registers of the County Venaissin and of Avignon. It then occurred to the investigators to search among the tombs in the church of the Friars Minor at Avignon, and—so the story runs—they were rewarded by the discovery of a big stone in the Sade family chapel of Holy Cross without inscription but with two almost effaced family escutcheons. The stone was lifted, and beneath it lay some fragments of bones (*minute ossa*) and a mysterious leaden box, closed

[1] *Ep. Poet.*, I. 7. v. 37–116. *Secretum*, Dial. III.

with brass wire, containing a parchment sealed with green wax and a bronze medal with the initials M.L.M.I., which letters Maurice interpreted to mean *Madonna Laura Morta Iace*. On the parchment was written a sonnet in Italian which Maurice with difficulty deciphered and of which a copy was taken : the sonnet was attributed to Petrarch. Francis I, on his way to Marseilles in September 1533, had the vault reopened, read the sonnet, and the most Christian king himself composed an epitaph in verse.[1] Neither has much literary merit : both may be read in Appendix I. How it became possible to strike a medal between morning and afternoon of April 6, and how Petrarch, being at Parma when he first heard the news on May 19, was able to compose the sonnet, and how such could have been interred with a plague-stricken body buried in quicklime six weeks previously, was not, nor ever has been, satisfactorily explained. Since that reputed discovery it was regarded as proven that Laura was of the house of the Sades of Avignon, and its publication made an end of Velutello's theory.

From the visit of Francis I to its destruction under the Revolution, "Laura's tomb" became the Mecca of every sentimental traveller, and rivalled that of Heloise and Abelard at Paris : "Laura's house," an old weather-worn edifice of yellow stone, near the Cordeliers and next the White Horse Inn, was shown to every visitor to Avignon.

[1] G. Boyle : *Bulletin Historique*, Vols. II, III, IV. The writer suggests the medal was a plague charm and that the letters M.L.M.I. stand for the Evangelists, Matthew, Luke, Mark and John. Much has been said of Catholic ignorance of the Bible : the coiners of holy medals could, however, hardly have been ignorant of the proper sequence of the Gospels.

Petrarch and Laura of Avignon

In 1764 appeared at Amsterdam the epoch-making work of the Abbé de Sade,[1] and since that time the identification of Petrarch's mistress with Laura de Noves, who in January 1325 was married at Avignon to Hugh, son of Paul de Sade, has been generally accepted. The evidence is highly circumstantial, but the abbé, by ignoring much that conflicts with his conclusions, has woven a romantic story of the loves of Petrarch and the wife of Hugh de Sade in three massive tomes. The assumption that Laura was a married lady rests on nothing more substantial than an alternative reading of a passage in the *Secretum*, which would imply that Laura, at the time the work was composed, was exhausted by several confinements.[2] The over-zealous abbé, however, omits the context, which rather favours the generally accepted reading.

Mr. Bruce-Whyte, who has debased the idyllic story of Laura and Petrarch to a vulgar episode of seduction, identifies the poet's supposed victim with a disinherited daughter of the House of the Sades of Avignon[3]—a theory supported by Joudon, a native of that city, in his *Histoire des Papes d'Avignon*. For this graceless and impious libel there is less to be said than for any of the rival theories, and no reason exists for doubting Petrarch's assertion in his letter to posterity that his early passion was an honourable one.[4] Francesco Petrarca was an exceedingly subtle and ingenious Italian gentleman; he evidently in-

[1] *Mémoires pour la vie*, etc.

[2] Reading *partubus* instead of *perturbationibus*. See Sade, Vol. II. p. 114, and *Pièces justificatives*, XIV; E. C. Minguzzi: *Studio sul Secretum di Fr. Petrarca*, 1906.

[3] Bruce-Whyte, Vol. III. p. xxxviii.

[4] *Amore accerimo sed unico et honesto in adoloscentia laboravi. Epist. ad Posteros.*

tended the riddle should never be solved, and in this he has been eminently successful. What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? Was Laura a living daughter of Avignon? Mistral was once asked by an acquaintance of the present writer: "Did Mireille really exist?" To whom the great Provençal poet answered, smiling, *Elle existait: elle n'existait pas.* Thus much and no more can be said of Petrarch's Laura.

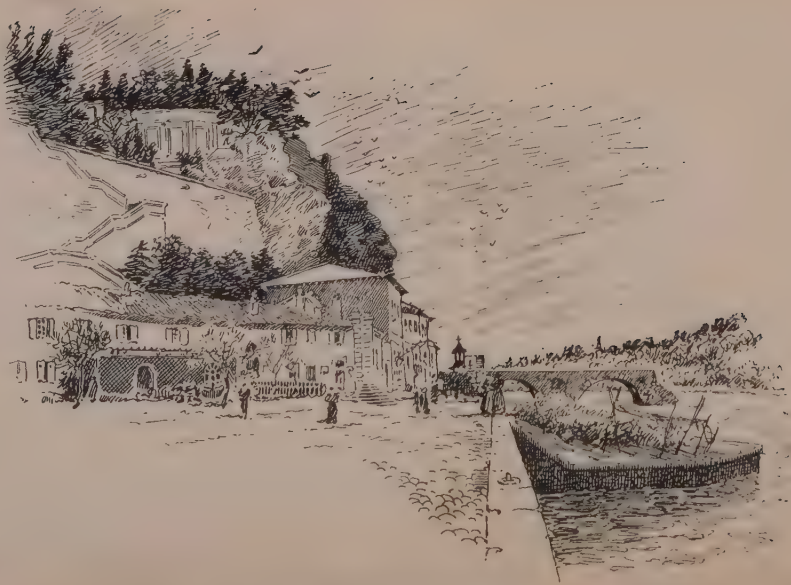
CHAPTER IX

PETRARCH AT VAUCLUSE — RIENZI AGAIN — DEATH OF CLEMENT VI AND ELECTION OF INNOCENT VI

The two stormy decades of the passion for Laura were intermingled with periods of halcyon calm and of absorption in literary work at Vaucluse. In 1330, three years after the fateful encounter in the church of St. Clare, Petrarch, as we have seen, passed a celestial summer and part of the autumn—the fairest days of his life—with his friend Jacopo di Colonna, Bishop of Lombez. In August 1333 he is at Lyons dying for a sight of Madonna, but fears of summer heat are stronger than love, and he dallies there a month before descending the Rhone to Avignon.

In nothing does the heart of a modern warm more towards Petrarch, in nothing does he better deserve the title of the first of the moderns, than in his love of wild nature, of romantic scenery, and the solitude of woods and mountains. Petrarch, too, was the first mountaineer; the first to rise before the dawn and make the toilsome ascent of a high mountain—in order to come down again.

The most impressive feature of the magnificent panorama that unfolds itself to the traveller who stands on the Rocher des Doms is the isolated, massive dome of Mont Ventoux, that stands like an advance post in France guarding the approach to the Italian Alps. It was in 1336 that Petrarch determined to climb



THE ROCHER DES DOMS

the highest summit in the neighbourhood of Avignon, and, like the good climber he was, his first thought was to select a fitting companion. Reviewing the capabilities of his friends, each in turn was rejected : one was too slothful, another too active ; one walked too fast, another too slow ; one was too sad, another too gay ; one too silent, another too loquacious ; one too fat and scant of breath, another too lean and feeble. All were rejected in favour of his younger brother Gerard, who was proud of the poet's confidence and affection. The brothers left Avignon and reached Malaucene, at the foot of the mountain, in the evening of April 24. Having rested a day, they hired two porters, and began to climb with exultant spirits the steep ascent, in the early dawn of a lovely spring morning. Resting half-way up, they met an old shepherd, who, as is the wont of shepherds, threw cold water on their enterprise, and told them that fifty years ago he had clambered to the top, and for his labour and pains brought back naught but torn flesh and rent clothes : never before nor since had he heard of any who had been foolish enough to attempt the like. His warnings only fire their ardour ; the climbers leave their coats in his care, and, having been shown a short cut, press on. Short cuts are delusive, and after much toil and wandering the elder falls behind ; but for very shame, he would more than once have turned back. He moralizes on the state of his soul, which, desiring heaven, never takes the road thither, and on the weakness of the body, which with difficulty attains an earthly eminence. After surmounting some minor peaks they at length reach the main summit, and, exhausted, fling themselves on the breast of the father of all the hills to rest. Refreshed by the rarefied and keen air,

they rise ; the stupendous panorama that unfolds itself to their gaze fills them with awe and wonder. The sky is clear above them, the clouds lie beneath their feet, and the Italian poet sighs as he beholds afar the snow-capped mountains of his native land—so far, but yet so near, for it seemed he could almost touch them with outstretched hand. Again he muses on his past life and present spiritual state ; he draws his favourite and inseparable St. Augustine from his pocket ; he blushes for his amorous weakness ; quotes Ovid until his reverie is broken by the sight of the declining sun. The brothers take a last look at the immensity of their range of vision. The eye will not carry to the Pyrenees, but there, in the west, must be Spain ; to the right are the hills of the Lyonnais ; to left, the waves of the Midland sea breaking against Marseilles and Aigues Mortes ; the Rhone is beneath their feet. Again the poet is over-mastered by emotion, for, as he takes the *Confessions* in his hand and opens the book at a venture, his eyes fall upon the words : "Men go forth to marvel at the heights and mountains . . . and forsake their own souls.' [1] After further reflections on the folly of worldly men and the wisdom of the saints, he repeats the well-known lines from Virgil, *Felix qui potuit*, etc., and, aided by the friendly light of the moon, the brothers descend and enter the welcome shelter of their inn. While supper is preparing Petrarch retires to a room and pens the long letter to his father-confessor from which we have condensed the story.[2]

In 1337 the poet, revolted by the atmosphere of the papal court, and perhaps a little disappointed at curial insensibility to his claims for beneficial favours,

[1] Lib. X. 6. [2] *De Reb. Fam.*, IV. 2.

turned his back on Avignon and withdrew to live the simple life near the source of the Sorgue at Vaucluse, whose romantic beauty had been impressed on his mind since a boyish excursion he had made thither in 1316. To a modest little house fit for a Cato or a Fabricius, with no companion but a dog given him by Cardinal Colonna,[1] living on hard rustic fare and dressed like a peasant, figs, nuts, almonds, and some fish from the Sorgue his sole luxuries, the poet retired with his beloved books ; the only sounds that greeted his ears in that sylvan solitude were the songs of birds, the lowing of oxen, the bleating of lambs, the murmuring of the stream. Like Horace, he scorns gold and gems and ivory and purple ; the only female face he looks upon is that of his stewardess and servant—a visage withered and arid as a patch of the Libyan desert, and such that if Helen had possessed it, Troy would yet be standing. But her soul was as white as her body was black, and her fidelity was imperturbable. By indomitable industry she was able to attend to the poet's wants as well as to those of her own household ; faring on hard, dry, black bread, watered wine, sour as vinegar, she lay on the bare ground, and would rise with the dawn ; in the fiery heat of the dog-days, when the very grasshoppers are overcome, her invincible little body would never tire. Two small gardens the poet had : one a shady Transalpine Helicon, sacred to Apollo, overlooked the deep, mysterious, silent pool where the Sorgue rises, beyond which there was nothing save naked, barren, precipitous, trackless crags, inhabited only by wild animals and birds—the like of it could not be found under the sun. The other

[1] The poet was a lover of dogs, and recites many curious instances of their fidelity. *De Reb. Fam.*, XII. 17.

garden, better tilled and nearer his house, was bathed by the crystal waters of the rapid Sorgue, and hard by, separated by a rustic bridge from his house, was a grotto whose cool shade and sweet retirement fostered study ; there, in a little retreat, not unlike the *atriolo* where Cicero was wont to declaim, the happy recluse passed the hot afternoons in meditation ; in the cool of the evening he roamed about the green meadows, and in the morning rose early to climb the hills. Were not Italy so far and Avignon so near the poet could end his days there, fearing nothing so much as the return to a town.[1]

Dear friends, too, are not lacking. The cultured Philip of Cabassoles, Bishop of Cavaillon, dwells in the château that crowns the hill above his hermitage, and the great ones of the earth are pleased to seek him in his rustic home. The island garden of the Sorgue gave incessant trouble. Writing to Guglielmo di Pastrengo, the studious recluse recalls the stony patch of ground his friend helped to clear with his own hands, and informs him, the once barren waste is now enamelled with flowers, rebellious nature having been subdued by human toil.[2] In a charming epistle, in Latin verse, to Cardinal Colonna, Petrarch tells of the fierce frontier wars he urged with the naiads of the Sorgue in order to recover possession of the garden which he had usurped from them and which they had reconquered during his absence in Italy. By dint of strenuous labour he had cleared a stony patch of land and planted there a little green meadow, as a retreat for the Muses. The nymphs, taking it ill that he should establish strangers in their territory and prefer nine old maids to a thousand young virgins, rushed furiously down the mountain to ravage and

[1] *De Reb. Fam.*, XIII. 8. [2] *Carm.*, III. 3.

destroy his budding garden ; he retires terrified, but, the storm passed, he returns shamefacedly and restores the desolated land to its former verdure. Scarce had the sun run his course when the furious nymphs return, and once more undo all his labour. Again he prepares to restore the evicted Muses, but is called away to foreign parts. After six years he returns to his solitude: not a vestige remains of his handiwork, and fish swim at their ease over the site of his garden. Grief gives him arms, and anger, strength ; he calls to his aid the peasant, the shepherd, the fisherman ; together the allies roll away great stones and tear out the entrails of the earth ; they chase forth the invading nymphs ; with Phœbus's help re-establish the sacred Muses in their place and build them an abiding temple. The enemy retires breathing vengeance and awaits the help of the winter floods and storms ; but the victorious champion of the Muses is prepared ; he defends his conquest by a rocky rampart and defies the fury of the nymphs. Now will he enjoy a lasting peace and fear no foes ; not even were they allied to the waters of the Po and the Araxes.[1] His triumph was, however, short-lived, for we learn from a further letter that with their allies, the winter floods, the naiads of the spring gained a final victory, and the defeated Petrarch was forced to lodge the Muses in another spot.

The poet always found solace and refreshment in his gardens. A true lover of horticulture, he cultivates exotics, experiments on soils and plants, and writes to Naples for peach and pear trees. He invites the Archdeacon of Genoa to his dwelling, happy, celestial and angelic ; to the silence and liberty of his grateful solitude ; he will find secure joy and joyful security,

[1] *Carm.*, III. *Est mihi cum nymphis bellum de finibus ingens.*

instead of the noise and strife of cities; he shall listen to the nocturnal plaints of Philomela, and the turtle-dove cooing for her mate.[1]

He bids the convalescent Bishop of Viterbo find health of body and serenity of mind in the soft and balmy air of Vaucluse. There in the warm sun, by the crystal fountain, in umbrageous woods and green pastures, he shall experience the delights of Paradise as described by theologians, or the charms of the Elysian fields as sung by poets; a good supply of books and the society of faithful friends shall not be lacking.[2]

It was in 1339, while wandering about the hills and vales of Vaucluse, that the life of Scipio Africanus occurred to him as a fit subject for a great epic poem. Scipio had been the hero of his youth, and he set to work with feverish anxiety to compose the *Africæ*, a work which should form his title-deed to immortality. In a year it was almost completed—a year of passionate industry which affected even his splendid constitution and gave occasion for a friendly plot to enforce change and rest. One whom he regarded as the dearest and most exalted of his friends called on a day and unexpectedly craved a favour: this being freely granted, the friend asked for the keys of his book-case and desk, and, when they were handed over, locked up the poet's books and all his writing materials and bade him take a ten days' holiday, exacting a promise that he would neither open a book nor put pen to paper during that period. Petrarch promised to obey. The first day dragged its slow length along in utter boredom and seemed longer than a year; the second day the poet suffered from

[1] *De Reb. Fam.*, XVII. ep. 5. [2] *Ibid.*, XVI. ep. 6.

headache from morn to eve, and on the third day symptoms of fever declared themselves. Whereupon the friend, grasping the situation, absolved him from his promise, restored the keys and health and spirits to the unhappy poet, who protested that paper, pen and ink and nightly vigils were dearer to him than sleep and rest.[1] It was at Vaucluse that the sweetest of Italian lyrics, *Chiare, fresche e dolci acque*,[2] was composed, and that nearly the whole of his works were either written, begun or conceived, and where on one and the same day, August 23, 1340, two letters reached him, the first at nine in the morning, from the Senate of Rome ; the second at five in the afternoon from the University of Paris, inviting him to their respective cities to receive the laurel crown of poetry. This had ever been the goal of his earthly ambition ; [3] in his happy perplexity, the poet wrote the same afternoon to Cardinal Colonna, enclosing the letters, and received his answer before nine o'clock the next morning. Needless to say the Roman patrician decided for Rome,[4] and in February 1341 Petrarch sailed from Marseilles to visit his patron, King Robert of Naples, on his way to the Eternal City, where, after having fallen into the hands of robbers by the way, he was crowned with laurel at the Capitol on Easter Day of the same year.

In 1342 the wanderer was again at his beloved Vaucluse, writing the *Secretum*, where in the form of a dialogue with St. Augustine, the poet, with pitiless self-revelation lays bare the inmost secrets of his soul, and, playing the part of devil's advocate to himself, exposes with cold, relentless logic the hollow sophistries wherewith he has sought to lull

[1] *De Reb. Fam.*, XIII. 7. [2] Canzone xiv.
[3] *Epist. ad. Posteros.* [4] *De Reb. Fam.*, IV. 4 and 5.

his accusing conscience and to cloak his passion for Love and Fame. After an unsuccessful embassy to the court of the beautiful and tarnished queen Joan of Naples in 1343, and a sojourn at Parma, the peace of the closed valley again draws him to his hermitage, and in 1346 he composes there the now-forgotten, but once popular, *Vita Solitaria*.

In 1347, however, the echoes of thunderous events at Rome crashed in upon the poet's solitude, and again he was drawn into the vortex of European politics.

We left Rienzi on his way from Avignon to Rome, breathing forth threatenings and nursing schemes of mighty change. His first encounter with the "dogs of the Capitol" was not auspicious. Rising in the council chamber, in an impassioned oration he vehemently attacked the noble senators: "Ye are not good citizens," he cried, "Ye, who drink the blood of poor folk, and will not aid them." For answer, one of the Colonna rose from his seat and smote the orator a sounding cuff on the cheek for his insolence, and a scrivener made a mocking gesture:[1] such, says the chronicler, was the end of his fine speech. But it was not the end of Cola. His heart aflame with indignation, he brooded over the days of the noble senators of ancient Rome and of their high justice. The spell of her historic grandeur and dreams of her universal mission, which, from Dante to Mazzini, run like a thread of gold through Italian history, possessed his mind, already charged with the poetic imagery and flamboyant rhetoric of Petrarch at Avignon. This is not the place to recite the story of the most amazing revolution ever wrought by youthful enthusiasm—a revolution unstained by civic blood; and, for a brief space, directed with rare

[1] *Feceli la coda.* Muratori: *Antiq.*, Vol. III. p. 401.

wisdom and courage. By just laws, impartially but rigidly administered, the Liberator inaugurated a reign of peace and order; a horrible fear fell on evil-doers; truculent barons were banished to their estates; thieves, assassins and malefactors were cowed; the citizens returned to orderly civic life; the fields were ploughed and sown again, and a profound sigh of relief went up from the land. The Tribune hanged lawless knights on gibbets before the Capitol; he beheaded a Cistercian monk for his crimes; dragged the lord of Porto from his bed and strung him up in sight of his lady; not even the frowning stronghold of a Colonna could shield a thief from the gallows, and the terror of Rienzi's name reached even the Sultan of Babylon.[1] Embassies from the States of Italy, from great European rulers, thronged the halls of the dictator's palace, seeking his alliance or craving the arbitrament of his wisdom. Petrarch lent his potent pen; his letter to the Roman people is a pæan of victory. Rienzi is a new Brutus, and both Tribune and people he exhorts to rise to the magnitude of their mission. "From the Capitol, on July 28, 1347, in the reign of justice, where we live with an upright heart," came the equally eloquent and exultant response to Avignon from "NICOLAUS, MILES SEVERUS ET CLEMENS, LIBERATOR URBIS, ZELATOR ITALIÆ, AMATOR URBIS ET TRIBUNUS AUGUSTUS, to our most virtuous and illustrious fellow-citizen, and most worthy Poet Laureate, to whom salutation and honour and full joy." Copies of this and other epistles were quickly and sedulously made; they circulated in the papal court and among the citizens of Avignon; they were devoured with avidity and curiosity, as if they had been sent, not by a man of

[1] Old Cairo.

our race, but by celestial beings or dwellers in the antipodes.[1] Never did words of Delphic oracle excite more comment. As messenger after messenger came to the eager cardinals and burgesses at Avignon, Petrarch's joys and fears increased. In the fervour of his imagination he seemed to be in the thick of the great battle which was to bring victory or defeat to the noble cause. Day and night he is absorbed with anxiety and cares; sleeping and waking he is in travail; in a prophetic vision he beholds his hero enthroned on high, his head amid the stars, more sublime than the radiant sun; so much more august and more refulgent was he than mortal man, that Phœbus himself envied him. Below, stood expectant, such a multitude of the nations of the earth that the seer almost swooned with amazement at their number. The poet hopes and believes his hero will be worthy of his awful responsibility.[2] In yet another and lengthy hortatory epistle, Petrarch lavishes his classical erudition and burning eloquence in a further appeal to this our younger Brutus; may he have the elder Brutus ever before his eyes. He warns him of the manifold perils amid which he moves; bids him beware of traitors and flatterers and the evil passions of men; he hails him our Camillus, our Brutus, our Romulus, author of Roman Liberty, Roman Peace and Roman Tranquillity:[3] and to Rienzi was probably addressed that most beautiful among Italian lyrics, the canzone *Spirito Gentil.*[4]

Meanwhile the miraculous revolution appears to have wrought a moral, no less than a political, change at Rome. The market-place was trans-

[1] *Var. Epist.*, XXXVIII. [2] *Var.*, XL.
[3] *Var.*, XLVIII. The letter fills sixteen pages in Fracassetti.
[4] See *Le Rime*, ed. by Carducci and Ferranti.

formed into a Palace of Truth; the fishmongers and butchers, reputed the greatest rascals in Christendom, no longer cheated; the fishmongers cried stinking fish;[1] the butchers said, this meat is venison, this is kid, this is pork.

But, on the giddy heights of power, Cola's head failed him, and overweening pride wrought his fall. At the solemn mass sung in his new chapel at the Capitol he sat enthroned, his fair young wife by his side, in dazzling splendour, and in the presence of the pope's vicar in whose name the revolution had been made. Amid the blaze of a thousand tapers and the swelling chorus of white-robed choristers, the annalist beheld the cowed barons standing before the dread Tribune, bareheaded and with drooping arms. *Deh! Come stavan paurosi!* Cola surrounded himself with more than regal pomp; he bathed in the porphyry vase wherein Constantine was cleansed of his leprosy, and, robed in the imperial Dalmatic, with the crown of Charlemagne on his brow, *terribile e fantastico*, he flouted the papal legate. With amazing ineptitude he decoyed the chief nobles into his power, ignominiously and treacherously flung them into prison, and made public preparations for their execution: then, having humiliated and terrorized them, thought to win their gratitude by feasting and setting them free. Infuriated, they sank their differences and combined to attack him, only, however, to meet, on November 20, a bloody defeat and to emphasize an insolent triumph. The victorious Tribune, boasting he had cropped the ears of heads that pope and emperor had feared to touch, led his son to the stricken field, and, asperging him with

[1] They said, *Quesso pescie ene buono: quesso ene rio.* Muratori Vol. III. i. p. 445.

water ensanguined with the Colonna's blood, hailed him *Cavalier della Vittoria*.

Meanwhile, the enthusiastic Petrarch had left Vaucluse for Rome : on November 26 news reached him at Genoa of his hero's folly. He addressed to the intoxicated dictator a heart-rending letter of protest and reproach ; and expressed his bitter disappointment that one in whom he had trusted, as the sheet-anchor of the righteous, should have wrecked the noble cause and become the satellite of the wicked : if what he heard were true, then a long farewell to Rome.[1] The heart-broken poet turned aside and took possession of his canonry at Parma. The golden age at Rome was of brief duration, and before the end of the year (1347) the once exalted and terrible dictator slunk out of Rome an excommunicated and discredited fugitive.

The unquiet spirit of Petrarch found no abiding place in Italy, and in the summer of 1351 he once more crossed the threshold of his Vauclusian retreat. He had resolved never to return, but the desire to revisit the hills, the vales, the caves, the woods, the mossy banks of the Sorgue so familiar to his youth, became irresistible. Disappointed, disillusioned, its sweet memories well up in his soul, and he seeks a solitude where he may live inglorious and unknown. An unquenchable longing seizes him to behold again the garden made by his own hands, to enjoy the things he loves best—liberty, leisure, tranquillity, solitude—to caress his books again, to release them from their four years' imprisonment and let them meet their master's gaze. He will make a compact with his eyes : six hours' sleep they shall have and no more ; two hours shall be assigned to

[1] *De Reb. Fam.*, XI. 12.

bodily needs and sixteen to meditation and composition. How dearly the poet loved his sylvan solitude may be seen by comparing the number of his intimate letters addressed from the "Source of the Sorgue" with those from the "Rivers of Babylon" or "Babylon."[1]

A charming picture, too, is that drawn by the recluse of his faithful old bailiff and rustic librarian, Raymond Monet, husband of the stewardess and servant, of whom mention has already been made. To him, faithfullest of servants, the poet always confided his books when absent from Vaucluse. Returning from his longest travels not a book, not a paper, but was in its place, for although illiterate, Raymond was a great friend of literature, and preserved most tenderly his master's best-loved books: unable to read, he yet by long habit knew the titles of the old classics and could distinguish the poet's own works. When a book was placed in his hands he rejoiced and pressed it, sighing, against his breast; at times he would repeat the author's name in a low voice, and *mirum dictu* only by the mere handling or looking at books he seemed to grow more learned and more happy. Fifteen years the poet passed with this admirable servant, whose cottage he entered as though it were a temple of good faith; he confided to him his most secret thoughts, as to a priest of Ceres. Raymond died during his master's temporary absence at Avignon in 1353, and the poet's sorrow is expressed in one of the most touching of the familiar letters.[2]

In 1352 Petrarch beheld with furious indignation the once formidable Tribune of Rome, who had

[1] *Ad fontem Sorgiae; super flumina Babylonis; Babylone*, etc.
[2] *De Reb. Fam.*, XVI. 1.

appalled the wicked and filled the good with joyous hope ; who went about attended by the whole Roman people and the envoys of the States of Italy, enter Avignon like a common burglar, captive between two archers of the Imperial guard, while the crowd pressed round to gaze on the face of him whose fame had filled the world, and who was now sent by a Roman emperor to answer for his life to a Roman pontiff. And, adds the poet bitterly, our Pontifex Maximus appointed three princes of the Church to adjudge what penalty should be inflicted on him whose only crime was a desire to free the Roman republic from anarchy and oppression.[1] Petrarch neither denied nor apologized for his confidence in Cola di Rienzi ; he bewailed his enthusiasm quenched, and his best hopes for Italy deceived. Cola's first demand at Avignon was for the intercession of his former friend ; but what could it avail ? The captive was accused, not of having fallen short of his exalted mission ; not of having tarnished his name with pride and folly and cowardice ; not of having betrayed the good and the free and sunk in the mire with the wicked and vile : no, he was accused of what had constituted his highest glory—that he had dared to dream of the freedom and salvation of Rome. It was the high and noble beginning they pursued him for ; not the base and ignoble end.[2] As the poet, in his solitude at Vaucluse, brooded over the vicissitudes of the fallen Tribune his old friendship revived, and something akin to pity overcame him : Rienzi's appeal to be tried by the ordinary courts and to be allowed a legal defender was refused, and in his indignation Petrarch wrote a

[1] *De Reb. Fam.*, VII. 7. [2] *Ibid.*, XIII. 6.

passionate appeal to the Roman people, imploring them not to forsake their unhappy Tribune, but to demand his extradition to Rome, or at least a fair trial at Avignon.[1]

Rienzi, according to his biographer, was chained by the leg to the vaulting of the roof of a chamber in a tower of the papal palace,[2] where he was fed from the pope's table and furnished with his favourite books—his Livy, his Roman Histories and his Bible. The Roman annalist is, however, not well informed of events at Avignon, and there can be small doubt that Rienzi was well treated as a political prisoner. Papal accounts prove that on August 14, 1352, the cubicularius, Messire Stefano Priozzi, purchased a bed for the Tribune; on October 21 the papal sergeant-at-arms, in whose charge he was, provided him with a quilt bought of the Jews and three pairs of new stockings, for the darning of which he also paid. Items also appear for payment of the barber who dressed his hair.[3] These are not the bodily needs of a prisoner chained to a dungeon vault.

The Tribune's old eloquence and subtlety did not fail him at Avignon: he successfully defended himself from the various counts in the indictment brought against him; he cleared himself of the charge of heresy; he was set at liberty as a faithful Christian, and even regained Clement's favour.

With all his love of solitude Petrarch did not wholly sever himself from the larger life of Avignon.

[1] *Ep. Sine Titulo*, IV.

[2] Traditionally believed to be the Tour de Trouillas. Muratori, Vol III. p. 513.

[3] *Notes sur la détention de Rienzi.* M. Faucon, École Française de Rome; Mélanges d'Archéologie, etc. Année, Vol. VII. pp. 56, 57.

He was a frequent visitor there, staying either at the Colonna palace or at the Falcon Inn, and never free from one of the minor irritations of literary fame. From the four quarters of the world he was flooded with letters asking his counsel and enclosing poems for revision. There was an epidemic of writing, he complained; even rude mechanics were infected with the madness for composition; carpenters and fullers abandoned their tools, the peasant forsook his plough, to court Apollo and the Muses. He could find no peace at home, and scarce had he crossed his threshold when he was assailed by a crowd of questioners and disputants. Happily Vaucluse was free from the contagion.[1] It was with no small regret, therefore, that in August 1352 he was commanded by two influential cardinals to attend the papal court at Avignon to receive an offer of the important and coveted post of papal secretary. With tears he implored to be left in his retirement, for a yoke of silver would weigh on him as heavily as a yoke of lead; but the offer was equivalent to a command, and so he came to the feet of him "who opens heaven with his finger and rules the stars with his crown." Clement VI received him graciously, and the poet was bending to the yoke when good fortune came to his aid. His Latin style was deemed too elevated for the humility of one who wrote himself Servant of the Servants of God; he was requested to clip his epistolary wings, and, to his amazement, to submit like a schoolboy a specimen composition for approval. The greatest of Humanists, whose Latin was said by a chancellor of Florence to be superior to that of Cicero and Virgil, grew furious. Calling on Apollo and the Nine to

[1] *De Reb. Fam.*, XIII. 7.

lend their aid, and winging his loftiest flight, he indited to the Curia an epistle that was as incomprehensible as Greek to those who tried to read it :[1] he was never asked by Clement again to act as scribe to the Servant of the Servants of God, and he returned with joyful heart to his books and to the study of divine philosophy at Vaucluse. Exulting in freedom he prevents the dawn, and rising at midnight roams the hills and vales, studying in the open air as well as in his cabinet ; he reads, he writes, he dreams ; drives sleep from his eyes and chastises his body. Athens and Rome are in his hermitage, and were it not for windy Avignon and the turbid Rhone he would never leave the Closed Valley again.[2] But "man never is, but always to be, blest." At Vaucluse Petrarch yearns for his native Italy, in Italy he yearns for Vaucluse ; the hateful proximity of the papal court and his own unquiet breast urge him forth again.

In November 1352, with a precious train of books, he starts for Italy, but fares no further than Cavaillon, where, held up by rains and fear of brigands, he takes shelter with his best of friends, Bishop Philip of Cabassoles, whom he regards as an angel of God rather than a mortal man. Some tortured nights of sleepless indecision, and he retraces his steps to Vaucluse. On April 19, 1353, irritated by suspicions at the Curia of his familiarity with the Black Art, he leaves to pay a farewell visit to his brother, now a Carthusian monk at Montrieux ; and, as he journeys, behold he encounters a numerous company of ladies, and voices speaking the sweet Italian tongue fall pleasantly on his ear. With quickening pulse he hastens to address them, and learns they are Roman

[1] *De Reb. Fam.*, XIII. 5. [2] *Ibid.*, XV. 3.

pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St. James at Compostela : on being asked if he, too, is a Roman, the wanderer answers that no one has a more Roman heart than he. Then, as the spirits in Purgatory pressed towards Dante, the pilgrims surround him, and he pours forth a thousand questions concerning his Roman friends and the republic. He offers service and money to further their journey : gently they refuse, and ask but for his prayers to Christ for their safe return to their earthly habitation, and, at the long last, a happy entrance to the City of God, their celestial home. The noble and disinterested reply of these Roman matrons kindles the poet's love for Italy. "I thought," writes he, "I was with Cecilia Metella, with Cato's mother, the Æmilia of Africanus and the mother of the Gracchi" : then, with a suspicion that his heroines are too exclusively pagan, the great Humanist adds, "or rather with Prisca, Prudentia, Cecilia, Agnes and the Roman Virgin martyrs for Christ."[1] The yearning for Italy thus stirred in his breast, Petrarch, in May, set forth across the Alps : as the poet descended the slopes of Mont Genèvre, with the fair Italian lands spread out beneath him, he burst forth into exultant song, *Salve cara Deo tellus !*[2] Neither Avignon nor Vaucluse ever saw him more. On Christmas Day, thieves, after looting the Vauclusian sanctuary, set it on fire, and Raymond's son with difficulty saved its precious treasury of books and carried them to the château of Philip of Cabassoles.

And Laura! What of her during this score of strenuous years ? Our voluminous heritage of *Familiar Letters* is silent. *Secretum meum mihi.*

[1] *De Reb. Fam.*, XVI. 8.

[2] *Carm.*, III. 24. "All hail thou land, beloved of God !"

Death of Clement VI

On December 6, 1352, Clement VI. died suddenly in his chamberlain's arms, and was temporarily buried in a magnificent tomb in his private chapel at Notre Dame de Villeneuve, pending translation to a final resting-place at Chaise Dieu. How well this generous pope stood with contemporary clerical scribes may be seen by the fulsome eulogies lavished on his memory by the author of the fifth life in Baluze.[1] None of the Avignon pontiffs has left a more enduring mark on the architecture of the papal city, and his shield may still be seen on the great palace he did so much to extend and adorn. He enlarged and embellished the Dominican friary; repaired the Rhone bridge and rebuilt four of its arches; he restored the church of St. John Lateran and many others at Rome. Clement's charity to the poor and to imprisoned debtors was unbounded; he was tolerant to the Jews, and did his best to protect them from Christian fanaticism.[2]

No time was lost in filling the vacant chair, for the cardinals, hearing that King John of France was on his way to Avignon, hastened to conclave, and twelve days after Clement's death, Cardinal Stephen d'Albert, a Limousin, was chosen to pilot the storm-tossed bark of Peter. The troubled waters of Italian affairs were growing ever more turbid as the establishment of the papacy at Avignon became regarded as a settled policy of the French crown. Of the twelve cardinals created in December 1350, nine were French, four being related to Clement. The Gallic Curia neither understood nor was competent to grapple with the hideous anarchy that was delug-

[1] Vol. I. p. 300.

[2] They were accused of spreading the plague by poisoning the wells.

ing half the peninsula with blood. Benedict XII in 1340 had complained to the Florentine ambassador that Italian affairs were hopelessly entangled, and that the Italians themselves were always changing their minds: one day they demanded one thing and the next day another.[1] Too feeble and too dependent to dominate the situation, the Gallic popes sought to achieve their ends by intriguing with emperors and kings, with republics and with despots, and it was at Avignon that the filthiest brew in the cauldron of European politics was stirred. Since the downfall of Rienzi no arm had been powerful enough to bring order into the chaos that ensued at Rome. The victorious senatorial factions which had been reinstated by the papal legate could unite to plot reaction, not to govern. The old evils returned; brigandage, rapine, assassination, made the citizens regret the brief months of the Tribune's reign. Alarming news from the banks of the Tiber reached Avignon, and towards the end of 1351 Clement had appointed an advisory council of four cardinals to deal with Roman affairs. Their first act was to ask counsel of a poet. Petrarca, then in Avignon, still cherished his republican ideals, and in two eloquent and fervent epistles advocated the banishment of the nobles and the foundation of a citizen republic.[2] Trouble, too, had arisen on the north of the peninsula. Giovanni Visconti, despot of Milan, had seized the papal state of Bologna, and aimed at winning the hegemony of Italy, employing the

[1] *Dixit quod facta ytalicorum sunt mutabile multum et unum hodie appetunt et aliud postea successive.* Lettere degli Ambasc. fior. alla Corte de' Papi in Avignone. Archiv. Stor. Ital., Vol. XIV., 1884, p. 169.

[2] *De Reb. Fam.*, XI. 16 and 17.

legions of the golden lily at Avignon no less effectively in corrupting the Curia than the potent arms of successful condottieri in the field. One after another the papal States had thrown off their allegiance and fallen into the hands of usurpers, and the new pontiff, Innocent VI, turned in his need to one of the most commanding figures in the Church Militant, the Spanish Cardinal Albornoz, who had fought at Tarifa, and despatched him as legate to Italy with a powerful army to recover the lands of the Church from the hands of tyrants. In four years Albornoz changed the whole face of Italy. Equally successful in diplomacy and in the field, he returned to Avignon, and was accorded a reception more magnificent than any ever lavished on emperor or king. Rienzi's star was again in the ascendant. Elevated to the senatorial dignity by the cardinal legate, he entered Rome in the summer of 1354 at the head of a mercenary army : welcomed by its fickle inhabitants with tumultuous joy, and clad in scarlet and ermine and silver and gold, he marched through triumphal arches, like another Scipio Africanus, to the Capitol. But the story of Cola di Rienzi's brief and shameful reign of terror at Rome, his cruel and ghastly end, is a thrice-told tale and need not detain us here. The true significance of the Tribune's dramatic career lies not so much in the meteoric nature of his rise and fall, not in any miraculous ability it postulates in him, but rather in the hideous misrule and appalling anarchy which made that career possible.

CHAPTER X

QUEEN JOAN OF NAPLES—SALE OF AVIGNON TO THE PAPACY

ANOTHER of the great historic figures that strut their hour on the little stage of Avignon is the beautiful Joan of Naples, the Mary Stuart of the south. The disastrous policy of subdividing a kingdom among several children, like so much real property, that had wrecked the Merovingian and Carlovingian dynasties, was now to leave a bloody heritage to the descendants of the Angevin house. Charles II of Anjou, who had married Maria of Hungary, willed the crown of that realm to Carobert, heir of Charles Martel, his eldest son, who had predeceased him; to Robert, his third son, he bequeathed the kingdoms of Naples and of the lost Sicily, the titulary kingdom of Jerusalem, and the duchies of Provence, Forcalquier and Piedmont; carving out, however, large slices of the kingdom of Naples to provide patrimonies for his fourth and fifth sons, Philip, Prince of Taranto, and John, Duke of Durazzo. Carobert, on his succession to the throne of Hungary, basing his claim on the inalienable right of the eldest son to inherit his father's whole dominions, appealed to Avignon against the partition; but Robert was a renowned soldier, a faithful servant of Holy Church and stout protagonist of her claims in Italy: the will was upheld by Clement V, and Robert affirmed in his position of

king of the two Sicilies.[1] In 1328, the Duke of Calabria, Robert's only son and heir to the throne, died, leaving two daughters, Joan and Maria, the former of whom Robert named heiress to the throne : in 1331, being three years of age, allegiance was sworn to her at Naples, Carobert of Hungary protesting and still asserting his prior right to the crown. In 1333 King Robert, on the advice of Pope John XXII, proposed an alliance between Andrew, second son of Carobert of Hungary, and his granddaughter Joan, in order to unite the conflicting claims of the two branches of the Angevin house : Carobert accepted, and in the same year, himself brought Prince Andrew to Naples, where with great pomp and magnificence he was affianced to Joan, the child bride and bridegroom being seven and five years of age respectively. It was stipulated that if Joan died before the consummation of the marriage, Andrew should be united to Maria : if Andrew died, Joan was to wed another of Carobert's sons ; if both died, Carobert's third son, Stephen, was to marry Maria. In certain eventualities Robert also desired that Louis, Carobert's eldest son and heir to the throne of Hungary, should marry Maria.

Cunningly contrived as this family compact may have seemed to the contracting seniors, there were others who regarded the arrangement with less approving eyes. The Princess of Taranto and the Duchess of Durazzo, ambitious mothers with sons to advance, now saw their children excluded from any hope of winning the hands of their cousins, Joan and Maria, and from any possibility of gaining the crown of the two Sicilies.

King Robert, for some inscrutable reason surnamed

[1] Naples and Sicily.

the Wise, imagining that constant familiarity, instead of indifference, would engender affection, retained Prince Andrew at Naples to be educated at that polished and luxurious court and fitted for his exalted station. Now Joan, Andrew's senior by eighteen months, a brilliant, precocious and critical girl of alert intelligence, trained in all the varied accomplishments of the most refined court of Europe, soon found herself ill-mated with the dull and backward Hungarian prince, who was surrounded by a suite of rude, coarse-minded Magyars from a court the Neapolitans regarded as semi-barbarian : in her advance to maidenhood the high-spirited Joan made no secret of her growing aversion, and even went so far as to snub her affianced husband in open court.

Among the gallant young princes who crowded the court of Naples—a court gay, licentious and corrupt, with all its veneer of learning and devotion—and who flattered Joan's beauty, while treating with contumely the Hungarian prince and his boorish suite, was the handsome, brave and accomplished Prince Louis, son of the widowed Princess of Taranto : for him Joan openly displayed her admiration, and to Maria the young Duke of Durazzo proved no less attractive. Thus did Love make mockery of bonds and parchments and curial and parental sagacity.

The mothers of the two favoured young princes, furious at seeing their progeny fenced off from regal ambitions by the double claim of the house of Hungary, made the Neapolitan court a hotbed of intrigue, while Fra Rupert, Andrew's confessor and guardian, was busily plotting to further his ward's cause : other collateral interests complicated the situation, and made a pretty tangle of hostile passions which the fates were not slow to draw out to tragic issues.

In August 1342, Joan being in the seventeenth year of her age and in the full flower of her marvellous southern beauty, and Andrew just turned fifteen, the ill-omened marriage was consummated. On his father's death in July of the same year Louis of Hungary ascended the throne, and on January 19 of the ensuing year King Robert died, having named Joan his universal heiress, and emphasized Andrew's galling subordination by creating him Duke of Salerno. Joan's majority was fixed at twenty-five years of age, and during her minority a regency was appointed.

In March 1343 the Duchess of Durazzo, with the connivance of Clement VI, abducted Maria of Naples and married her to her son Charles, and the following year Cardinal Aimeric, the papal legate, formally invested Joan with the crown of the Sicilies and received her homage on behalf of the Holy See—Andrew, with his confessor and suite, looking sullenly on as mere spectators. As the public coronation approached, the Hungarian party contrived to gain the consent of Clement by an enormous bribe to a double coronation which should elevate Andrew's status to that of king consort. The date appointed for the ceremony at Naples was September 20, 1345, and on the 18th, the eve of the departure from the royal summer residence at Aversa, where the court then sat, a sumptuous banquet was provided. Some time after midnight, Andrew, having entered the queen's chamber, was in the act of undressing when a messenger arrived in hot haste from Naples and knocked at the door : urgent state affairs demanded his presence. Hastily re-dressing, Andrew entered the passage leading from the chamber : the door was locked behind him, the doomed lad seized, gagged and hanged outside a balcony, the conspirators pulling

at his feet the more effectually to throttle him. The body, hideously mutilated, was then flung into the garden. Thus died unhappy Andrew of Hungary in the nineteenth year of his age, his queen being six months with child.

Was Joan privy to this foul murder? History answers with uncertain voice, and annalists and poets have convicted and exonerated her as the fascination of her beauty, or party passion, has dictated. Villani, who heard the story from his brother at Florence, to whom it was related by Andrew's tutor as he passed through the city, believed her guilty; so do the local chronicler Domenico di Gravina, the Hungarian historians, and Muratori. Petrarch, her father's friend, who, seeing her at Naples in 1343, had become her ardent admirer and domestic chaplain, believed her innocent, as did also Boccaccio and Clement VI. Nostredamus, the historian of Provence, says that divers persons having written diversely, he, in inculpating the queen, relies on authentic and veritable writings and parchments he examined in the royal archives at Aix.[1] Unhappily nothing appears to be known of these decisive documents, and the guilt or innocence of Joan of Naples remains one of the unsolved riddles of history: to those who may desire to probe the mystery further we may commend the writings of Mr. St. Clair Baddeley,[2] the most doughty and best equipped of her champions. Mistral[3] and Landor,[4] among other dramatists, have

[1] *Histoire et Chron. de Provence*, p. 388.

[2] *Queen Joanna I of Naples*, 1893; *Robert the Wise and his Heirs*, 1897.

[3] *La Reino Jano.*

[4] *Andrea of Hungary, Giovanna of Naples, and Fra Rupert, a Trilogy.*

celebrated in verse and in prose the beauty and innocence of *la doucc Reine Jeanne;* her stormy life and pitiful end.

Clement, when the tragic news reached Avignon, bitterly reproached himself for delaying his consent to Andrew's coronation ; he fulminated a bull of excommunication against the perpetrators and abettors of the crime, and preached a powerful sermon on the text, "Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." But it was not till June 1346, nearly nine months after the murder, that a judicial tribunal, tardily appointed by Clement, began its sittings at Naples under Bertrand de Baux : a bloody assize was held, and amid the most revolting tortures, certain of the minor suspects were made to confess, and were executed with peculiar ferocity.

Whoever may have cherished doubts as to the prime authors of his brother's murder, Louis of Hungary had none ; he arraigned Joan before Rienzi at Rome, to whom Joan had already sent her exculpation with presents for the Tribune's wife ; he demanded at Avignon the investiture of the crown of the Sicilies, and, having made peace with the republic of Venice, descended like an avenger of blood on Naples with an invincible army, heralded by sable mourners, carrying a black silk banner whereon was emblazoned a ghastly representation of Andrew's death. Joan, who on August 20, 1347, had secretly married her handsome cousin, Louis of Taranto, bade the citizens make no opposition to Louis's entry and fled (January 1348) to Avignon, leaving her two-year-old child behind her at Naples : Louis of Taranto, by another route, followed her.

The implacable Louis of Hungary wreaked swift and awful vengeance on his suspected cousins.

Sternly bidding Charles of Durazzo lead the way to the scene of his brother's murder, and, having arrived at the fatal passage, he turned to him with flaming eyes and thundered reproaches upon him : then making a sign to his attendants, Charles, kneeling and craving mercy, was done to death and his body flung out of the balcony from which Andrew was hanged : the four remaining captive princes were banished the realm and, with Joan's child, sent to Hungary. Maria, Charles's widow, escaped with her children to Provence disguised as a beggar.

After many vicissitudes of fortune we next find Joan of Naples and Louis of Taranto at Villeneuve, while Clement is besieged with the insistent accusations and alleged proofs of Joan's guilt brought by the King of Hungary's ambassadors. At length Clement agreed to receive the Neapolitan fugitives into his presence with such regal welcome as the unhappy times would permit, for the plague was still in Avignon. Some cardinals were despatched to conduct her across the Rhone, and in full Consistory the incriminated Joan, with dauntless courage and marvellous eloquence, majestically faced her accusers. Joan made a favourable impression on the Curia ; her financial agent and chief adviser, Nicolo Acciaiuoli, powerfully advanced her cause by more solid arguments, and Clement, after rating Louis of Taranto for marrying a suzerain of the papacy without the necessary dispensation, hailed him Count of Provence and King of Jerusalem, and presented him with the Golden Rose at a solemn pontifical service on Laetare Sunday. And so, with a royal standard waving over his head, rode handsome Louis through Avignon, his queen in all the refulgence of her marvellous beauty by his side. The Hungarians

ENTRANCE TO VILLENEUVE-LÈS-AVIGNON

were checkmated ; Clement warned King Louis that judgment on Joan appertained to the Holy See alone ; he rejected the Hungarian claim to the Sicilies, and declared that, even if found guilty, the disposition of Joan's inheritance concerned the Curia.

Meanwhile fortune's wheel was turning, and an unsuspected ally, silent and unseen, was advancing on Naples, before whose devouring breath the invincible hosts of great Louis of Hungary were to be consumed like stubble ; at the end of April the Black Death entered Naples, and at the end of May, Louis, to save the remnant of his decimated army, set sail for Hungary, leaving garrisons in the chief strongholds of the conquered realm. Queen Joan's time had now come ; she pawned her jewels and sold Avignon to Clement for 80,000 gold florins to equip an expedition to Naples. The pope, who had made an excellent bargain, was now unchallenged lord and master of the city.

The sale of Avignon was ratified on June 21, 1348, and the purchase money duly paid over to Acciaiuoli by the papal procurer. Clement's lawyers, evidently uneasy at the small consideration paid and a possible invalidation by reason of Joan's minority, fenced about the deed of sale with prolix clauses destined to meet any future challenge by interested third parties. In this involved and lengthy instrument, which fills ten quarto pages in Nouguier,[1] Joan declares that she agrees to sell as a free agent, and with the desire and approval of her illustrious husband, Louis of Taranto, being in no way nor by any person coerced, seduced, or circumvented, and in virtue of her titles as Queen of the Sicilies and of Jerusalem, and Countess of Provence and Forcalquier

[1] *Hist. Chron.*, pp. 132-142.

AVIGNON FROM THE ISLE DE LA BARTHELASSE

and Lady (Domina) of the city of Avignon, the whole of her city of Avignon, with its suburbs and all its territories and boundaries and all and singular of its castles, villas, boroughs, places, together with the whole of its men, vassals, emphyteuses, hommages, feuds, and jurisdictions. She is aware that the city is or may be worth more than the price paid, to wit, eighty thousand gold florins of Florence, but she knows that according to the words of Jesus Christ, as reported by the Holy Apostle, it is better to give than to receive. So she sells, cedes, and concedes in perpetuity the said city, etc., etc. And also having touched the Holy Gospels with her hands she swears never to advance at any future time against the sale, any infirmity on her part arising out of her being a minor,[1] or from her age, either secretly or openly, directly, or indirectly. And Louis of Taranto also swears, etc., etc.—with much more legal jargon, which we will spare the reader. This was the *Venditio maledicta* which so incensed the people of Avignon and did not a little to engender that hatred of their new Italian masters, of which we shall hear anon. The city refused to ratify the sale, and it was not till nine years later, when Clement's successor had promulgated a constitution, that the citizens formally acknowledged the popes to be their sovereigns. Avignon was also a fief of the empire, and the emperor had to be approached. But Charles IV was a more willing tool in Clement's hands, and on November 1, 1348, the imperial seal was affixed to the sale. Clement promised restitution if at any time Joan should refund the purchase money, and some such offer appears subsequently to have been made, but Mother Church had ever a tight

[1] She was twenty-two years old at the date of sale, and would only come of age at twenty-five.

grip on her material possessions, and the fair and strong city of Avignon remained the patrimony of the Holy See until the Great French Revolution.

The vicissitudes of the long campaign of mercenary fighting and bribery waged between Louis of Hungary and Joan of Naples for the crown of the two Sicilies do not concern us here. A peace made at Avignon in January 1352 left Joan in possession of Naples, Clement promising Louis to bring her to trial for her alleged participation in Andrew's murder, and if found guilty she was to be dethroned. Whether the promised trial ever took place at Avignon is another of the impenetrable mysteries in which this tragic history is shrouded. That three papal commissaries, the Cardinals of Ostia, of Sto. Stefano di Monte Celio, and of Sta. Lucia in Selce had been appointed to deal with the charge in 1348 is clear from a letter [1] sent by the Curia to the cardinal legate at Naples, requesting him to entreat Louis of Hungary to transmit to Avignon the originals, or copies, of the depositions made before the tribunal presided over by Bertrand de Baux. A short anonymous History of Joan existing in MS. in the municipal library of Avignon relates that a commission was appointed which heard new witnesses, but only obtained vague evidence, and that Joan declared a spell put upon her by evilly disposed persons had inspired her with hatred for her husband, and that some wicked persons might have assassinated Andrew, thinking to do her a service.[2]

According to Matteo Villani commissioners were appointed, but, unable to reach any honest conclusion, they delayed judgment, the envoys of both

[1] The letter is reproduced by Fantoni, Vol. I. p. 215.

[2] *Abrégé de l'Histoire de Jeanne I., Reine de Naples*, MS. No. 2032.

parties meanwhile fuming at Avignon. At length, seeing they could not wholly exculpate her with justice to the evidence, they decided for Joan's sake to make an end of a dubious situation, and declared that although some suspicion of lack of perfection in Joan's affection for her husband might be professed or proved, such defect was not due to corrupt or evil will on her part, but to the power of evil spells or witchcraft, which her frail feminine nature had been unable to resist. And since the practice of such black arts had been clearly proved by many witnesses, they adjudged her innocent of the crime imputed to her and absolved her of all accusations made, or that might henceforth be made, against her. "And the said judgment published her innocence wherever faith in the said exculpation reached." [1] No documentary evidence, however, of the institution or proceedings of such tribunal has hitherto been discovered; no reference to any inquiry or to its findings exists in Clement's letters to Joan and her consort, Louis of Taranto.[2]

The city of Avignon never again beheld the majestic figure and opulent beauty of Queen Joan of Naples, but her tragic story seized on the imagination of its people and of Provence generally. Every castle is associated with her mythical and wondrous character, and our fathers, says Mistral, used to say: *Aimez Dieu et la Reine Jeanne.*

Joan lived to be brutalized and accused of infidelity by handsome Louis of Taranto; to marry a third husband in 1364, the King of Majorca, who deserted

[1] Book II. chap. 24. *E fu la detta sentenzia fece divolgare per la sua innocenza ovunque la fede giunse della detta scusa.*

[2] See *Robert the Wise*, by St. Clair Baddeley, p. 482. According to Fantoni, I. 229, she was declared innocent in 1351.

her, and a fourth in 1376, the stalwart condottiere Otto of Brunswick. In 1381 Louis of Hungary glutted his long delayed vengeance. Childless, betrayed by her adopted son and heir, Charles II of Durazzo, and immured in a castle at Muro in the Basilicata, she was kneeling one day in her private chapel at prayer, when four Hungarian soldiers stealthily entered, flung a cord round her neck, and throttled her. Four months later Louis of Hungary went to his account, and Charles II of Durazzo, having been enticed to Hungary to assume the vacant crown, was set upon by Hungarian assassins, cut down, and butchered.

CHAPTER XI

THE DREAD COMPANIONS—URBAN V—BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN—URBAN V AT ROME—HIS RETURN TO AVIGNON—GREGORY XI—ST. CATHERINE AT AVIGNON—RETURN OF THE PAPACY TO ROME.

Few events in the history of princely ambition have brought in their train a more appalling sequence of misery than the technical claim of Edward III to the crown of France. The desolation wrought in Normandy by the English armies, that in 1346 "sayled forth in the name of God,"[1] under the command of the king and of the Black Prince, can be paralleled in modern times only by the ravages of an army of Bashi-Bazouks. That fair province, "one of the plentyous countryes of the world," was chosen because its people were not used to war; it was given up to fire and sword, rapine and lust; smoking towns and ruined villages marked the track of the English armies, and a peaceful land, smiling with corn and covered with merchants' houses full of all riches and "cartes and charyottes, horse, swyne, muttons and other beastes," was left a scarred wilderness. "They took what them lyst, and so was brent, exyled, robbed, wasted and pylled the good plentyful country of Normandy."

While the papal army under Cardinal Albornoz

[1] *Froissart's Chronicles*. Lord Berner's Translation. Tudor Translations.

was ravaging Italy, the English Terror menaced Avignon ; for in 1355, the Black Prince, unable to pay his troops, was raiding the fruitful and peaceful valleys of the Garonne. Small wonder that Pope Innocent was "sore abasshed," for the prince, having despoiled Languedoc, was threatening Villeneuve, and since the fatal day of Crecy none durst stand against those terrible English bowmen that "always shotte so wholly togeder." This time, however, Innocent was quit for his terror, and the prince after burning Carcassonne returned to Bordeaux with a thousand wagon loads of loot. Indeed, so rich was the spoil won by the English knights in France—even common soldiers often filled their wallets with gold and silver —that the cupidity of every titled ruffian in Europe was excited, and hundreds of noble freebooters flocked to the standards of the English king and prince. And when the capture of good King John and the peace of Bretigny had dried up these fertile springs of wealth, "such as those that lacked wages and wyst nat where to wynne anything," resolved to stay in France, and organize themselves under experienced captains into Great Companies, with the object of practising the same lucrative operations for their own private emolument which they had been taught to practise in the service of princes. Chiefly composed of English, Gascon and Breton mercenaries, and often led by the scions of noble houses, they had their own treasury and their own summary justice ; brokers, merchants, and even the agents of important financial houses, frequented their camp. They aimed especially at rich abbeys and nunneries. Terror was their dread pursuivant ; famine and plague dogged their steps. The very bonds of natural affection were broken ; parents abandoned their children, children

their parents. Soon, says Father Denifle, we shall see monks at their head, perpetrating crimes more horrible than those committed by laymen.[1] In 1364 the Bishop of Carcassonne wrote to Avignon that he had seven scoundrels of the Great Companies in safe hold at the disposition of the Inquisitors, whose names prove them to be all of noble houses. Petrarch, who had small love for France, could not restrain his tears as he rode through the land on his way to Paris—the land he once knew so rich and flourishing. On every hand he beheld tokens of man's savagery—fearful solitudes, general desolation, fields untilled and devastated ; the very Seine that bathed the walls of Paris seemed to weep for the misery of France. The heartrending petitions to the Curia from the ruined monasteries and churches and hospitals of that unhappy land for material help, published by Father Denifle,[2] and the iterated, *destructa est*, *deserta est*, written opposite the names of the churches and monasteries of France in the papal collectors' lists given by Samaran and Mollat,[3] are more eloquent than volumes. For the companies did but emulate the practice of mediæval princes, who in their wars aimed at avoiding pitched battles and sought to wreak as much damage as possible on the enemy's territories ; who made a wilderness and called it victory.

In 1357 the brigand arch-priest, Arnaud de Cervolles, of the noble house of Talleyrand, was raiding the Venaissin, where he established himself in two castles. "Pope and cardynals," says Froissart, "had of that company great dout, and kept men day and nyght in harnesse, and when this arch-priest and his

[1] *Désolation des Eglises*, Vol. II. p. 283.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. I.
[3] *La Fiscalité pont. en France*, p. 161.

company had robbed all the countre the pope and clergy fell in treaty with them, and so on a sure appoyntment they came to Avygnone, and there were as honourably receyved as thoughe there had been a kinges sonne, and oft tymes this knyght dyned with the pope and with the cardynals, and they had pardon of all their synnes, and at their dyparting they had in rewarde xl thousands crownes." The story has been embellished by the imagination of the worthy chronicler, for recent researches have cast doubt both on those strange dinner parties and on the enormity of the ransom; all that appears to have been paid out by the papal chamberlain to the arch-priest was a sum of 1000 florins of gold.[1] It is obvious that a policy of paying blackmail would only serve to embolden these organized brigands, and so, indeed, it fell out. The rich papal city proved an irresistible lure; Robert Knollys, captain of one of the most dreaded of the companies, after "brennying and exyling" the country of Berry, "purposed to go and see the pope and cardynalls at Avygnone and to have som of ther floryns, as the arch-priest had done." Clement VI had already made a beginning of new fortifications of the city, and Innocent now resolved to complete them. In 1358 he levied a poll-tax of half a franc on every inhabitant of the city, and a gabelle of one florin on every butt of wine; and in order that the vintners should suffer no loss in consequence, the pope authorized them to reduce the measure of wine to consumers. The Captain-General of Avignon, Count Ferdinand of Heredia, was ordered to build anew the fortifications of the city, and in a little over a year the city was partially enclosed with walls and towers

[1] Denifle, Vol. II. pp. 209, 210.

and fosses ; further taxes were subsequently imposed, on lay and cleric alike, to complete them. And none too soon, for in 1360 report came that three companies were marching southward, one 3000 strong, "and sayde how they wolde se the pope and cardynalls and have som of their money." In December, Pont St. Esprit, which commanded the

A PORTION OF THE TOWN WALLS, AVIGNON

lower Rhone, was carried by storm and an enormous treasure won ; hordes of other brigands swooped down like vultures, wasting all the country, robbed "without sparying and vyolated and defoyled women, old and yong, without pytie, and slew men and women and chyldren without mercy, and such as dyde most shamefullyest dedes were reputed with them most valyant." The Companions then left the garrison at

Pont St. Esprit under a captain, known as the friend of God and enemy of all the world, and pillaged up to the new walls of Avignon.

Whereupon Pope Innocent preached "a croysey promising to assoyl *a pena et culpa* all that wolde abandon their bodies willingly to distroy these yvell people." The King of France, the Duke of Burgundy, even the lords of Bâle and Geneva were summoned to lend their aid; but the papal legate, with small knowledge of human nature—especially military nature—relied only on such as "wolde save their soules in attayning to these sayd pardons and have none other wages," and soon discovered, like Pope Urban later, that "men of warre lyve nat by pardons, and that gold and sylver is the metal whereby love is attayned of gentlemen and of pore souldyours": the legate's army melted away, some even deserting to the companies. And so the "yvell companies" harried the land far into the summer of 1361, when they were headed off by a bribe of 14,500[1] florins, all assoiled *a pena et culpa* to fight the battles of Holy Church in Lombardy—among them the dreaded White Company of English and Gascons under John Hawkwood. Two years later the arch-priest defeated, above Lyons, an army, chiefly of French knights, 7000 strong, under the Duke of Bourbon, killing the duke and his son and taking many noble prisoners.

Meanwhile Innocent had died, and on October 28, 1362, William of Grimoard, abbot of St. Victor at Marseilles, was chosen to wear the uneasy tiara at Avignon. To the amazement of the cardinals the new pontiff, Urban V, on his arrival at the gates of the city, refused to ride in the solemn pageant they

[1] Froissart, with his usual exaggeration, says 60,000 florins.

had prepared for his reception, and journeyed on foot to the papal palace. Those were stirring times at Avignon. Good King John of France was in the city, to whom came the brave crusader, King Peter of Cyprus; both were right joyously received by the pope, "and when they hadde been together a certayne tyme and taken wyne and spices the two kynges departed from the pope and went together to their lodgying; then two noble and expert knyghtes, syr Aymon of Pommierz and syr Fouques of Archiac fought a wager of battel" before King John. No less than three kings honoured by their presence the first pontifical mass recited by Pope Urban, the King of Denmark having also entered Avignon; and after the mass they fell talking of the ever-promised but never-fulfilled crusade against the Saracens of Palestine which was to bring the collateral advantage to King John of ridding France of the "men of warre called companyons that pylled and robbed his countre." The three monarchs kept their Lent at Avignon, and on Good Friday, Urban preached in the papal chapel, before the kings and the "hole college of cardynalls. And after that holy predicacion, the whiche was ryght humble and moche devoute, the French kynge by great devocion toke on him the croysey and swetely requyred of the pope to accord and to confyrme his voyage, and the pope lyghtly agreed thereto." But the companies, who boasted that France was their chamber, had a rooted objection to cross the wallowing seas and measure swords with the infidels, and neither they nor good King John ever saw the land of Palestine.

There was a dark background to all this regal and pontifical magnificence. Those were *années terribles* for the poor folk of Avignon. Plague, famine, flood

and brigandage were making havoc of the pontifical domain. During the closing years of Innocent's reign, bands of nocturnal thieves armed to the teeth, among whom were many of noble lineage, plundered the citizens of Avignon, violated their wives and daughters, and vigorous extra-legal measures were found necessary to rid the city of their presence; some were hanged in the market-place, and many secretly flung into the Rhone. In the spring of 1361 the Black Death reappeared in the city and its suburbs, and within four months nine cardinals, 100 prelates, and 17,000 of the inhabitants were mowed down by that awful scourge; an arctic winter ensued in 1363, the vines were blasted, and olive and fruit trees cut down by its icy breath; the Rhone, frozen to a depth of fifteen feet, suffered carts and horses to cross its ice-bound flood; a plague of locusts in the summer devoured the crops. These natural calamities, following on the savage desolation wrought by the brigands, dazed the good pontiff by their terrible sequence. In 1363 the Companions were ravaging Languedoc, and Urban, on February 27, 1364, fulminated a bull of excommunication against them: in rapid iteration others followed—a second on May 27, and a third on April 5, 1365. The pontiff called on God and the archangel Michael to destroy them: he besought the Lord to smite them with blindness as he had smitten the Assyrians. He forbade princes to employ them, or any man to serve under their banners or to supply them with the necessaries of life; he called on all the faithful to resist these enemies of Christ and of the human race, promising plenary indulgence to all who joined a crusade against them, and Paradise to those who died fighting in the Holy War. The Rector of the

Venaissin vigorously reinforced the spiritual thunders by the secular arm, and in November 1363 had succeeded in forming a league of the neighbouring States against the common enemy; lay and cleric were forced to contribute to find the gold and silver so necessary to win the love of poor soldiers. The brigands bent to the storm, and for a while left the neighbourhood of Avignon. In 1365 the Companions inflicted a disastrous defeat on the royal army in the plains of Ville Dieu near Montauban, and the inefficacy of the spiritual artillery of Avignon appears to have caused some perplexity in the minds of the faithful, for pious Abbot Aimeric, author of the Fifth Life of Urban, tells that when returning home from his studies, he passed, three days after, close to the battlefield of Ville Dieu and heard a miraculous thing attested by many witnesses: the slain among the excommunicated Companions were found lying on their backs with their faces twisted round to the earth in token of the papal malediction, while the crusaders lay with their faces raised to heaven.[1]

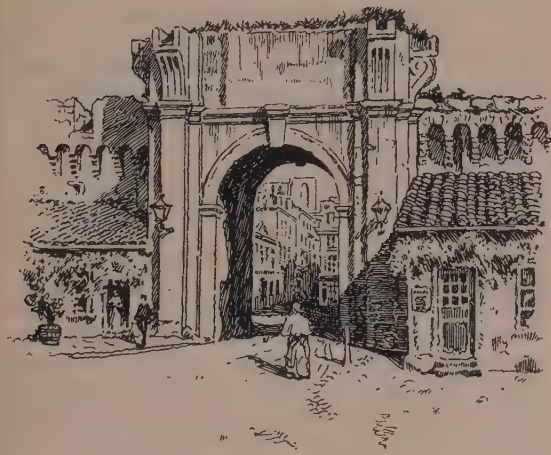
In May of the same year Charles IV rode into Avignon with all the pomp and circumstance of his holy and imperial office, followed by a magnificent train of German princes and magnates. The emperor was received by pope and cardinals, *valde notabiliter et honorofice*, and attended a solemn pontifical mass on Whit Sunday, draped in the imperial mantle, crowned with the imperial diadem, and holding in his right hand the sceptre of empire. Many interviews the supreme spiritual and secular powers had together in the great papal palace, and among the urgent matters considered, was how to rid the unhappy

[1] Baluze, Vol. I. pp. 421, 422.

land of the Companions. It was agreed that they should be offered a free passage through the imperial territories to join the King of Hungary in a crusade against the Turks; but the brigands, who had no intention of risking their skins in perilous and unremunerative pagan warfare, used their freedom of passage to devastate Alsace, and then returned to France, their chamber. Happily the revolt of his subjects against the tyranny of Pedro the Cruel—Froissart's Dampeter—afforded an opportunity of heading the brigands off into Castile, and the heroic Bertrand du Guesclin accepted the onerous duty of marching them into Spain to fight for the Pretender, Henry of Trastamare. Urban, having excommunicated Pedro in full consistory, summoned Henry, an extra-legal scion of the royal house, to Avignon, where he solemnly legitimatized him and blessed his arms. Bertrand du Guesclin called the chief of the Companions together, addressed them with rugged eloquence, imploring them to make an end of the suffering they were inflicting on France, and, by joining a crusade against the excommunicated Pedro and the infidel Sultan of Granada, gain pardon for their sins rather than damnation for their souls; the more effective lure of rich booty from Castile was skilfully dangled before them. The Companions agreed to follow Bertrand, on the promise of a large subsidy from the King of France and from the pope; they marched their armies forth to Spain by way of Avignon, and early in November the rascals lay near Villeneuve. Urban, alarmed, hastily despatched one of his cardinals to entreat them to follow another route. His eminence, as he went his way to their camp, met an English trooper whom he desired to guide him to their captain. "Have you brought

any money?" bluntly demanded the soldier, as they went to the tent where Guesclin and the other chiefs of the Companions were assembled. The cardinal entered and asked the reason of their presence. "We are leading these fine fellows against the Saracens of Granada," said an officer, "and are come to entreat the Holy Father to assoil us of our sins and deliver to us 200,000 florins of gold for the expenses of our journey." The papal envoy made no difficulty about the absolution but much about the money. "Listen, sire," broke in Bertrand, "his Holiness must pay up. These brave fellows can easily do without absolution but not without money," and on the cardinal promising to convey this message to the pope, the rough soldier added: "Yes, and let it be quickly done. To-day we lodge at Villeneuve. I cannot answer for to-morrow, and delay will mean pillage." Urban and his cardinals were in hard case, and while they took counsel together behind the strong walls of Avignon, their deliberations were hastened by a body of Companions, who crossed the Rhone and pillaged up to the very gates of the city. The papal chamberlain having gathered together 100,000 francs, the sum was paid over to Guesclin, who—so runs the story—on learning that the money had been raised by a capitation tax on the inhabitants, angrily refused to accept any part of the subsidy on those terms, and sternly bade the pope refund the money drawn from the poor folk of Avignon and pay it out of the papal treasury. Satisfaction was finally made to Bertrand's demands; absolution, signed and sealed with the papal seal, was handed to him, and to their unspeakable relief, Urban and his cardinals beheld from the windows of the great palace the formidable hosts of the brigands wend their way along the road from

Villeneuve to Toulouse.[1] But the riches ever flowing into Avignon remained too seductive. In the offices of the papal chamberlains, in the palace, sat clerks before tables loaded with gold, counting and weighing the specie of Christendom; along the roads that led thither travelled rich prelates, fat abbots,



A TOWN GATE, AVIGNON

and other suitors for favours only to be won by bringing gold pieces. *Argent fait avoir benefices*,[2] says Froissart, and small wonder the cupidity of the Companions was perpetually excited by an

[1] According to Denifle only part of the subsidy was paid over, the tithes of the diocese of Tours having been hypothecated for the balance. A further instalment of 32,000 florins was paid on January 26, 1366, and in 1368, 37,000 florins were still due.

[2] *Le Dit dou Florin.*

easy prey. In the papal registers are ever-recurrent complaints and demands for compensation from clerics who had been despoiled on their way to Avignon. And so bands of the rascals were still active enough round Avignon and parts of France to endure another bull of excommunication in May 1366; a Parthian bolt was launched against them as Urban left Marseilles for Rome a year later; and a third curse was fulminated at them from Rome in January 1369. But the hands of the Church militant were not clean in this matter, for the most ferocious of the companies were employed in her Italian wars; in 1365 the papal legate, Cardinal Albornoz, and Queen Joan of Naples were in treaty with them, styling the scoundrels *caros amicos et fratres benevoles*, whom they paid 160,000 florins to serve the legate and Joan for six months, and then to spare the realm of Naples and the States of the Church for a period of five years afterwards.[1]

Urban at his accession had made the usual qualified promise to the usual deputation from Rome. At length, wearied at the ever-recurring spoliation and blackmail by the Companions, the return of the Curia to the banks of the Tiber seemed to offer fewer terrors than to remain behind the walls of Avignon. Better news, too, opportunely came from across the Alps. In 1360 the Romans had re-established a popular government under the protection of a sort of city trainbands or republican guards of crossbowmen and shield-bearers, headed by the chief of the city wards and under the supreme command of two *Banderesi*. Cardinal Albornoz, by a series of brilliant victories and by masterly statesmanship, had recovered the greater part of the ecclesiastical States in Italy, and won for himself the title of Tyrant-crusher,

watching his prey, says Matteo Villani, like a hawk and never letting it slip; peace had been made between France and England; Empire and Church were reconciled. Urban, one of the most devout and righteous popes that ever sat in Peter's chair, resolved to remove to widowed Rome, and despite pressure from the King of France and the majority of the cardinals, left the papal palace of Avignon on April 30, 1367, for Rome. At Marseilles a magnificent fleet of sixty galleys, furnished by Venice and Pisa, and by Joan of Naples, awaited him; his cardinals refused to follow him farther, but Urban immediately created two, and told the recusants he had cardinals enough in his hood to do without them.[1] Their recalcitrancy was changed into fear, and they embarked with him; five only returned to Avignon, whose walls for three years never sheltered pope again.

On landing at Corneto in June, Urban was met by a multitude of nobles and prelates, and the great warrior-cardinal, who laid at his feet the keys of a hundred captured cities. But his further progress was marred by a significant incident: the citizens of Viterbo, irritated by the haughty demeanour of the hated French, rose against the cardinals, crying "Long live the People and death to the Church!"[2] The terrified cardinals, one of them severely wounded, fled to the papal palace, where they lay besieged for three days. The riot was soon quelled by the papal troops, and ten of the ringleaders were hanged; but it was an ominous beginning, and although a delirious welcome was accorded to Urban as, accompanied by armed mercenaries, he entered Rome, the scenes of desolation that on every hand met the eyes of pope

[1] Baluze, Vol. I. p. 415.
[2] *Vivat populus: ecclesia moriatur.* Baluze, Vol. I. p. 420.

and cardinals were never effaced from their memories : St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, the Vatican, half in ruins ; gaping, dilapidated convents and monasteries ; swamps and rubbish heaps, where once had been busy streets and noisy market-places. Charles IV, the pitiful successor of Charlemagne, having bribed his way to Rome, served the first pontifical mass as a deacon ; but amid the welter of Roman factions and the entanglements of Italian politics which bewildered them, the Gallic Curia yearned for their own kindred ; for the luxurious palaces in their fair Provençal lands, and the sheltering walls of the strong city on the Rhone. Before Urban left Avignon he had taken measures to extend and strengthen the fortifications, and empowered the governor to demolish any house, even cardinals' palaces, that stood in the way, on due compensation being paid. In 1369 the yet unsubdued Perugians were ravaging the States of the Church, even up to the walls of Viterbo, where the papal court then sat, and a French pope was constrained to fulminate curses against an Italian state and to move an army against a rebellious Italian vassal. During the ensuing summer, when the Curia had migrated to Montefiascone, news came of renewed hostilities between France and England, and pressure from the French court, added to the incessant appeals of his cardinals, determined Urban to exchange the Tiber for the Rhone ; he embarked, and with St. Bridget's prophecy of impending doom ringing in his ears, the gates of the great palace on September 24, 1370, opened wide to receive the errant pope and his cardinals again.

Scarce had Urban settled down in his old home when messengers arrived in hot haste bearing the appalling news of the sack of Limoges by Edward the Black Prince, the massacre of its population, and the

condemnation of its bishop to the block. French and English authorities, says Denifle,[1] are in accord as to what had happened. Let Froissart repeat the story that pale messengers poured into the ears of Pope Urban at Avignon, of the fate of the fair city of Limoges which, having reverted to France, had been recovered by the English on the anniversary of Poictiers. "Then the Prince, the Duke of Lancastre, the erle of Cambridge, the erle of Pembroke, syr Gaysharde Dangle and all the others with their Companyes entered into the cyte, and all the fote men redy aparelled to do yvell and to pyll and robbe the cytie and to sle men women and chyldren, for so it was commanded them to do. It was great pitie to se the men women and chyldren that kneled doune on their knees before the Prince for mercy ; but he was so enflamed with yre that he toke no hede to them so that none was herde, but all putte to dethe as they were mette wythal. . . . There was no pytie taken of the poore people. . . . There was not so harde a hert within the cytie of Lymoges & yf he had any remembraunce of God but that wept pyteously for the great mischefe that they sawe before their eyen. for moe than thre thousand men women and chyldren were slayne and beheaded that day : God have mercy on their soules for I trowe they were martyrs. . . . Thus the city of Lymoges was pylled robbed and clene brent and brought to destructyon." The messengers prayed Urban to intercede with the Duke of Lancaster for the condemned bishop; this the pope with "swete words" did, and the prelate's life was saved.

St. Bridget proved herself no false prophetess. Urban, three months after he entered the papal palace

[1] *Désolation des Eglises*, Vol. II. pp. 559, 560.

at Avignon, was carried out again, smitten with mortal sickness, and, dressed in his Benedictine habit, laid on his death-couch in his brother's house, where all poor folk had access to him night and day, that they might behold the vanity of earthly pomp and the flight of a naked soul : on December 19, 1370, the good pope Urban passed from mortal strife. His body, laid temporarily in the chapel of John XXII at Notre Dame des Doms, in the following spring found final rest in the Abbey of St. Victor at Marseilles. Miracles *magna et stupenda* were wrought at his tomb both at Avignon and Marseilles ; scarce a church in Christendom but had a memorial of him, honoured by vigils and oblations, and an infinite number of *ex votos* in the church of St. Victor long testified to the miraculous cures wrought by his intercession : at Bologna he was venerated as a saint. Urban never having been a cardinal, entered on his high office with untainted mind ; he proved a rigid disciplinarian, and strove to cleanse the Church of lax, extravagant and immoral priests ; he did what he could to arrest the traffic in benefices, and so effectual were his measures against usury that 200,000 florins are said to have been paid in to the Curia as fines on that account alone. He loved learning, founded colleges and bursaries for poor students ; he cared for the amenity of the services of the papal chapel, and sent a music master and seven boys to study music and singing at Toulouse. Owing to his excellent administrative powers and jealous care of the Church's funds, he was able to devote large sums of money to further the building traditions of the Avignon popes; he adorned the great palace with gardens and pleasaunces more lovely than any ever seen in Avignon ; he repaired and fortified many of the

churches and monasteries which had been ruined by the brigands ; he expended large sums at Rome to restore St. Peter's, the Lateran, and St. Paul's, and many were his gifts of sacred vessels to the despoiled sanctuaries of France and Provence. No blot of nepotism sullies his memory ; he left his kinsmen poor, and it is related that when at Rome an abbot of St. Paul's brought him a large sum of money, hoping thereby to gain promotion, Urban devolved the bribe to the restoration of the monastery, and bade the suppliant remain abbot still.

One of the most popular of the cardinals with his colleagues was Pierre Roger, of the noble house of Beaufort, on whose youthful brow, his uncle, Clement VI, had placed the cardinal's hat at seventeen years of age : on December 30, 1370, Pierre was unanimously elected to fill the vacant chair, and on January 4, 1371, enthroned as Gregory XI with great pageantry ; the Duke of Anjou, brother to the French king, holding the bridle of his palfrey as the brilliant cavalcade wound its way through the streets of Avignon. Gregory, a cultured aristocrat, gentle when obeyed, but hard and passionate when opposed, sickly in body and of pale complexion, was poorly endowed with the qualities of mind and body necessary to guide the destinies of the Church in the stormy days of the Italian wars : he could not speak Italian, and at the outset of his career irritated Italian susceptibilities by the creation of a batch of twelve cardinals chiefly French. Fortune favoured the opening of his reign. The all-conquering Spanish cardinal added the keys of the strong city of Perugia to his former spoils, and his great mission in Italy was achieved when on May 19, 1371, the papal legate entered her gates in triumph.

But Avignon did not enjoy her victory long. The Visconti of Milan, indomitable protagonists of the Ghibelline cause, invaded ecclesiastical territory ; a fresh creation of nine cardinals in December 1375 increased by seven the Gallic members of the Curia ; the French and Provençal vicars from Avignon, by their ignorance of the Italian tongue, their exactions, their pride and arbitrary government, fanned the hot embers of Italian hatred of Frankish domination.

In 1375, Florence, allied with the Visconti, assumed the lead of the revolted States, and under a crimson banner bearing the device, LIBERTAS, priest and layman rose, and ignominiously expelled, or slew, their foreign governors. Bologna was the first to rise ; with cries of "Death to the Church !" her citizens chased away the *demoni incarnati*, as the alien vicars were styled by St. Catherine of Siena ; Perugia followed. Gregory fulminated against Florence a bull so savage that when recited in Consistory at the papal palace at Avignon the Florentine ambassador turned to the great crucifix facing the papal throne, fell on his knees, and appealed against the sentence to the great Judge of popes and peoples on the Cross before him. The fiery curse was launched : "None, under pain of excommunication, shall dare to have any dealings with the government or citizens of Florence ; none shall speak, or eat, or drink, or buy, or sell, or give favour, or aid, or counsel to any of her people, whose persons, goods and property are outlawed ; no Florentine cloth or any other merchandise shall be bought or sold or received as a gift." All Christendom was hounded on to plunder and enslave the Florentines, and they were to be expelled from Avignon and the Venaissin. Soon thousands of fugitives flocked into Genoa and other

cities, whose inhabitants were excommunicated for their hospitality.

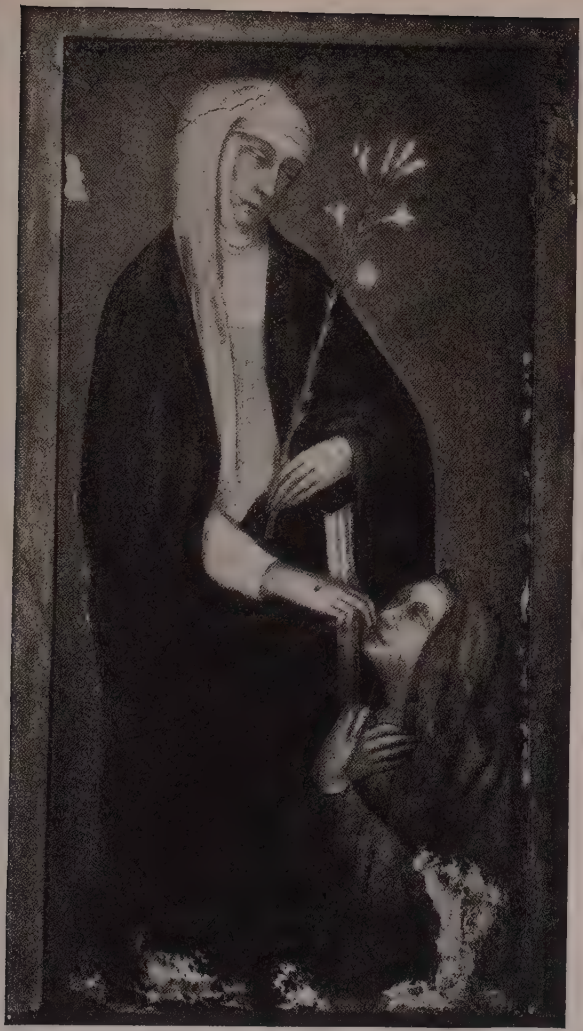
But the Florentines hardened their hearts and steeled their nerves to meet the avenging arms of the Church militant, and again Italy was surrendered to fire and carnage. The cardinal legate, Robert of Geneva, with 10,000 ferocious Breton and Gascon mercenaries, crossed the Alps to attack the allies, but with only partial success, due, say the papal annalists, to the malice and astuteness of the Florentines. Disquieting news, too, came from the Tiber : Florentine emissaries were making strenuous endeavours to win over the Roman democracy. The Italian cardinals made heartrending appeals to Gregory, imploring him to return to Italy and save the Church from utter ruin. St. Catherine of Siena, now a potent spiritual force in Christendom, wrote letter after letter, half minatory, half beseechingly, to her sweet *babbo*, bidding him come to Rome and win back his strayed lambs by clemency and not by violence, while Gregory, feeble, irresolute, drawn hither and thither between conflicting interests and divided counsels, fretted away his ineffectual soul within the walls of Avignon.

On June 18, 1376, St. Catherine, having offered her services as mediator between the republic of Florence and the papacy, entered Avignon, and was honourably received by Gregory, who assigned as her dwelling the palace of La Motte. Within two days of her arrival, Catherine was ushered into the pope's presence, and happily we are able to be present at this momentous interview between the poor dyer's daughter of Siena and the great vicar of Christ on earth ; for, since Catherine could not speak Latin, nor Gregory, Italian, the gentle and learned Friar Raimondo delle Vigne, her confessor, whom her sweet mother Mary had given her,

as father and son was present as interpreter, and from his pen we have the story. The saint, although reverent in bearing, did not spare her words: the Roman Curia, which ought to be a paradise of heavenly virtues, she had found to be a hell of filthy vices. Gregory for answer turned to Raymond, and asked him how long Catherine had been in Avignon. Receiving the answer he had expected, Gregory demanded how in so few days had she been able to investigate the morals of the papal court. In a moment the saint changed her attitude of meekness and submission, drew herself up to her full height, "even as I saw with my bodily eyes," and with somewhat of majesty in her bearing burst forth into these words: "To the honour of God Almighty, I make bold to say that while abiding in my own city where I was born I have perceived more filthiness of sin committed in the Roman Curia than they themselves have perceived who have committed, and do daily commit, such sins in this court." "The pope," continues Raymond, dumbfounded, held his peace, "and I, amazed, noted in my heart with what commanding authority she uttered these words in the presence of so great a pontiff." [1]

Catherine's task as a mediator between Florence and Avignon sped but ill, and she turned to a divinely imposed mission of far greater magnitude—the reform of the Church of Christ and the return of His vicar to the seat of St. Peter. Notwithstanding her denunciations Gregory's weak nature found grateful support in her imperturbable faith and indomitable courage. It is related that in the early days of his pontificate, Gregory having reproved a certain bishop for ab-

[1] *Acta Sanctorum.* Aprilis: *Vita S. Cath. Sen.*, Tom. III. pt. ii. § 152.



ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA. *Andrea de Vanni. Church of San Domenico, Siena.*

[*To face p.* 174.

senteeism, the prelate tartly rejoined: "Holy Father, why should you chide me, you who dwell far from your spouse, and by despising her are far more guilty than I." Conscience-stricken, and pondering these words, the pope retired to his secret chamber and made a solemn vow to God that he would return to Rome without delay. On a day, Catherine, summoned into the presence of the pontiff, found him wavering in his purpose by reason of pressure from the French court and fears of Italian poisoners. Gregory recited his perplexities and prayed her to counsel him. "Why do you, a pope," answered Catherine, "ask counsel of me who am but a wretched little woman? You know what you have promised to God: keep your vow." Gregory, amazed at her response—for his vow was known to himself and to his God alone—put aside all hesitation and finally determined to set forth for Rome.[1]

The spell that Catherine cast over all with whom she came in contact proved irresistible. She baffled all the efforts of the Gallic cardinals, furious that a mere woman should hold the keys of Gregory's heart, to ensnare her by their dialectical subtleties, or to discredit her in the pope's eyes. She maintained her ascendancy over Gregory's mind, and, for a while, even won over Louis of Anjou, the very envoy of the King of France whose mission it was to thwart her purpose. The Countess of Valentinois, the pope's sister, says Stephen, after having once spoken with Catherine, was filled with great devotion and affection for her, and once expressed to Master Raymond her desire to be present when the holy virgin received

[1] The story is told by Stephen, one of Raymond's companions, *loc. cit.*, *Epist. Dom. Stephani*, § 9.

Communion. On the following Sunday morning Catherine entered the beautiful chapel at her palatial lodging, unshod and wearing only thin slippers, and, *more suo*, was at once rapt in ecstacy. Master Raymond quickly called Stephen, and bade him go to the palace where the venerable sister of the pope dwelt and inform her that the holy virgin was about to receive the Blessed Sacrament. Stephen found the great lady at mass, and as he entered she recognized him as one of Catherine's household. Straightway the countess came towards him and said: "My son, what seekest thou?" Hearing the response, the gratified lady hastened to the chapel with an honourable company of both sexes, among whom was the wife of the pope's nephew, Raymond of Turenne, a young woman full of vanity and having naught of godliness. She, wretched woman, thinking the holy virgin did but feign, bent down over her feet, after mass was ended, and, pretending to kiss them, stabbed them repeatedly with a sharp needle. The ecstatic virgin remained motionlesss, even as she would have done had her feet been cut off; but when the saint returned to herself she felt such pain that she could scarcely walk, and her companions, as they saw the blood trickle from the wounds, led her away sorrowing.[1]

For three months Catherine wrestled with the *demoni incarnati* at Avignon for the possession of Gregory's irresolute mind. When interviews were denied her she despatched letter after letter by the hand of her faithful Raymond to *babbo mio dolce*, urging him with passionate eloquence to think of God's honour and the salvation of souls and not be swayed by selfish, ambitious and lustful men. She

[1] *Loc. cit.*, § 11.

even besought him to practise a pious fraud:[1] let him lull opposition by a pretence of delay and then swiftly and suddenly depart. Gregory, to his honour, appears to have suffered the saint's importunities and vituperation without loss of temper and gave her many tokens of his goodwill. He was, says Raymond, *exhileratus et pariter delectatus* at the saint's miraculous power of compelling sinners to confess, and authorized, by apostolic letters, Raymond and two companions fully to absolve any penitents she sent to them. Poor Raymond was a weak vessel and found the burden of sanctity at times hard to bear. He complains that he and his companions were often kept fasting up to vespers, hearing these confessions; and even then they were unable to cope with the press of penitents. "I myself," adds Raymond, "was many times utterly exhausted by these excessive labours.[2]

Catherine remained at her post in Avignon to the last, and only on the very day she saw Gregory depart did she, too, wend her way overland to meet him again at Genoa.

The poor little daughter of a Sienese dyer had effected what neither appeals of princes nor entreaties of Roman prelates had been able to achieve, and on September 13, 1376, Gregory, wresting himself away from the entreaties of prince and cardinals, began his momentous journey. A piteous scene was enacted as he was about to cross the threshold of the palace. Gregory's aged father, the Count of Beaufort, fell at his feet, and, beating his breast, wailed aloud: "My son! my son! whither goest thou? I shall never behold thee more!" Gently stepping over

[1] *Usate un santo inganno.* Tommaseo: *Lettere*, Vol. III. ccxxxi. p. 283.

[2] *Loc. cit.*, § 240.

his prostrate sire, Gregory mounted a restive horse with difficulty ; at the outskirts of the city the animal refused to carry him farther and another mount had to be procured. When he embarked at Marseilles, tears filled his eyes as six of his cardinals, turning their back on him, went their way to Avignon.

Violent storms beat upon the papal fleet between Marseilles and Villafranca ; a bishop was drowned and cargoes were jettisoned ; tempestuous seas delayed his departure from Villafranca, and had it not been for Catherine's presence at Genoa the buffeted pope and cardinals would have returned to Avignon. Storms again met them as they sailed to Corneto, and at length the weary pontiff and his court reached Rome, where, on January 17, 1377, they were welcomed with frantic joy. Gregory entered the sacred city, not as Catherine had hoped, like a gentle lamb with none other weapon than the Cross of Christ in his hand and love and peace in his heart, but accompanied by 2000 ruffianly mercenaries. A bitter disillusionment followed the solemn entry of Gregory to the Garden of the Church. No Albornoz had met him with the keys of a hundred cities ; ill-will, suspicion, conspiracy, revolt, enveloped him on every side, and a horrible butchery at Cesena, perpetrated by papal mercenaries a short month after his welcome to Rome, served to deepen Italian hatred to a Gallic Curia. The Cesenese, goaded by the brutality and insolence of the Cardinal of Geneva's Breton garrison, rose as one man and slew 300 of them : the cardinal, furious at the rebellious citizens, summoned the English company under Hawkwood from Faenza and bade them join the Bretons in an exemplary chastisement. A hideous massacre ensued ; 4000 men, women and children were cut to pieces amid

scenes of unspeakable atrocity ; thousands of fugitives diffused the shameful story of Cesena over the length and breadth of Italy and won for Gregory the title of *il papa guastando*. Much foolish romance has been woven about the career of Hawkwood and his band of organized cut-throats. At the capture and sack of Faenza the dreaded condottiere, then in Florentine service, caught sight of two of his officers about to enter on a mortal combat for the possession of a beautiful young nun ; fearing lest he might thus lose one or both of his best fighters, Hawkwood coolly drew his dagger and stabbed her to the heart. The object, however, of the chronicler [1] in telling the story is even more significant than the incident itself, common enough not to awaken any special interest in a mediæval scribe. The fate of the young nun is related, not as an example of unusual ferocity, but as a striking proof of answer to prayer : for, on being captured, the bride of Christ had prayed that her virginity might be preserved.

Florence and her allies, finding the struggle with the papacy too exhausting, at length sought the mediation of the King of France, and while peace negotiations were in progress at Sarzana, Gregory, prematurely aged—he was but forty-seven—heart-broken and haunted by gloomy forebodings, expired at Rome on March 27, 1378. The Italians never forgot and never forgave the Gallic captivity at Avignon, and from that day to this no Frenchman has ever sat in Peter's chair at Rome.

[1] Muratori: *Cronica Sanese*, Vol. XV. pp. 221, 222.

CHAPTER XII

THE GREAT SCHISM—URBAN VI. & CLEMENT VII—A POPE AGAIN AT AVIGNON—FROISSART AT AVIGNON—ST. PIERRE DE LUXEMBOURG.

THE breath had not left the frail body of Gregory XI when the *Bandaresi* forced their way into the chamber of death, and, having assured themselves the end was near, at once took steps to force the election of an Italian pope. Entreaties, menaces were employed with individual cardinals, guards were stationed at the bridges and gates of the city with orders to let no cardinal leave, rudders of vessels in the Tiber were unshipped, sails removed, bands of rough highlanders and contadini crowded into the city. The story of the amazing conclave that met in Rome during Passion Week in 1378 is hopelessly involved amid a mass of conflicting authorities and shrouded in impenetrable darkness by partisan testimony. There is no reason for imputing intentional falsehood to the writers. In the riot and confusion, thrice confounded, each saw but partially and what he wanted to see, or what the heat of party passion burnt in his memory.[1] Civic officers, appointed by the *Bandaresi*, made public display of energy; they set up a block and a double-edged axe on the piazza of St. Peter's

[1] Compare Baluze, Vols. I. pp. 454–779, and II. pp. 816–822, with the Bishop of Lucera's version, MURATORI: *Rei. Ital. Scrip.*, III. pt. 2.

to inspire with terror any who should molest the cardinals ; but they were either powerless to keep order or sympathized with popular violence, for as the cardinals approached the Vatican each had to run the gauntlet of an angry mob, threatening him with death unless he elected a Roman or, at least, an Italian pope. "Orgulous wordes," says Froissart, "the Romaynes used : 'Syrs,' they cried, 'advyse you well : if ye delyver us a pope Romayne we be content or els we woll make your heades redder than your hattes.'" Small wonder that such "manasshes abasshed greatly the cardynals who had rather dyed confessours than martyrs." The fighting cardinal Robert of Geneva strode to the conclave wearing a cuirass under his tunic ; the Cardinal of Anagni made his will, for the very thunderbolts of heaven, falling upon the ill-omened conclave building, a day before they met, had destroyed the cell prepared for him.

Sixteen cardinals—eleven French or Limousin, one Spanish and four Italian—at length took their seats in conclave on Wednesday, April 7, while 20,000 Romans filled the piazza, or climbed the roofs of the houses, uttering deafening shouts of *Romano lo volemo o almanco Italiano !* All that evening and all that night the wine shops were crowded by a riotous mob dancing and shouting ribald songs : some of the revellers broke into the Vatican cellars and drank the pope's rich Greek and Malmsey wines. The civic guards, who occupied the chamber beneath the conclave, prodded the ceiling with their lances, set fire to the rushes from the floor to warm themselves, the poor trembling cardinals getting no sleep—none, save the old cardinal of St. Peter's, who appears to have snored through it all—and fearing they were to be burnt alive in their beds. At the morning mass

the celebrant's voice could not be heard for the shouting of the rioters, some of whom climbed to the belfry of St. Peter's and rang *a stormo*. Crowd was added to crowd, and so critical became the situation that the papal officer outside the conclave door implored the cardinals to satisfy the Roman people ; whereupon the Cardinal of Aigrefeuille is said to have plucked Cardinal Orsini's robe and cried, "Let us elect the devil himself rather than perish thus."

While the cardinals were formally completing the election of Bartolommeo Prignano, Archbishop of Bari, so *tumultuose et horribiliter* grew the cries that Cardinal Orsini strode to the window of the conclave chamber, only to be met with howls of execration from the mob. "Silence, ye Roman pigs," shouted he : "You have a pope ! To St. Peter's !"[1] In the confusion Orsini was indistinctly heard, and part of the crowd, believing Tibaldeschi, Cardinal of St. Peter's, had been chosen, went off rejoicing to pillage his house ; a French cardinal meanwhile shouting, "No ! no ! Bari ! Bari !" He, too, was misunderstood, and the remaining and larger part of the crowd, thinking the late pope's kinsman, Jean de Bar, was meant, attacked the conclave door with axes and stoned the windows. Cardinal Robert of Geneva confessed himself, and some of the scared cardinals implored the gouty old Tibaldeschi to save the lives of his colleagues by lending himself to a temporary deception and offer himself to the crowd as the elect of the conclave. Cardinal Orsini proposed to dress up a friar as pope, parade him, and then escape in the confusion and hold another conclave elsewhere ;

[1] Meaning go to St. Peter's and await the proclamation of the new pope.

other cardinals tried to barricade the door. The young Spanish cardinal, Pedro de Luna, one of the few that kept a clear head and stout heart, and of whom we shall hear more later, entered the chapel, saying, " If I am to die I will die here." Meanwhile the papal officer was forced at the sword's point to surrender the keys, the conclave was invaded and pillaged, six cardinals escaping disguised to the Castle of St. Angelo, held for the French cardinals by its Provençal governor, whither the papal treasure had been sent. The poor trembling old Cardinal Tibaldeschi was then pushed by some of the cardinals into the papal chair ; his nephew smote him on the breast to make him sit down, who all the while, with quavering voice, protested " I am not the pope," and tried to shake the crown from his brow. The Romans, seeing this, cried *Va, che tu sia maledetto !* and, more dead than alive, the fainting victim was carried away to the papal bedchamber.

By the evening of the ninth, matters appear to have quieted down, and four cardinals were able to escape from Rome during the night : the twelve remaining cardinals then proceeded on the tenth to the formal enthronement of the Bishop of Bari, who chose to be known as Urban VI, thus emphasizing his determination to remain a Roman pope. Had prudence as well as zeal informed the new pontiff's acts, the Great Schism would, in all human probability, never have rent Christendom asunder. Urban, a Neapolitan subject of the Angevin dynasty of the Two Sicilies, and well known at Avignon, was chosen as a candidate likely to prove, on the whole, acceptable to the French monarchy ; he belonged to none of the three factions, Limousin, French or Italian, who sought to dominate the electors and who, as so often

has happened in distracted conclaves, had united to choose an outsider, each faction hoping to control his policy. But the cardinals had raised a Frankenstein indeed. With feverish zeal, the new pontiff set about purging the Curia and the prelacy of worldly and unworthy ecclesiastics. Impetuous and choleric, he would brook no opposition, and angrily silenced any who essayed to reply to his vehement denunciations of the flagrant luxury of the princes of the Church, who with their hundred horses and regal pomp, devoured the revenues of a score of bishoprics. Thomas of Acerno tells how *immense turbati et scandalizati* the cardinals were when Urban threatened to pack the Curia with Italians, and how he saw Cardinal Robert of Geneva, who sat by the pope, change colour and turn pale in Consistory.[1] Theodoric of Niem, an Urbanist, informs us that the new pope railed at the prelates and called them perjurers. Preaching from the text *Ego sum pastor bonus* in full Consistory, he revolted the cardinals by the abuse he levelled against them.[2] Thus was all healing of the strife rendered impossible; St. Catherine's appeal to temper justice with charity fell on deaf ears, and even the most partisan of the Urbanist chroniclers, Bishop Thomas of Lucera, complains that the new pope was *asper et rigorosus*.

There appears to have been no immediate action on the part of the French cardinals; they acquiesced in Urban's election; they sued for favours after he had been crowned; they informed the Avignon cardinals of his elevation, whose subsequent acts implied acceptance. But they loved him not, and gradually the pontiff's violence engendered hostility in the whole college: even the Italian cardinals were

[1] Muratori, Vol. III. pt. 2, p. 725.

[2] Theodoricus de Niem: *De Schismate*, pp. 16, 17. Ed. 1890.

disgusted, and soon the implacable Urban found himself, although the master of the greater part of Rome, abandoned by nearly all his court. On September 20, 1378, having declared Urban deposed, the cardinals met at Fondi, protected by the Count of Fondi, who was smarting under Urban's prepotency, and elected a new pope, the warlike Cardinal Robert of Geneva. The butcher of Cesena who, apparently without any suspicion of incongruity, chose to be known as Clement VII, was crowned at the classic city of Fondi with the tiara which the Archbishop of Arles had succeeded, together with the jewels, in abstracting from Rome. Sixteen cardinals were present at the election : twelve voted for, and one against, Clement. The three Italians remained neutral.

Clement, a kinsman of the French king,[1] soon won over the monarchy to his cause ; his election was hailed with joy at Avignon, and although some recalcitrancy was displayed by the University of Paris, it was overcome, and the "pestiferous intruder, with damnable ambition," inaugurated the Great Schism. *Quo jure ? Quo animo ?* Where the infallible Church herself speaks with uncertain voice,[2] and where heaven, too, with impartial hand, has lavished the gifts of sanctity and miraculous power on Clementine and Urbanist alike, neutrality in a layman may well be pardoned.

Grief and despair filled the minds of all good Christian folk. Catherine, in piteous letters from Siena, appealed to Cardinal Pedro de Luna to become a firm and steadfast column in the garden of Holy Church ; for war, dishonour and all worldly tribula-

[1] He was a cousin seventeen times removed of Charles V.

[2] See Noel Valois : *La France et le Grand Schisme d'Occident*, I. 4.

tions are but as a shadow or a show compared with this intolerable schism. Another passionate epistle to Joan of Naples implores her support for Urban; she pours out the vials of her wrath on the cardinals responsible for Clement's election; they are not men, but rather incarnate demons, and in a letter to the Count of Fondi the schismatic cardinals are described as worthy of a thousand deaths.[1] For a while fortune smiled on Clement, but the prestige of Urban's name and hatred of the old Gallic Curia proved too powerful, and after a temporary and humiliating excursion to Naples, Clement set sail with all his cardinals save two for Provence: on June 20, 1379, Avignon opened wide her gates to receive another pope, and the five French cardinals gave a magnificent welcome to Clement VII, who rode in, scattering money among the people.

What the return of the papal court to Avignon meant to the city will be manifest from the following event, which it would be sacrilege to relate other than in the picturesque periods of Froissart.

It is October 1389, and the mad King Charles VI having, in one of his lucid intervals, "departed fro his house of Beautie[2] besyde Parys & at length being at Lyons with the four royal dukes, determined to pass the bridge at Avignon & to go & se the Pope; & about ix of the clocke in the mornyng passed the bridge & acompanyed with his brother & his thre uncles & xii cardynalles so went to the Popes palays; & pope Clement was redy in his chambre of Consystorie syttyng in his chayre of papalyte. Whan the Frenche kyng came into the chambre & sawe the Pope, he enclyned himself, & whan he came nere,

[1] Tommaseo: Vol. IV. *Lettere* ccxciii, cccxii, cccxiii.
[2] The Hôtel St. Paul.

the Pope arose & the kyng kyst his hande & his mouthe. Than the Pope sat downe & caused the kyng to syt downe by hym on a place purposely prepared for him. Than the dukes kyst the Popes hand & sate down among the cardynals. Anone it was tyme of dyner ; than they drewe into the Popes great chambre where the tables were redy covered. The Pope wasshed & satte downe at a table alone & kept his estate. The Frenche kyng satte downe at another table alone & the cardynalles and dukes satte downe in order. The dyner was plentyfull & after dyner they hadde wyne & spyces. Than the kyng & the four dukes went into their chambres ; eche of them hadde a chambre apparelled in the palays & there they taryed a certayne dayes. The v. day after that the kyng came thyder, the yonge erle of Savoy, cosyn to the kyng and nephue to the duke of Burbone, came thyder : the kyng was right joyful of his commyng. The French kynge, the Duke of Thourayne his brother & the erle of Savoye who were lyght of corage & of spyrite, thoughe they were loged in the Popes palays nere to the Pope & to the Cardynalles yet for all that they wolde not absteyne to daunce & to caroll and to make sporte amonge the ladyes and damoselles of Avignon : & the erle of Genesve brother to the Pope brought theym in aquayntaunce with the ladyes & damoselles of the towne. The kynge gave great gyftes to the ladyes & damoselles whereby he had great laude and prayse. . . . Thus the kynge taryed there a certayne season in great joye & sporte. And for joye of the kyngs commynge thyder the Pope opeyned his graces to all clerkes beyng in the courte for the space of a moneth & gave nomynacions to the kyng of all coledges & cathedrals. . . . The Pope was so curteose & lyberall

that for love of the kynges commyng he graunted every thyng that was asked."[1]

The prince of chroniclers had cause to remember that year in Avignon, for was he not there himself in the train of the lovely child-bride of twelve summers whom his patron, the Count of Foix, her guardian, had bartered to the old Duke of Berry for thirty thousand florins of gold? and did he not meet with a stroke of ill-luck there which he has set to verse in one of the most charming poems of the fourteenth century? When the chronicler set forth on his journey his heart was light and his pocket heavy with a munificent present from his patron—

> "... quatre-vins florins
> D'Aragon tous pesans et fins."

Of these eighty gold florins of Aragon, Froissart, as ill-hap would have it, changed sixty at a money-changer's at Avignon—it was Friday—and received for them forty ringing francs of gold. That ill-omened day, too, he had bought a cheap little purse for three pence, and buried his pieces of gold therein.

On the following Sunday he had risen, "moult matin," and went to early mass, and he well remembered that the evening before he had carefully enclosed the small purse in a big one; and lo!—

> "Quant je cuidai trouver mes frans
> Certes je ne trouvai rien née,"

and, by the soul of his father, he never saw them again. At length he discovers one solitary florin in a corner of his purse. "Diex! doux valet!" he exclaims, "es tu ci qualis!" In his rage Froissart seizes the florin between his teeth, bites it savagely,

[1] *Chronicles*, Vol. V. ch. clvi.

flings it on a stone, draws his knife and swears, "par ce hateriel," that he will cut it in four pieces and take it to the goldsmith's melting-pot if it will not tell where its companions have flown. The outraged florin then deprecates his wrath and essays defence and consolation : was not the master always a spendthrift ? Did not he squander long ago a hundred good florins, knowing that "Argens fait avoir benefisces" for—

> ". . . l'expectation lontainne
> Sus les chanesies de Lille ?"

and, by St. Giles ! was he not still waiting for that canonry, although the pope had promised it within a year ? And had he not spent, and well spent, seven hundred livres on his chronicles alone ? And—

> "Les taverniers de Lestines
> En ont eu bien cinq cens frans."

And had he not travelled over England, Scotland and Wales and had gay times over the length and breadth of France, his florins speaking all languages for him, and led a life so joyous and so amorous that, by St. Giles ! he had had the value of twice forty golden francs ; and had he not good friends as of yore ? Well, be not a fool : away with care ! lightly come, lightly go. Thus the florin ; and so the impecunious scribe fares gaily on his spendthrift and garrulous way. It had been ever thus with him : money ran through his fingers like water ; never a wight so apt as he in getting rid of francs and florins ; his pockets were always empty, and yet he knew not how the money went. True—

> "J'en ai moult perdu au prester
> Il est fols qui preste sans gage ;"

but that did not explain his recurrent impecuniosity. He never built churches, nor mansions, nor ships, nor clocks, nor did he buy silks, nor merchandise ; yet all his money flew away as if it had wings, and he was ever pursuing and never catching it.[1]

The line of the great schism had followed the political cleavage. France and Scotland adhered to Clement ; England and the English provinces of France to Urban. Germany was divided : the Rhine provinces, the Archbishop of Mainz, the Dukes of Luxembourg and Lorraine and other princes in the orbit of the French monarchy, the Duke of Bavaria, stood for Clement, while the greater part of the empire held for Urban. The Kings of Cyprus, Castile and Portugal, the Duke of Brittany, were Clementine ; Flanders, Poland and Hungary were Urbanist, while Naples, save for a brief relapse, held to the Avignon obedience.

Clement, who was in the prime of manhood when the strife began, set vigorously to work ; he sacrificed honour, wealth, even the independence of the Holy See, to win the strong arm of Louis of Anjou, to whom he offered a vast kingdom, to be known as Adria, in north and central Italy, and the revenues of the two Sicilies. In 1383 Louis, at the head of a mighty army, set forth on his expedition after a solemn progress through the streets of Avignon, from the cathedral to the Cordeliers, his consecrated banner waving in the wind and followed by the cardinals on foot. High pay, plunder, with the promise of papal indulgences, attracted the usual bands of cut-throats, and in nine years Clement squandered half-a-million

[1] "Le Dit dou Florin," *Poesies de Froissart*, ed. A. Scheler, Vol. II. xi. Brussels, 1871.

florins on Anjou's abortive and ill-fated[1] campaigns in Italy.

Then was seen the grievous spectacle of two claimants to the vicariate of the Prince of Peace on earth, seeking to prove their title by bloodshed and chicanery, each reviling and cursing the other.

At this juncture, however, Clement, by a happy inspiration, bethought him of a youthful prodigy he had met at Fondi, Pierre, son of Guy of Luxembourg, Count of St. Paul in Picardy, who, at nine years of age, had won fame in Paris for his learning and sanctity, and who a year later had surrendered himself to the English, while his brother, their prisoner, collected the necessary ransom. After nine months' captivity Pierre returned to his austerities and studies in Paris, and was soon elevated by Clement to the bishopric of Metz. The pontiff, after creating him Cardinal of St. Gregory of the Golden Veil, called Pierre to his court at Avignon, and for three years, by his piety, his learning, his macerations the young cardinal drew the eyes of Christendom to the Rhone. In his eighteenth year Pierre de Luxembourg died a saintly death at Villeneuve on July 5, 1387, after having compelled his servants to administer discipline as he lay on his deathbed. Popular enthusiasm had already canonized Luxembourg; great multitudes gathered for his burial at the common cemetery of the poor, called of St. Michael, where he had desired to be laid: despite a guard of soldiers, the crowd seized on his shroud and vestments and rent them into a thousand pieces; they splintered the bier into fragments, and many miracles were wrought by a touch of his body. Pilgrims flocked to his grave in the poor man's acre;

[1] Louis died at Bari, September 20, 1384.

the miraculous effluence rained alike on Urbanists and Clementines, some of the former exclaiming in their bewilderment: "*Domine si error est a te decepti sumus!*" No less than three thousand miracles are attested by the papal commissioners and collected by them in six large volumes, "and not of the common sort, as recovery from fevers and such trivial ills, but the blind were given sight, the deaf heard, the dumb spake, and, what is more, the dead were raised to life."[1]

Many Urbanists were converted to the Clementine obedience, and a settlement of twelve Célestine fathers watched over the poor little wooden chapel that marked the saint's resting-place. But rich oblations poured in—gold and jewels from the king and nobles of France—and in 1395 the royal Dukes of Berry, Orleans and Burgundy laid, in the name of the king, the first stone of a sumptuous church and monastery. St. Pierre de Luxembourg was not formally beatified by Clement, who followed the usual routine in such matters, and it was reserved to Clement's namesake —Clement VII of the Medici—to enrol Luxembourg among the blessed, on April 9, 1527.[2]

Meanwhile, Urban's tyrannous rule was alienating his best friends. Theodoric of Niem, an Urbanist, has left us graphic pictures of Urban's suspicious and cruel nature. Theodoric saw the arrest of six cardinals for supposed treason at Nocera, the cardinals Peter and Paul speechless for grief and weeping bitterly while the implacable pontiff scornfully bade them be gone and not whine like women. As Theodoric appealed for mercy Urban's face glowed with

[1] Baluze, Vol. I p. 516.

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 515–517. *Acta Sanctorum:* Julii *Die secunda*, p. 551.

rage like a burning coal, and he almost choked with passion : "As well seek to snatch the prey from a lion's mouth." He was present when the cardinals were dragged in chains to the torture-chamber ; he saw the Cardinal of Sangro shiver at the sight of the ropes of the *strappado*[1] hanging from the roof, and heard Urban's disreputable nephew, Francesco Prignano, burst into a loud laugh when the executioner seized hold of the trembling cardinal and bound him to the rack : the cardinal, tall and corpulent, swooned under the torture. The Cardinal of Venice, a feeble, sick and broken old man, was tortured from morning till noon, ever repeating *Christus pro nobis passus est*, Urban meanwhile pacing along a garden above the dungeon loudly reciting the office to spur on the executioners by his presence. Theodoric, sickened by the horrible scene, pleaded a headache, and obtained permission to retire to the infirmary. Urban, on leaving Nocera, dragged the prisoners with him ; and since the Bishop of Aquila, racked and bruised, and riding a miserable old hack, was unable to keep pace with the main body of the army, the pope, infuriated by the thought that he might fall behind and escape, ordered him to be dispatched : the miserable prelate was then butchered in cold blood and his body flung on the wayside. When Urban left Genoa in December 1386, five of the cardinals were drowned or strangled,[2] or, according to the Clementine story, buried alive, "the devil, whose ministers they were, thus rewarding his servants according to his wont."[3]

[1] See p. 69, torture of Bartholomew Cannolati.

[2] Theodoricus de Nyem : *De Schismate*, pp. 78–110. Ed. G. Ehrler. 1890.

[3] Baluze, Vol. I. p. 115.

Never had the papacy fallen so low. The power that had trodden on the pride of mighty emperors and humbled great kings in the dust was now the scorn of secular princes ; "the grete lordes of the erthe," says Froissart, "dyd nothing but laughe at the chyrche." Each of the pontiffs appealed to the basest passions that sway men's minds ; each hurled maledictions on his rival and offered paradise to crusading mercenaries ; each sought by levies on the credulity or ambition of their supporters to obtain means to win the love of poor soldiers. "He who wrote hymselve pope Urbane sixt," continues Froissart, "bled the English so that at London and in the dyoses was gathered a towre ful of golde and sylver," and he found means to gather together great riches, "for he knewe wele the nobles of Englande for all his absolucyons wolde not ryde forthe in warre without money." Even St. Catherine herself did not scruple to appeal to the lust for plunder in the Urbanist mercenaries. In a letter to the low-born condottiere of the Company of St. George, her "dearest brother in Christ sweet Jesus," and his officers, Caterina, slave of the servants of Jesus Christ, assures them that whether they live or die in the holy warfare they cannot but gain : if they fall they have the reward of life eternal ; if they live, forasmuch as they have offered willing sacrifice of themselves to God, they may keep the spoil they win with a good conscience ;[1] and if false men tell them Urban VI is not pope they lie in their throats.

On October 15, 1389, Urban VI, to the relief of friend and foe alike, died at Rome. His cardinals, having declined to meet the old college of cardinals, twenty-one of whom were at Avignon, and re-elect

[1] *E la sostanza potrete tenere con buona coscienza. Lettere*, Vol. IV. p. 347.

Clement, chose Pietro Perrino di Torracelli, and crowned him as Boniface IX. Boniface's first act was to excommunicate the intruder at Avignon, who, in his turn, fulminated a similar malediction against the invader of the apostolic chair, "the successor in vice and crime of the said Bartolommeo of damned memory."[1]

On September 16, 1394, Clement VII lay in the grip of death at the palace of Avignon, surrounded by cardinals and bishops, and as the darkness closed over him, conscience-stricken, his stormy life seems to have passed before his mental vision and the dread approach to the judgment seat of God wrung his soul. It is not often we are able to be present at the solemn last scene in the chambers of the great; but the story by an eye-witness of Pope Clement's end has come down to us.[2] The dying pontiff, clasping his hands together, placed them before his face, then lifting up his eyes to heaven he cried: "*Beau sire Dieu! Ah, beau sire Dieu!* I pray Thee have mercy on my soul, and deign to pardon my sins; and thou, very sweet Mother of God, lend me thy aid with thy blessed Son our Lord." Then he lay quiet a little while, but soon added these words: "Oh, all ye blessed saints of Paradise, I beseech you help my soul this day;" and after he had said this he broke forth again, "Ah! Ah! Luxembourg, Luxembourg; thee, too, I pray, vouchsafe thy aid." The prelates standing round his bedside then began to pray for the healing of his sickness, and made vows to visit the holy shrines. The dying sinner, with an access of energy, interrupted them, crying aloud: "No, no! pray for my soul! pray for my soul!"

[1] Baluze, Vol. I. p. 525.

[2] *Récit de la mort du pape Clement VII.* Bibliothèque d'Avignon, MS. 2395.

These words said, he fell back into the arms of his watchers and his burdened soul went to her account. Except for some slight discharge from the face he then lay as one asleep.[1]

After a solemn lying-in-state and provisional burial in Notre Dame des Doms, the body of Pope Clement VII, of the Avignon obedience, was translated to the magnificent new church of the Célestin Fathers, and finally interred beneath the ægis of the saintly young Cardinal Pierre de Luxembourg. Clement is described by his biographers as endowed with many eminent qualities of mind and body. Although slightly lame, he concealed this defect by his majestic stature and noble port. He had a handsome face and sonorous voice, which he used to advantage when he celebrated the offices of the Church ; he wrote and dictated excellently well ; was prudent in council, patient under adversity ; never elated by success nor depressed by defeat ; he had affable, winning manners, and was gracious and easy of access to all. In contrast with his predecessors he held few Consistories and those at a late hour ; he was always magnificent and sometimes prodigal in his favours. He gave 4000 florins to each of the cardinals to commemorate his *joyeuse avénement ;* so lavish was his expenditure that in 1381 he paid interest on a loan at 36 per cent. ; in 1391 the Curia suspended payment and Clement is said to have pawned the papal jewels and tiara ; so low was the credit of the Avignon Chamber that Clement's funeral expenses were only met by the generosity of his captain-general, Fernando de Heredia.

[1] *Absque eo quod aliquam sorditiam emiserit per os, per nares, per aures, et per aliquam partem corporis, imo visus est omnibus dormire et talis semper apparuit in vultu.*

CHAPTER XIII

BENEDICT XIII—SIEGE OF THE PAPAL PALACE—END OF THE GREAT SCHISM.

No time was lost in providing a successor to the Avignon chair, for the French king and clergy, wearying of the schism, had begun to waver in their allegiance, and it was known to the leading cardinals that messengers from Paris were on their way to the conclave, urging compromise with Rome. The letters were left unopened, and on September 26, 1392, the cardinals entered conclave: two days later the illustrious Spanish cardinal, Pedro de Luna,—that firm and steadfast column of the Church to whom St. Catherine had turned as its saviour in the early days of the schism,—was elected by twenty out of twenty-one votes. The intrepid Spaniard, who chose to be known as Benedict XIII, although sixty-six years of age at his elevation, was still full of energy: temperate, chaste, spare of body, fearless, imbued with an unshaken confidence in the validity of his election; upright and just and zealous, he was a formidable protagonist of the Avignon obedience. The conclave that elected him was the most representative in Christendom; it was chiefly composed of the older and pre-schismatic cardinals, and although as Pedro de Luna, with seventeen of his colleagues, he had sworn on the Holy Gospels a self-denying ordinance pledging himself to resign, if it should

prove necessary to do so for the sake of unity,[1] as Benedict XIII he set vigorously to work to affirm his position as the one and only elect of the Holy Ghost. On May 22, 1395, a magnificent embassy, headed by the royal dukes of Orleans, Burgundy, and Berry, and reinforced by many cardinals, implored Benedict to resign the tiara and bring peace and unity to the Church. Long negotiations and many solemn audiences and conferences ensued, but Benedict stood firm as a tower ; he, God's Vicar on earth, would yield to no secular pressure ; he would resign only if the intruder at Rome first set the example. To all Benedict had one answer : "Sith God of His deveyne grace hathe provyded for me the papalyte, as long as I lyve I wyll be Pope and I wyll not depose myself nouther for kyng, duke, erle, nor other treatye, but I wyll abyde Pope." King and clergy then determined to take strong measures, and on September 1, 1398, Robert Cordelier and Tristan de Bosco, the royal heralds, stood on the bridge-head at Villeneuve, and at sound of trumpet proclaimed the withdrawal of the realm and clergy of France from Benedict of Avignon : the major part of the cardinals and papal officers, including the Bullarius with the papal seal, followed their lead, abandoned Benedict, and crossed over to Villeneuve.

The royal seceders then appointed Godfrey of Meingres, known as Boucicault, their captain-general, with orders to seize Pedro de Luna and his followers ; and Cardinal Villeneuve, on September 16, entered Avignon in Boucicault's train to incite the citizens to rise. Seated on a charger, red-robed, but without his pallium, the cardinal rode through the streets and market-places, sword by side and baton in

[1] Baluze, Vol. I. pp. 567–576.

hand, shouting "*Vive le sacré Collège et la ville d'Avignon!*" After a stormy meeting in the church of St. Didier, the citizens decided to throw in their lot with the Villeneuve cardinals.

Benedict, having under his command a picked body of nine hundred Catalans, which the King of Aragon had sent for his protection, prepared to defend himself within the palace, and Boucicault began a formal investment. The besiegers held the town, the cathedral, the wall and gates, and the papal granaries; Benedict was master of the tower at the bridge-head, and cut off access from Villeneuve by destroying two arches. Admirable discipline was kept by the besieged pope and his five faithful cardinals, who, with certain good and true abbots, went their nightly rounds to inspect the posts and maintain the courage of their little force. A few days, however, sufficed Boucicault to capture the bridge tower, and on September 29 it fell into his hands. The besiegers then placed artillery there to batter down the palace walls, whereupon Rodrigo de Luna, Benedict's nephew and commander of the papal force, replied by hurling stones against the cathedral tower. Boucicault had the advantage of possessing cannon, and the cardinal of Neuchâtel directed a hot fire from a bombard placed at the episcopal palace: a well-aimed shot crashed against and splintered a window of the palace near which Benedict stood, directing operations, and slightly wounded him. It was St. Michael's Day, and for reverence of the saint, whose chapel was one of the most beautiful in the palace, Benedict forbade his captain to reply. Eminence after eminence was gradually occupied by Boucicault's artillery: from the palace tower of the Cardinal of Saluces;[1] from

[1] Near the Rue Saluces.

the towers of the Cardinal of Florence on the Place Pie and of the Cardinal of Albano [1]; from the church of St. Symphorien, a ring of fronds, mangonels, bombards, and ballisters hailed stones on the great palace. The besiegers fired the wood-store in the Tour de Trouillas, which burned fiercely for four days; mine was met by counter-mine; assaults were repulsed by the boiling oil, molten lead and pitch poured down through the machicoulis of the ramparts and towers. All the resources of a formal siege having failed to make any impression on the stout walls of the fortress or on the no less stout hearts of its defenders, braggart Boucicault, who had promised in a few days to dance with the ladies of Avignon in the captured palace, began to fume with rage and gave orders for a final effort. Tearing down the bronze doors of the cathedral to form a shield, his sappers and miners set vigorously to work, while the artillery shot their heaviest bolts against the ramparts; the mine was fired and a breach made: but while the Catalans repulsed the assailants, Benedict's servants, even priests and abbots, filled up the breach.

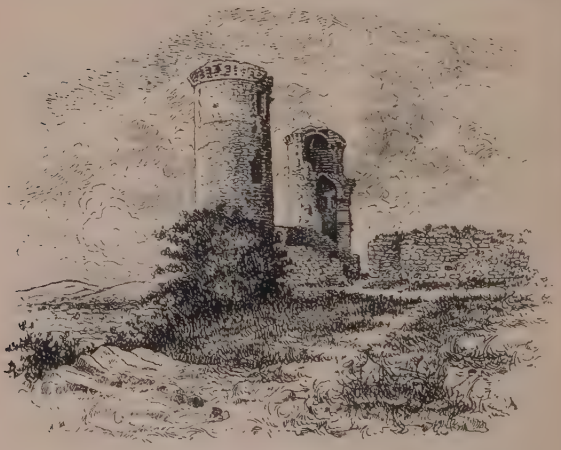
On Saturday, October 26, Boucicault made a desperate attempt to capture the palace by surprise. In the early morning sixty picked men, led by one Hardouin, his kinsman, crept along the great sewer that led from the papal kitchens to the Sorguette.[2] They were furnished with axes, crowbars, hammers, ropes, and some sacks to hold their plunder, together with a royal pennant to hoist over the palace when captured. All went well until the invaders neared the opening into the kitchen, when, as ill luck would have it, a master usher of the papal chamber happened to

[1] On the site of the present Hôtel de Ville.
[2] A tributary of the Sorgue. See page 220.

be descending the steps that led to the kitchen, and hearing mysterious noises, gave the alarm. The great bell crashed out its call to arms; trumpets blared, and with admirable celerity the guards rushed, half-dressed, into the kitchen, as though, says the chronicler, they were expecting a fine supper there. Meanwhile a messenger, pale as death, entered the papal bed-chamber with the news. Benedict rose from his bed and with imperturbable courage bade the man return and help in the fight, exclaiming as he dressed: "They are ours!" And so it proved. After a short but sharp scuffle fifty-six were taken, and the besieged spent the whole day rejoicing and praising God and the Virgin Mary for their happy deliverance.

Wearily the siege dragged on; an attempt by King Martin of Aragon to bring a relieving fleet up the Rhone was foiled; the palace was still invested; famine and wounds had decimated the garrison, and they were forced to eke out their stores by feeding on rats, cats, and sparrows, the last-named delicacy being reserved for Benedict's table. At length, after many negotiations between the pope, the cardinals, and the court of France, a truce was made on April 3, 1399. Its chief provisions were: a mutual exchange of prisoners; the Catalans to be dismissed, the palace provisioned. At the end of the month the envoy of France and Benedict's representative stood on the threshold, and one hundred and nine men-at-arms, gaunt and scarred, filed out of the palace. The pope, still blockaded, was left with but one hundred servants. Negotiations, long and complicated, ensued between Benedict and the court of France, and on March 30, 1401, the Avignon pope pledged himself to abdicate on the death, resignation, or expulsion of the "intruder" at Rome.

Benedict, though still blockaded in the palace, had gained half a victory ; the wind was veering, and signs of a reaction in his favour were apparent. In May, Provence was won to his cause ; Charles VI, in one of his lucid intervals, appeared to desire a return to the Avignon obedience, and Benedict at length resolved to break through the net which had



CHATEAURENARD

entangled him for four and a half years. The Duke of Orleans lent him a brave Norman knight, Robert of Braquemont, and after a secret conference with the pontiff, Robert concerted measures for his escape.

On the night of March 12, 1402, a few stones having been secretly removed from a walled-up door of the palace, Benedict, disguised and pressing the consecrated host to his breast, stole out, accompanied

by his faithful physician, his valet, and a Spanish nobleman : he was met in the street by Braquemont and the Constable of Aragon, and the little party succeeded in gaining, unperceived, the Aragonnais Embassy. In the early dawn, as soon as the city gates were opened, Benedict, disguised as Braquemont's servant, strode boldly out of the Porte de Limas (Oulle) ; a boat was waiting, manned by fourteen sturdy oarsmen under the command of a monk, who raced him down the Rhone and pulled steadily up the Durance as far as the road to Chateaurenard, where the Cardinal of Pampeluna with a swift horse and eight men-at-arms was awaiting him : before nine in the morning Benedict was safely lodged within the walls of Chateaurenard, and in the evening was joined by his three faithful companions. It was St. Gregory's day, and the grateful Benedict registered a vow to build and dedicate a chapel to the sainted pontiff.[1]

A curious detail of Benedict's escape has come down to us. During his long captivity the pontiff had allowed his hair and beard to grow, and when he escaped, a venerable beard, two palms long, made him resemble the patriarch Abraham. Louis II, of Anjou, Count of Provence, who had visited Benedict in his captivity, and in whose domain he now was, came to him on the morrow of his arrival and begged the beard as a relic. Benedict, in the gayest of humours, at once delivered his beard to the shears of the count's barber, a Picard, laughing heartily, and protesting the Normans had lied when they talked of cutting off his head in Paris. Benedict

[1] Mistral, in a romantic poem, *Nerto*, has immortalized one of the many legends floating about Provence of this dramatic escape.

rewarded the barber by a rich silver vessel and 100 francs, and enrolled him among his bodyguard: Louis wrapped the venerable hair in fine linen and preserved it as a memorial of the pope's long captivity.[1]

Benedict XIII, free and unfettered, and under the protection of Louis of Anjou, was far more formidable than Pedro de Luna, a prisoner in the palace of Avignon. His power and prestige were exalted as if by magic; the whole of the Venaissin submitted; three cardinals came from the revolted curia with plenary powers, and on the evening of March 28, a treaty of peace was signed. Benedict haughtily claimed his victory as the triumph of right over might, and a token of divine favour; cardinals knelt at his feet in tears, or, self-accused of rebellion, fell prostrate in the mire as he went abroad. On March 31 the keys of Avignon were brought to Chateaurenard and laid at Benedict's feet; the barricades that blocked the palace were burnt; the citizens illuminated their houses, and passed half the night shouting, "Vive le Pape!" Several days were spent in feasting and rejoicing; on the 4th the papal standard waved again over the city gates, and over the towers of the cardinals' palaces; on the 5th a great procession paced through the streets—two hundred children at its head, each bearing in his hand at the end of a wand, the shield and device of Benedict XIII: similar scenes were witnessed in all the towns of the Venaissin. But the battered palace of the Rocher des Doms at Avignon never sheltered pope again, for Benedict lodged no nearer than the Chateau of Sorgues, although ere he left Sorgues, Benedict was careful to garrison the palace, and forced

[1] *Chron. Martin de Alpartis.* Nöel Valois: *Schisme d'Occid.*

the citizens to make good its defences : Rodrigo, he appointed Rector of Avignon and of the Venaissin.

In 1407, France again withdrew her obedience, and favoured the claims of a third pope, Alexander VI of Pisa, and the pitiful spectacle of three popes, each tearing at the seamless garment of Christ's Church, shocked Christendom. Rodrigo was soon active again in his uncle's cause,[1] for in March 1410, Randon, Seigneur de Joyeuse, marched into Villeneuve, and once more on the bridge head stood a royal herald, and at the sound of the trumpet, forbade the citizens of Avignon to obey the deposed Benedict : Rodrigo's answer was to fall upon them, break the trumpeter's instrument over his head, and ride back to the palace with several prisoners.

On April 30 Randon, with his 1000 men-at-arms and some reinforcements brought by the Archbishop of Lyons, began the second siege of the fortress-palace of Avignon, and on May 19 thirty-six stout horses dragged in the great bombard of Aix, which four days later opened fire on the Tour de Trouillas. Rodrigo defended the fortress with all his former skill and valour, and even carried the war into the enemy's camp, attacking Villeneuve and seizing French vessels on the Rhone. He raided French territory, held prisoners to ransom, and taunted the besiegers with their crazy king. On December 13, however, the bridge-tower was captured by the besiegers and levelled to the ground, and on Christmas eve another big bombard, which the citizens had cast, opened fire on the palace. Spiritual thunders were added to villainous saltpetre, for on January 12, 1411, Pope John XXIII, who had succeeded to the elect of Pisa,

[1] He had been exercising his archers by training them to shoot at the statues on the walls of the palace.

launched a crusade against the Benedictine obedience with the usual lures of paradise and loot. The citizens, infuriated at the loss of property wrought by Rodrigo's artillery, demanded to be led to the assault, and, reinforcements having been obtained from Carpentras, a fierce but vain attack was made (Sunday, February 15) on the impregnable palace.

PORTE D'ORANGE, CARPENTRAS

No less than a thousand of the assailants are stated to have paid for their rashness with their lives, and the besiegers mournfully decided that in the tedium of a blockade lay their only hope of reducing the garrison. The ring was tightened round the palace ; two men-at-arms caught introducing food were decapitated, and their heads exposed at the foot of the Rocher. Benedict's efforts to raise the siege were baulked by the Seneschal of Provence, who fell upon

the Catalan fleet as it slowly fought its way against the current of the Rhone; the stubborn courage of the besieged was bending to the pressure of famine; their numbers were diminishing—only two hundred were left to defend the walls—and in September they offered to capitulate. But the embittered citizens refused all terms short of unconditional surrender; they would butcher the Catalans like beasts at the shambles: such was the fever of excitement when the king's chamberlain, Philip of Poictiers, who had been bidden by his master to muster enough men to bring the siege to a rapid issue, came on the scene. Philip at once negotiated with the heroic defenders, and it was stipulated that if no help came from Benedict within fifty days the garrison should retire with military honours; in the meantime, supplies to the extent of five sheep, eight barrels of wine, and eight florins' worth of fish should be furnished to the garrison: on maigre days the sheep might be replaced by an equivalent in eggs: two envoys were to be given a safe conduct to advise Benedict of the terms. The fifty days passed, and to the eager watchers on the palace towers no relieving army appeared on the Rhone: on November 23, 1411, the brave Catalans marched proudly out of the palace, with banners flying and arms on shoulder amid the ill-suppressed hatred of the citizens, and crossed the Rhone to Villeneuve. As the last Catalan left the palace the Archbishop of Narbonne, the papal legate, took possession of the battered pile in the name of John XXIII.

The legate immediately set about repairing the damage wrought by the double siege, but on Sunday, May 7, 1413, a disastrous fire destroyed the Hall of Consistory and the great dining-room, and demanded

further expenditure on the part of the exhausted treasury. In the autumn of 1414 news that Pope John was on his way to Avignon caused a flutter of excitement, and work was pushed forward with increased vigour. The Emperor Sigismund, having determined to intervene and put a period to the scandal of three popes in Christendom, had forced the Pisan pope to summon a council at Constance, and, desiring to have a preliminary conference with the royal dukes of France, Avignon was assigned for the meeting-place. Galleys were dispatched to Pisa but returned empty, and the conference never met : a suggested transference of the council to Avignon proved equally abortive.

But although the citizens were foiled in their expectations of seeing a pope once more at Avignon, they were rewarded by the solemn entry of the Emperor Sigismund himself, who, on the night of December 22, 1415, rode through the Porte St. Michel accompanied by fifty citizens bearing torches. Sigismund, having vainly spent the autumn at Perpignon with Benedict, striving to induce the inflexible old Spaniard to agree to resign in common with the two rival pontiffs, had hastened to Avignon with the avowed purpose of baulking Pope John's further attempt to prolong the schism by fortifying himself in the palace at Avignon and winning the support of the French monarchy. The emperor had sworn to drag John from the palace with his own hands if he retired there, and, remembering the history of that stout fortress, had thought it safer to anticipate John's arrival. The procession, with the emperor riding under a magnificent dais embroidered with the Imperial and the city arms and the arms of the College of Poictiers, made a gallant show as it wound

through the illuminated streets, accompanied by the civic authorities clothed in rich scarlet, to the College of Poictiers, near St. Agricol, where the emperor was to be lodged in a fine suite of rooms sumptuously decorated with tapestry : there a luxurious banquet awaited him, and a munificent gift of 2000 francs of gold.

On January 8, 1416, Emperor Sigismund, after hearing mass in the Cathedral, walked in solemn procession to the Cordeliers and, after dinner, danced with the ladies of Avignon, to each of whom he gave a gold ring set with diamonds. Having passed a memorable twenty-three days in the old papal city, Sigismund fared forth on his way to Paris.

Yet another scene of rejoicing took place at Avignon in the winter of 1417, in commemoration of the election of Martin V, on November 21, and the beginning of the end of the Great Schism. A crier went forth bidding all merchants close their shops for a week, and on December 2 another great and solemn procession streamed through her streets from Notre Dame des Doms to the Cordeliers, headed by the consuls carrying banners, and to the sound of trumpets and other musical instruments. Twice, in January and June 1418, did the civic authorities send imposing embassies to Martin V, urging the claims of their city as a papal residence ; but although Martin courteously declined their offer, he evidently regarded Avignon as a possible city of refuge, and took measures to repair and fortify the palace. The last reverberation of the schism was felt at Avignon when the anti-pope, Felix V, made a futile attempt to seize the city and his partisans were hanged at the city gates. Avignon never saw pontiff again within her walls, and the city, until the Great Revolution, was ruled by legates.

Benedict, inflexible to the last, took refuge, after many vicissitudes, on the impregnable rock of Peñascola in Spain. The indomitable nonagenarian clung to his sacred office with increasing tenacity and, feeling his end near, created four cardinals on November 27, 1422; having bidden his little Curia elect a successor, he died two days later. His end was hastened by an odious attempt on the part of Domingo de Alava of the Cathedral of Saragossa to poison him in October 1418, at the instigation of Martin V's cardinal legate. Allured by 20,000 florins blood-money and the promise of the archdeaconate of Daroça, Domingo, having secured some arsenic from a Benedictine monk, succeeded in mixing it with the sweets which Benedict ate at dessert; the intended victim, narrowly escaping death, recovered after ten days' suffering.[1]

[1] See *Quellen und Forschungen*, Vol. XII. pp. 603–613, "Die Giftmischer an der Kurie," for the remarkable details of this dastardly outrage.

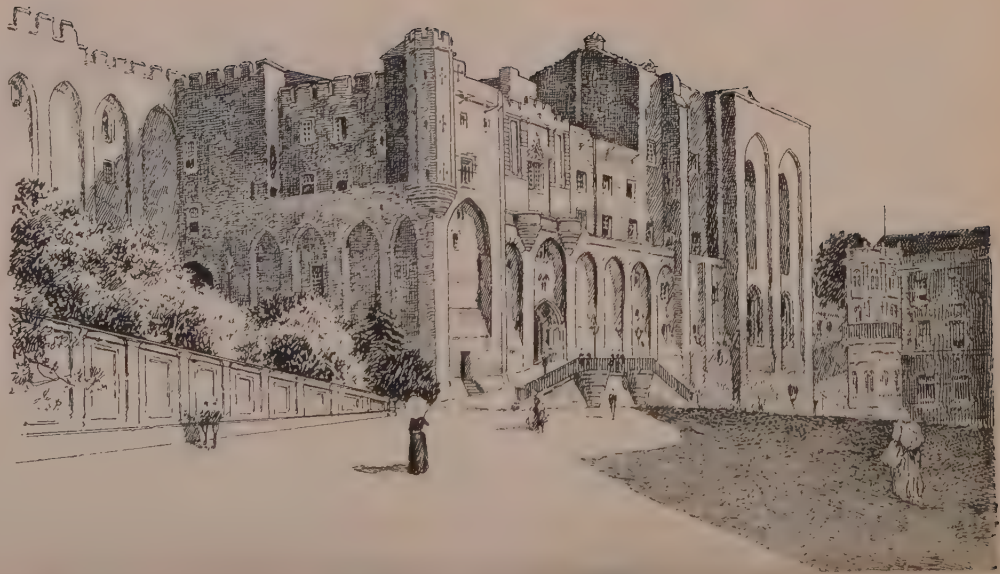
CHAPTER XIV

BUILDING OF THE GREAT PALACE—ART AND LUXURY AT PAPAL AVIGNON

It will now be convenient briefly to trace the growth of that remarkable edifice, at once a castle and a cloister, a palace and a prison, which constitutes the chief attraction of Avignon to-day, and which, although defaced by time and by modern restorers, remains in its massive grandeur a fitting memorial of the great line of pontiffs who have made that little city famous in the annals of Christendom.

We have seen that Pope John XXII, having allotted a piece of land to his nephew, Arnaud de Via, for the erection of a new episcopal palace, was content to modify and enlarge the old one for pontifical uses, and that Benedict XII, with characteristic straightforwardness, purchased the new fabric from Arnaud's heirs and, having handed it over to the diocesan authorities, proceeded to transform the old building into a stately and spacious apostolic palace for the head of Christendom. He was moved to this purchase after mature reflection, for it was a matter of urgent importance that the pontiff of the Church of Rome should possess a palace of his own at Avignon as long as it might be necessary for him to remain there.[1]

[1] The Bull dated June 5, 1336, is printed in the *Bulletin de Vaucluse*, 1881, pp. 381–383.



THE PAPAL PALACE, AVIGNON

The relations between Curia and Episcopate being thus clearly defined, Benedict appointed a compatriot, Pierre Poisson de Mirepoix, master of the works, and, since about two-thirds of the existing palace dates from Benedict's reign, Pierre Poisson may be regarded as its first architect.

More, probably, is known of the construction of the papal palace of Avignon than of any other relic of mediæval architecture. Thanks to the researches of Father Ehrle,[1] Prefect of the Vatican Library, and other scholars, the sums paid to the contractors, their names, the estimates of quantities, the wages of the chief workmen, and the price of materials, are before us, and we can trace day by day and month by month the progress of the great pile. The whole of the craftsmen, with the exception of the later master painters from Italy and some northern sculptors, were either Avignonais, Gascons or Provençals.

The first work undertaken by Pierre was the enlargement of the papal chapel[2] of John XXII. This was doubled in length, and the lavish decorations executed by John's master painter, Friar Pierre Dupuy, were continued on the walls of the added portion: payments for white, green, indigo, vermilion, carmine and other pigments, and for coloured tiles, testify to the brilliancy of its interior. On June 23, 1336, the enlarged chapel *satis spatiosam et speciosam* was dedicated by the Archbishop of Arles to SS. Peter and Paul, and a month later Benedict, by a papal bull, accorded various indulgences to those who

[1] Ehrle, F. S. J.: *De Hist. Pal. Rom. Pont. Aven.*, Rome, 1890. See also the writings of Eugène Müntz and Duhamel. For a more detailed exposition of the authorities see Digonnet's *Le Palais des Papes d'Avignon*.

[2] See Plan 6.

PLAN OF THE PAPAL PALACE, A.D. 1360

KEY TO PLAN (p. 214)

1. Tour de la Campane.
2. Tour de Trouillas.
3. Tour des Latrines.
4. Tour de St. Jean.
5. Tour des Anges.
6. Old Papal Chapel.
7. Hall of Consistory and State Dining Room.
9. Reception Hall.
10. Cloisters.
12. Kitchen.
15. Dining-room, Oratory, etc.
17. Cloister, S. side.
23–25. Cloister, upper floor.
30. Garde Robe.
31. Clement VI's New Chapel and Justice Hall.
35. Clement VI's West Entrance.
36. Tower of the White Cardinal.
37. Porte Notre Dame.
39. Tour de la Gache.
40. Tour de St. Laurent.
43. Buttress.
59. Notre Dame des Doms

should visit the beautiful sanctuary. Meanwhile work was proceeding on the massy new tower, the Turris Magne, now known as the Tour des Anges,[1] the best preserved of all the old towers. The foundations were laid on April 3, 1333,[2] and it was roofed with lead on March 18, 1337.[3] The basement formed the papal wine-cellar; the ground floor was the treasury, or strong room, where the specie, the jewels, the precious vessels of gold and silver and other valuables were stored; many payments are recorded for locks and bars and bolts for their safe-keeping within the ten-foot-thick walls of the tower. The floor above was used as the offices of the papal chamberlain, and a payment on the last day of June 1333 for four bedsteads and four benches for the four squires who watched over the treasury[4] proves how solicitous the papal officials were for the integrity of this valuable hoard. The second floor of the tower was used as the papal bedchamber, and in the inventory of 1374 a bed found there is described as "in the chamber where our lord the pope sleeps."[5] Traces of the frescoed decoration have recently been discovered. Three noble windows, with seats in their embrasures, afforded magnificent views over the papal gardens, the city and the lovely valley of the Rhone. The third floor was occupied by the papal library with its precious illuminated manuscripts and other bibliographical treasures, and the fourth floor, beneath the embattlemented summit, served as a guardroom.

The next great work put in hand was the east wing, which was raised on a space left by John's demolished, or partially demolished, structure. On November 20, 1337, two masons (*[illegible]*), Pierre

[1] See Plan 3. [2] Eubel, *De Sig. Pal. Pont. Rom.*, p. [illegible]
[3] Ehrle, p. [illegible]. [4] Ehrle, p. [illegible]. [5] Ehrle, p. [illegible].

Folcaud and Jean Chapelier, and a carpenter, Jacques Beyran, all of Avignon, contracted to carry out the plans of a new architect, Bernard Canello, for the completion of Benedict's private apartments, and on the same day Lambert Fabre and Martin Guinaud, housebreakers, were paid eighty-three gold florins on account, for the demolition of the old buildings.[1] This wing, since wholly remodelled by the legates and the modern corps of engineers, comprised the papal Garde Robe,[2] the Garde Meuble, the private kitchen and offices and, on the floor above, the papal dining-room, study and private oratory[3]: the walls were, of course, embattlemented, and in 1337 the most exposed portions of the new buildings were defended by a stout rampart. Having taken possession of his new quarters, Benedict next turned his attention to the north, and on July 26, 1338, Jean Folcaud, Jacques Alasaud, Pierre Audibert, Pierre Chapelier and Bernard Ganiac, of Avignon, were paid for work on a new wing,[4] which was roofed on September 1, 1338.[5] The whole ground floor, 110 feet by 33, was occupied by a great reception hall[6] (*camera paramenti*), where distinguished visitors were accorded a first welcome before being admitted to a private audience or accorded a solemn state reception in Consistory, as the import of their embassy demanded. The popes were also used to receive the cardinals there, and two doorkeepers were appointed who must be faithful, virtuous and honest men and sleep in the hall: their office, being one of great trust, was highly paid, and they were generally laymen.[7] It was probably in this hall that St. Catherine was received by Clement VI.

[1] Ehrle, p. 27. [2] See Plan 30. [3] See Plan 15.
[4] Ehrle, p. 27, 28. [5] Ehrle, p. 28. [6] See Plan 9.
[7] *Avvisamenti pro regimine*, Muratori III. pt. 2, p. 812.

The Avignon conclaves were held there, for on December 31, 1352, four hundred and fifteen days' and nights' labour were employed in breaking down the walls between the dining-hall and the Camera Paramenti, clearing away the stones and making secret chambers for the lord cardinals, in which chambers were twenty-eight cells.[1] In the times of the legates this fine hall served their Italian servants for practising the favourite national game of *pallone*,[2] as its subsequent appellation—Jeu de Ballon—implies, and no for the English game of football, as M. Digonnet curiously interprets. On the floor over the Camera Paramenti were the apartments for exalted guests, such as good king John of France, who lodged at Avignon at least three times, and the Emperor Charles IV in 1365. An entry (1370) for covering with linen cloth the windows of the emperor's room,[3] and an earlier payment (October 9, 1347) for a similar covering to the windows of the chamber of our lord the pope,[4] prove that the windows of the rooms in the palace were unglazed. These, in common with all the great chambers of the palace, have been wholly transformed by the military authorities.

Work was next begun on the extension of the east wing in the direction of the present Tour de Trouillas[5]: on October 10, 1332, J. Mata, Bertrand Galfuer and Pierre de Lunelle contracted to build the walls of the new Consistory and towers, on the rock towards the gardens.[6] Work, as usual, was pushed

[1] Ehrle, p. 66.

[2] *Pilæ majoris lusus:* thus designated by Jodocus Sincerus, who travelled thither in the latter half of the seventeenth century.

[3] Ehrle, p. 83.

[4] Ehrle: *Pro intelando fenestras camere domini nostri pape*, p. 61.

[5] See Plan 2.

[6] Ehrle, p. 28.

rapidly forward : on August 7, 1339, the tilers were paid for the roofing, and on January 26, 1341,[1] a final measuring up was made of the whole construction—the Consistory, the great state dining-hall, and the two towers of the Consistory and of the latrines with the barbicans, battlements, machicoulis and staircases.[2] The Hall of Consistory,[3] a noble chamber about 135 feet by 12, has also been disfigured and remodelled by the engineers. In the early nineteenth century, traces of the lofty *sedilium consistorii*, whereon the pontiffs sat enthroned amid the cardinals in all their majesty, were still evident. It was on August 10, 1339, that Master Bernard, of Avignon, mason, was paid fifteen florins of Florence for carving the seats of this throne. Be it noted in passing that some payments were also made to an English mason Johanni Anglici,[4] or Englici. The state dining-hall occupied the upper floor and was of the same dimensions as the Consistory : the tower of the Consistory is the one familiar to visitors to the palace as the Tour St. Jean[5] with its chapels of St. Jean and St. Martial. At the north end of this Consistorial wing were the great kitchen,[6] the various offices, and the Tour des Latrines[7] (*turris latrinarum*), of sinister fame since the Revolution as the Tour de la Glacière, so-called from its proximity to the ice-cellar in the days of the Legates. The windows of the chapel of the Consistory and the state dining-room were glazed, as a payment October 14, 1339,[8] to Proys the glazier proves. On November 10[9] Jean Mathe and Jean Calhe had built the kitchen and fitted it with a great

[1] Ehrle, p. 32. [2] Ehrle, pp. 42, 43. [3] See Plan 7.
[4] Ehrle, p. 32. [5] See Plan 4. [6] See Plan 12.
[7] See Plan 3. [8] Ehrle, pp. 33, 34. [9] Ehrle, p. 34.

oven and a funnel-shaped chimney, which may still be seen, and which was formerly shown by the guides to awe-stricken visitors as the vent of the Inquisition torture chamber. A butler's pantry, dresser and other culinary accessories were subsequently added. Coal was evidently in use, for in the inventory of 1369 fifty baskets of *carbone lapideo* (stone coal) and about sixty of *carbone lignorum* (charcoal) were found stored in the palace for use in the kitchen.[1] In January 1344 Pierre Proti and André d'Alais constructed the great stone conduit which drained the kitchen into the Sorgue, and along which the plotters of 1398 crept: it was discovered and cleared in 1858 for the drainage of the barracks.

On December 28, 1338, Gugliemo Salve, Raymond Chabaud and Martin Grivart contracted to demolish the *hospitium* near the street of the Blessed Mary, and were to clear the ground as far as the tower next the new chapel, for the erection of the wing between the Tour de la Campane[2] and the Camera Paramenti. No less than seven contractors, John the Englishman among them, took part in the construction, and on February 20, 1340, the final accounts were settled for the wing of the new palace against the church of Blessed Marie de Domps[3]: the apartments served to lodge various members of the papal household. On September 5, 1339, John's old belfry was pulled down and Jean Mauser de Carnot, who asserted he had excavated 11,300 basketfuls of rubbish, was paid at the rate of twelve deniers the hundred for the work: evidently these were good times for basket makers as well as builders. December 22, 1340, three contractors, Isnard and Raymond Durand and

[1] Ehrle, p. 85.

[2] See Plan 1.

[3] Ehrle, pp. 29 and 36.

Jacques Gasquet, received 1,273 florins for the completed new tower, with its barbicans, battlements and machicoulis,[1] which was on the site and which retained the appellation of the Tour de la Campane, or Bell Tower. The embattlemented and machicolated summit, but not the chastelet, of this mighty tower has recently been restored: its walls are nearly twelve feet thick. The basement, as in the Tour des Anges, was a strong room, as subsequent payments (February 5, 1344)[2] for chests and cupboards for the silver vessels and scarlet of our lord the pope, prove. The upper floors were used by dignitaries of the Court and still show Benedict's simple escutcheon. The topmost floor was an armoury and guardroom, as in the other towers. As the new wing enclosed the cloisters[3] of the old episcopal palace, Benedict rebuilt them, but since they were irregular in form, his architect contrived to mask the irregularity by making the arches equal in height although varying in span: on the south side—the smallest—he used three instead of four arches.[4] The cloisters supported an upper floor[5] with two-light windows, and a door led from the south of the chapel to the cloisters. Relics of these cloisters and the bell-gable Benedict erected at the south-west corner, may still be seen. The pontifical bell, which from its silvery tone was known as the *cloche d'argent*, rang for the last time during the perpetration of the massacres in the Glacière.

Benedict's last undertaking was the erection of the Tour de Trouillas,[6] next the Tour des Latrines, and on April 20, 1341, sixteen rubbish baskets were bought for the "Saracens that excavated the foundations of the

[1] Ehrle, pp. 40, 41. [2] Ehrle, p. 54. [3] See Plan 10.
[4] See Plan 17. [5] See Plan 23–25. [6] Plan 2.

turris nove.[1] The Tour de Trouillas, tallest and stoutest of the keeps of the mighty fortress, is 175 feet high as compared with the 150 feet of the Tour de la Campane, and its walls fifteen feet thick as compared with twelve feet. It should be noted, however, that the latter tower appears the taller owing to the elevated ground whereon it stands. Benedict did not live to see the completion of the tower, for it was not until February 19, 1345, that a final measuring up of the work was made and accounts settled with the masters of the Turris de Trulhacio.[2] On June 17, figure payments for roofing the tower with lead,[3] and on April 18, 1347, three iron crosses were bought, one of which was erected on its summit; one was raised on the hospitium of our lord the pope across the Rhone, the third on the marshal's tower.[4] The basement of the Tour de Trouillas served as a wood store, and a terrible conflagration accounts for various payments, June 13, August 25, and September 30, for repairs, including four leaded windows, a fleur-de-lys and a cross, to the said tower lately burnt.[5] This tower is the legendary prison of Rienzi, and on March 27, 1353, payment is made for a lock of the tower, in which the Tribune dwells (*moratur*).[6] Provisions were kept over the wood store, and in the central apartments the guest-master was lodged: the upper floor, as usual was a guardroom and armoury. The inventory of 1369[7] specifies in the upper room of the *parve turris* and other towers, shields, casks of sulphur, stones, jars of oil, ox hides, cross-bows, springales, balisters, canones de la garrote, and ninety-six English long-bows, painted. Entries in October 1347 refer to carrying stones to the tops of towers;

[1] Ehrle, p. 45. [2] Ehrle, p. 52. [3] Ehrle, p. 51.
[4] Ehrle, p. 60. [5] Ehrle, p. 73.
[6] Ehrle, p. 67. [7] Ehrle, p. 84.

payments for springales, balisters, lances, and for carrying the springales to the upper chambers of a tower.[1]

Clement VI appointed a new master of the works, Jean de Loubières, whom we find in October 1342[2] employed in minor works on the palace—a door to the pope's private chapel; a door in the chamber next the tower near the Blessed Mary. April 26, 1344, he figures as Magister Johannes de Lupera and is paid for carving four apes of stone in human form to be placed at his cost over the portal of the palace and for their carriage over the Rhone[3]: they served as gargoyles. On December 4, 1342, work was in progress on the tower of the Garde Robe of our lord the pope next the great tower (Tour des Anges) where our lord the pope sleeps; and since Master Christian the glazier was paid on August 12, 1345, for putting in three double windows in the new chapel built over the Garde Robe,[4] it is clear that the tower was then approaching completion. This private chapel, on which Clement lavished all the artistic decoration he could command—carvings and frescoed walls—was dedicated to St. Michael. Having bought, by private agreement or by arbitration, all the houses adjacent to the palace on the south side, Clement next proceeded to demolish them and on the site to raise the noblest and most beautiful wing of the great palace. This edifice, *valde mysteriosum*,[5] and known to contemporaries as the great new palace, comprised a spacious Chapel and Hall of Justice; and on August 9, 1344, contracts were made for cutting away and levelling the rock above the present Rue Peyrolerie, whereon, by October 21, 1351, the masons had raised their beautiful building.[6]

[1] Ehrle, p. 61. [2] Ehrle, p. 48. [3] Ehrle, p. 50.
[4] Ehrle, p. 54. [5] Baluze, I. 277–8. [6] See Plan 31.

On that day, by order of our lord the pope, one hundred florins were handed over by the papal chamber to Master John of Loubières to distribute among the masters to celebrate the placing of the keystone in the vaulting of the new chapel of the palace and the completion of the said chapel[1]: on All Saints' Day of that same year Clement recited (a month before his death) the first solemn mass in his great new chapel and preached a most eloquent sermon, praising God for the completion of his life's work.[2] The lower hall, most famous of judicial chambers in Christendom and final Court of Appeal in all questions of international and ecclesiastical law, was later in opening, for it was only on February 19, 1352, that Master John of Loubières received twenty-three florins for the bench in horse-shoe form, on which sat the *Auditeurs de la Rote*,[3] as the judges of Appeal were designated, from the Rota, or revolving bookcase and desk, that stood before them for convenient reference to legal authorities. On April 7 of the same year Guillaume Viaud and two other carpenters were paid for erecting a chancel before the august tribunal and for upholstering the judges' seats: other payments were made for locks, windows, benches, stools, an altar,[4] etc. The last portion of the new wing to be completed was the terrace on the roof, since on December 24 and 29, 1354, forty-six florins were disbursed for "the steps by which one ascends to the terrace of the great chapel," and for battlements: at the same time contract was made for cutting, polishing and carving a stone altar for the great new chapel and placing it safe and whole in position at the contractor's risk.[5]

[1] Ehrle, p. 65. [2] Baluze, I. 278. [3] Ehrle, p. 65.
[4] Ehrle, p. 65. [5] Ehrle, p. 69.

ST. SIFFREIN

[*To face p.* 224.

While the law courts and chapel were under construction John of Loubières was also erecting a new west wing[1] (the present façade of the palace), and on August 3, 1351, the various chambers which composed it—the new offices of the papal exchequer, of the cubicularius, etc.—were being prepared for occupation: a picturesque narrow vaulted gallery which gave easy access to these important chambers is shown to visitors, and wrongly described as the "Gallery of the Conclave." The battlements were unfinished at Clement's death, and it was not until April 30, 1357,[2] that a final settlement was made with the contractors for the whole work, including the two decorated turrets, with their steeple-like roofs which flanked the new entrance,[3] and which were only destroyed in 1770, leaving their bases as we see them to-day. In Benedict's time the palace was bounded on the west by a stout rampart, similar to that on the south, and the main entrance, for which Master John carved the ape-like gargoyles, was at the north-west corner[4]: part of this portal, walled up, may still be seen at the top of the modern steps which lead to the cathedral. The gate was fortified and defended by a turret[5] (the turret of the White Cardinal), where guards held watch day and night. Called in Benedict's time the Great Portal, it subsequently became known as the Porte Notre Dame when Clement's new entrance had been completed. In 1346 payment is made for a portcullis for the Great Portal.[6]

Clement's new portal was also furnished with a port-

[1] See Plan 54. [2] Ehrle, p. 72. [3] See Plan 35.
[4] See Plan 37. [5] See Plan 36.
[6] *Pro factura porte colatissie in magna porta per quam itur ad ecclesiam beate Marie de Domps.* Ehrle, p. 58.

cullis and approached by a rampe, not by stairs as in modern times. Each end of the new west wing was buttressed by a tower, that at the north involving the reconstruction of Benedict's turret, which now defended the approaches to both portals : the south tower[1]

ENTRANCE TO THE PAPAL PALACE, AVIGNON

adjacent to the new south wing is referred to in the accounts as the great tower of the new palace, or as the *Turris Gragie* (*Gache*, a watchtower) : on June 30, 1370, a stonemason of Villeneuve was paid for renewing the battlements of the Turris Gragie, which had been destroyed by the wind.[2] Payments were made

[1] See Plan 39.

[2] Ehrle, p. 79.

for digging its foundations on May 18, 1346, and six years later the minor Court of Appeal, *Audientia Contradictorum*, was installed on the lower floor; and on May 4, 1352, Guillaume Viaud was paid for making the bench on which the dominie auditor sat.[1] The upper floors lodged part of the army of papal officials, the topmost chamber being, as usual, a guard-room and armoury.

On April 6, 1353, Innocent VI employed John of Loubières to finish the Tour de la Gache, and to erect yet another tower.[2] This, the last of the great work of construction, was probably, apart from military reasons, necessitated by the lie of the rocky foundation on which John's graceful and daring edifice stood. Indeed, as we shall soon learn, this part of the palace was not long in showing signs of weakness. The new tower,[3] now known as the Tour de St. Laurent, is styled *Turres revestiarii*, or Vestry Tower,[4] in the accounts, and Innocent evidently intended to block up the narrow lane which skirted the palace by his new tower and open another entrance to the palace there. But the citizens complained, the doorway was blocked up, and a new way cut round the base of the tower. The great papal architect died before the completion of the work, since the first payment of 100 florins, January 26, 1358, was on account of work done by Bertrand Chapelier himself and by John of Loubières, *quondam magister edificiorum palatii*[5] —all honour to the memory of Master John. The tower of St. Lawrence, with its fine buttresses, is well preserved, and has a most imposing aspect as seen from the Rue Peyrolerie. Interesting items in the accounts (May 10 and June 28, 1354) refer to pay-

[1] Ehrle, p. 65. [2] Ehrle, p. 67. [3] See Plan 40.
[4] Ehrle, pp. 73, 74. [5] Ehrle, p. 68.

BUTTRESS IN THE RUE DE LA PEYROLERIE

ments for breaking away the rock of the Place du Palais (the space before the west wing), that folk coming for indulgences during Holy Week may collect there without danger, and for making a certain pulpit *cadafalco* in the Place for the preaching of a sermon, and for condemning the doings of the heretics.[1] The cutting of the Rue Peyrolerie round the base of the vestry tower, and the inherent lightness of the south wing soon gave cause for anxiety, and on November 20, 1357, Pierre Geoffrey and Pierre Foucaud, masons, contracted to make a way between the new chapel and the marshal's palace, and to erect a buttress[2] outside the chapel at the middle[3]: next year further sums were allotted *pro faciendo . . . unum Pillare sive anchoam.*

Among the amenities of the old palace were the spacious and lovely gardens on the east, with their clipped hedges, avenues of trees, flower-beds and covered and frescoed walls, all kept fresh and green by channels of water. John XXII maintained a menagerie of lions and other wild and strange beasts; stately peacocks swept proudly along the green swards, for the inventory of 1369 specifies seventeen peacocks, some old and some young, whereof six are white.[4]

Urban V is credited by his biographer with having added a new quarter to the papal palace, commonly known as *Roma*, wherein were chambers, dwellings, covered areas and gardens of wondrous beauty; the buildings being more pleasant than any other part of the existing edifice.[5] The whole of this palace of delight has vanished, and the marvellous fabric as we know it to-day is almost entirely due to the great building popes, Benedict XII and Clement VI.

[1] Ehrle, p. 68. [2] See Plan 43. [3] Ehrle, p. 73.
[4] Ehrle, p. 86. [5] Baluze, Vol. I. p. 392.

But we have as yet dealt chiefly with the external shell of this mass of architecture which, tall and mighty, raises its once impregnable walls and towers against the sky. The beauty of its interior remains briefly to be touched upon, for the fortress palace had, as Clement left it, some analogy with the great Moorish palace of the Alhambra in that it stood outwardly grim and strong, while within it was a shrine of exquisite and luxurious art.

In 1335 a certain cardinal, passing through Siena on his return to Avignon, saw Simone Memmi, of that city, working on a fresco of the Madonna and Saints at the Porta Camolia: he was struck by its beauty, and invited the artist to come to Avignon. There Simone met the *amorosissimo poeta* Francesco Petrarca, and having painted a portrait of the fair Laura which satisfied her ardent lover, was paid by two sonnets, "which brought more fame to the poor life of Master Simone than all his works have brought him or will bring."[1] The date of the painter's arrival at Avignon is uncertain, but Simone was settled at the papal city in 1338, with his wife and brother Donato, and concerned in a lawsuit at the Audientia on behalf of the Dominican friars of his native city; and according to the register of deaths at the church of St. Domenico at Siena (August 4, 1344), Master Simone, painter, had recently died at Avignon. Memmi, during the Avignon period, worked on the porch of Notre Dame des Doms, and painted for the Avignon churches many altar-pieces, now either lost or scattered about Europe; but, so far as the papal accounts show, never in the great palace. The

[1] Vasari: *Vita di Simone e Lippo Memmi*, Sonnets lvii., lviii. The much-discussed portrait was painted on parchment: *la ritrasse in carta*, lvii. l. 7.

austere Benedict, who, his biographer tells us, left the walls of the Consistory naked, appears to have expended little on the pictorial decoration of the halls and chambers erected during his pontificate ; but with the elevation of the luxurious and art-loving Clement VI a new spirit breathes over the fabric ; the stern simplicity and noble strength of his predecessor's work assume an internal vesture of richness and beauty : the walls glow with azure and gold ; a legion of Gallic sculptors and Italian painters lavish their art on the embellishment of the palace.

On September 22, 1343, the papal chamber purchased twenty pounds of azure for Master Matheum Johaneti de Viterbo in *Ybernia*[1] ; for the painting of the Garde Robe of our lord the pope. On February 4, 1344, Simonet of Lyons, Bisson of Chalons and Jean Moys, were paid at the rate of four soldi the square cannæ[2] for painting certain wall spaces, and on the same day Robin of Romans received twenty-two florins for painting that part of the chamber of our lord the pope which had been broken down for the Conclave.[3] The accounts, in accord with mediæval custom, know no degrees in the denomination of craftsmen ; a painter is a painter whether he create a frescoed image of the Blessed Virgin in all her divine beauty or paint a doorpost. It is, therefore, only by the amount paid for covering a given space that the kind of work may generally be inferred. On February 9 Bernard Escot and Pierre de Castro received eighty florins for painting one of the pope's chambers[4] ; and on March 29 sums were paid for painting the new

[1] Ehrle, p. 49. There must surely be a misreading here.
[2] Ehrle, p. 49. About two yards : a *canna* = 8 *pans* of 9 inches.
[3] Ehrle, p. 49.
[4] Ehrle, p. 49.

chapel and erecting a staging for the painters in the small chamber of our lord near the entrance to the *camera paramenti*;[1] on April 26 Masters N. of Florence and Ricconi of Arezzo received for themselves and their mates 200 florins for painting the big chamber contiguous to our lord the pope's small dining-room;[2] on May 18 Master Giovanni Luca of Siena received fifty florins for painting done by him on a wall of the great chapel,[3] and on August 25 the chamber purchased from Vivello Salvi, merchant of Avignon, fifty foils of fine gold for Master Matteo Giovanetti for his work on the new chapel of our lord the pope;[4] on September 6 Ricconi of Arezzo and Pietro di Viterbo, painters, had decorated the ceiling of the Garde Robe with azure and stars, and on November 12 the apostolic chamber delivered to Matteo Giovanetti di Viterbo sixteen pounds of fine azure[5] for use in painting the room now known as the chapel of St. Martial. In 1345 payments came thick and fast for precious materials for the painters: on February 11 the chamber bought 100 foils of fine gold; on April 12, fifty more foils of the same; on July 8, sixty-two foils of gilded tinfoil for the stars of the ceiling; on August 27, thirty-three foils of fine burnished gold (*bruniti*) and 500 pieces of silver for Master Matteo. On October 6 cloth of gold was bought to place behind our lord the pope's chair in the small dining-room; on November 21 a settlement to date was made with Matteo Giovanetti, who took 119 florins for painting the walls of the great dining hall and other work.[6]

On January 3, 1346, Master Matteo estimated

[1] Ehrle, p. 50. [2] Ehrle, p. 50. [3] Ehrle, p. 50.
[4] Ehrle, p. 51. [5] Ehrle, p. 51. [6] Ehrle, pp. 51–55.

his expenses for painting the chapels of St. Michael and St. Martial. For the former chapel, at the top of the tower of the Garde Robe of our lord the pope, to wit, from January 19, 1344, to September 25, 1345, 504 days according to divers rates of wages, as stated in his private account book, were settled for. But since the frescoes of the latter sanctuary have survived it will be of interest to give with more detail Matteo's account of work done there. The painters were at work on the chapel of St. Martial for 640 days at varying rates of wages. This Matteo estimated at a total of 89 livres, 10 sous, 7 deniers. Matteo also estimated his out-of-pocket expenses for certain colours in addition to those supplied to him by the papal chamber, and for solvents for the said colours, to wit : oil, varnish, eggs, size and gum ; for vessels to hold the colours ; for brushes, crayons, green and white tin ; for twenty pieces of gold ; for nails and for grinding the tools and other petty things—the whole at 13 livres, 15 sous, 8 deniers : the total sum for the painting of the said chapel of St. Martial amounted to 103 livres, 6 sous, 3 deniers. Matteo computed his own work in painting the said chapels from January 19, 1344, to September 1, 1345, inclusive, at 425 days, and for this there was due to him 170 lire piccoli, being at the rate of eight soldi the day. This was equivalent to 141 florins, 16 soldi, at the rate of 23 soldi to the florin. The whole cost of painting the said two chapels amounted to 293 florins, 12 soldi.[1]

[1] Ehrle, pp. 55, 56. The expenses for painting the chapels would, therefore, be equivalent to over £1000 in modern money without reckoning the cost of the more valuable materials supplied by the chamber. Matteo appears to have taken about 25*s.* a day.

Matteo, therefore, appears to have been the general contractor and master of the staff of painters, and on February 3 and April 3, 1346, he asserted that he and his men had covered 178 square canna with painting in the great dining-hall and other parts of the apostolic palace.[1] On April 5 the accounts are more specific as to subject, for Master Giovanetti, we learn, had painted over the door of the chapel[2] in the palace an image of the Blessed Mary with her Son ; and the master and his men were paid their salaries for this work executed from November 19 to April 4, and for divers *coloribus grossis*, such as azure and gold, Matteo had bought. Many foils of gold and 200 foils of silver were used in painting the said image of the Blessed Virgin.[3] On April 18, 1347, Master Matteo was paid for paintings on the side of the Consistory, where are the Coronation and the four popes, and for painting an altar-piece on wood for the chapel of the said palace and for purchases of colours. In 1348 are many entries of wages paid, and azure delivered, to Matteo for painting the Consistory. Matteo also worked for Clement's old monastery and prospective burial-place at Chaise-Dieu, for in 1350 he was paid at Avignon 254 florins, 20 soldi, 2 danari for eight pictures to be sent thither.[4] In January 1355 Lo Rey, a painter of Avignon, is painting rooms in the treasury, and on December 29 of the same year Guglielmo Ribaudini was paid for painting the door and repairing the pictures in the small room where our lord the pope eats.[5] Andreas Belvacensis, illu-

[1] Ehrle, p. 56. [2] St. Martial. [3] Ehrle, p. 57.
[4] Eugene Müntz : *L'Argent et le Luxe à la cour pontif. d'Avignon. Rev. Quest. Hist.* Tom. lxvi. 5, 44 and 378–406.
[5] Ehrle, p. 70.

minator of manuscripts, received three deniers for each gilded letter and three sous per 100 for floral letters. In 1347 one florin each was paid for ten large initial letters of a Mass-book, and 937 small letters in minium and gold were settled for at six sous the 100. A Bible cost the chamber 60 florins, two volumes of Decretals 45 florins.

Such, in brief outline, was the progress of the mighty fabric and its internal decoration which the great popes of Avignon raised to be their dwelling-place, their fortress, and the ecclesiastical centre of Christendom. Though shorn of all its pristine beauty and robbed of much of its symmetry, it stands to-day in bulk and majesty much as it stood at the end of Clement VI's reign, when a contemporary writer describes it as a quadrangular edifice, enclosed within high walls and towers and constructed in most noble (*solemnia*) style, and though it was all most beautiful to look upon, there were three parts of transcendent beauty : the Audientia, the Capella major, and the terraces; and these were so admirably planned and contrived that peradventure no palace comparable to it was to be found in the whole world.[1] The terraces referred to were those raised over the great chapel, and were formed of stone, bedded in asphalte and laid on a staging of stout oak joists: the view from the terraces was unparalleled for range and beauty.

The glowing splendour of frescoed walls was enhanced by gorgeous hangings and tapestries and by the magnificent robes and jewels of popes and cardinals. Crowds of goldsmiths—forty were employed at the papal court—embroiderers and silk mercers, made Avignon famous throughout Europe. In 1337, 318 florins were paid for eight Paris carpets; in 1343,

[1] Baluze, Vol. I. p. 261.

Clement VI paid 213 florins for green silk hangings, and 254 florins for carpets adorned with roses; in 1348, 400 gold and silver vessels turned the scales at 862 marks, 5 ounces; in the inventory of 1369, despite the fact that the most precious had been sent to Rome, the gold vessels were weighed out at 1434 marks,[1] 1 ounce; the silver at 5525 marks, 7 ounces. A cardinal's hat cost from 15 to 40 florins, and in 1348, 150 florins were paid for one piece of scarlet for the pope, and 75 to 100 florins for the garniture of a riding cloak. Clement VI spent 1278 florins in the purchase of cloth of gold, woven by the Saracens of Damascus; one payment to Jacopo Malabayla of Asti for summer and winter clothing for the papal household amounted to 6510 florins, and the same obviously Hebrew merchant received 10,652 florins in 1341 for cloth and ermine and beaver; in 1347 Clement's furrier received 1080 ermine skins, whereof 430 were used in one cloak, 310 for a mantle, 150 for two hoods, and 88 for nine birettas; in 1351, 2258 florins went to Tuscany for silk, and 385 for brocade to Venice.[2] The richness of the papal utensils beggars description: jewelled cups, flagons of gold, knife handles of jasper and ivory, forks of mother-of-pearl and gold—a goldsmith in 1382 was paid 14 florins for repairing two of the last-named implements. The *flabelli*, or processional

[1] The French mark was equivalent to 244·75 grammes.

[2] Many precious objects came from the application of the *Jus Spolii*, or appropriation by the popes, of a large part of the property of a deceased bishop. Between 1343 and 1350 no less than 1200 volumes of valuable MSS. found their way to the papal library, and in 1373 six beautiful tapestries were appropriated. Many gifts from these sources were made to relations and royal personages.—Samaran and Mollat, *La Fiscalité pont. au XV*, p. 106.

feather fans, cost 14 florins; Benedict XIII paid 300 florins for an enamelled silver bit; the Golden Roses cost from 100 to 300 florins. Presents of jewels were costly and frequent. Gregory XI gave 168 pearls, value 179 francs,[1] to the citizens of Avellino; Clement VII presented the Duke of Burgundy with a ring of gold, worth 335 florins; an *aiguière* of gold and pearls, valued at 1000 florins, and two tables each over 200 florins: richer gifts were lavished on sovereign princes. Reliquaries were of prodigious value: the gold cross containing a piece of the true Cross, at the Célestins weighed fifteen pounds; in 1375 a silver arm for the image of St. Andrew cost over 2566 florins.[2]

The cardinals were equally munificent. The most striking example of lavish splendour is afforded by the State banquet given to Clement V by the Cardinals Arnaud de Palegrue and Pierre Taillefer in May 1308: Clement, as he descended from his litter, was received by his hosts and twenty chaplains, who conducted him to a chamber hung with richest tapestries from floor to ceiling; he trod on velvet carpet of triple pile; his state-bed was draped with fine crimson velvet, lined with white ermine; the sheets of silk were embroidered with silver and gold. The table was served by four papal knights and twelve squires, who each received silver girdles and purses filled with gold from the hosts: fifty cardinals' squires assisted them in serving the banquet, which consisted of nine courses of three plates each—twenty-seven dishes in all. The meats were built up in fantastic form: castles, gigantic stags, boars, horses, &c. After the fourth

[1] The gold franc was worth considerably more than a florin. See p. 188.

[2] Eugene Müntz: *L'Argent et le Luxe, etc.*

service, the cardinals offered his holiness a milk-white steed worth 400 florins ; two gold rings, jewelled with an enormous sapphire and a no less enormous topaz ; and a bowl, worth 100 florins: sixteen cardinal guests and twenty prelates were given rings and jewels, and twelve young clerks of the papal house and twenty-four serjeants-at-arms received purses filled with florins. After the fifth service, a great tower with a fount whence gushed forth five sorts of choicest wines was carried in : and a tourney was run during the interval between the seventh and eighth courses. Then followed a concert of sweetest music, and dessert was furnished by two trees—one of silver, bearing rarest fruits of all kinds, and the other loaded with sugared fruits of many colours. Various wines were then served, whereupon the master cooks, with thirty assistants, executed dances before the guests. Clement, by this time, having had enough, retired to his chamber, where, lest he might faint for lack of refreshment during the night, wine and spices were brought to him : the entertainment ended with dances and distractions of many kinds.[1]

There is no reason to believe that the Avignon popes, either in their household expenditure or in their personal luxury, were more extravagant than their Roman predecessors or successors. It was the Italian wars, the falling off of the Italian revenues, and the exhaustion of France by the English wars, leading to the merciless application of financial extortion all over Christendom, that laid the train which exploded in the Reformation. So driven for money was Clement VII that he forced his collectors to anticipate their payments under pain of excommunication, and authorized them to pledge the

[1] E. Müntz : *L'Argent et le Luxe, etc.*, pp. 403, 404.

future fiscal revenues, or their own possessions, to raise ready money; and since the reputation of being a good collector was the shortest cut to a prelacy, the temptation to rapacity was overwhelming.[1]

Yet amid all this luxury, strange defects of comfort appear to the modern sense. Windows, as we have seen, were generally covered with waxed cloth or linen; carpets were rare, and rushes were strewn on the floors of most of the rooms : from May to November 1349 more than 300 loads of rushes were supplied for use in the dining-rooms and chambers of the apostolic palace. Subsequently mats were introduced, and in 1352 Pierre de Glotos, mat-maker to the palace of our lord the pope, was paid for 275 cannæ of matting for the palace of Avignon and for the palace beyond the Rhone at eleven soldi the canna : payments for matting are also found for the new chapel and for the rooms wherein our lord the pope lies.[2]

[1] Samaran and Mollat, pp. 66, 120, 121.
[2] Ehrle, *Addenda*.

CHAPTER XV

LIFE IN A MEDIÆVAL CITY—LAW AND JUSTICE AT AVIGNON—THE JEWS

But what of the little folk of Avignon—the merchant, the shopkeeper, the craftsman, the day drudge? They, amid the great achievements of the mediæval craftsmen in the arts of ecclesiastic, civic and domestic life, dwelt among scenes of revolting squalor. There was no public lighting or paving of the streets; open sewers ran down them; pigs, geese, fowls and other animals fed on the garbage and dungheaps that lay on the public ways; slops and dead animals were flung into the streets, which were fouled by nameless filth. At nightfall, after the curfew had rung from the Cathedral of Avignon or from St. Pierre, and the Pope's trumpeter had blown his blast, no citizen could leave his house unless he carried a lantern, and no stranger durst be seen in the streets at all unless accompanied by a citizen with a lantern;[1] fires and chimneys were rare, and as late as the seventeenth century it was found necessary to pass a law that every house should have at least one chimney.[2] Human life was held cheap and punish-

[1] M. A. R. de Maulde: *Anciens Textes, Coutumes et Règlements de la République d'Avignon.* Paris, 1879. An invaluable authority for the communal government of the thirteenth century.

[2] *Statutes de la Ville d'Avignon*, 1698.

ments were of appalling ferocity. The *Cour Temporelle*, or secular court of Avignon, had, at the purchase of the city by Clement VI, assumed the duties of the court instituted by the Convention of Beaucaire,[1] which court was composed of a viguier and two judges. This tribunal became the *Curia Regis* when the countship of Provence was united with the realms of the Two Sicilies and, after the *maledetta venditio*, was known as the *Curia temporalis domini pape :* it held its sittings near the church of St. Pierre, and was subsequently designated the Cour de St. Pierre.

The viguier, or chief magistrate, formerly appointed by the counts of Provence, was nominated by the popes, and after the schism, by the cardinal legate. Justice was not venal, and the judges were paid a fixed salary ; they were ordered to avoid all suspicion of partiality and to refuse presents. The court, only when presided over by the viguier, could pronounce sentence of death ; judgment and sentences were to be delivered within a month after the conclusion of pleadings lest suits should become immortal. Unlimited right of appeal was granted in civil cases to a special commission *ad hoc* of learned and notable citizens of Avignon ; in criminal matters, to the viguier, who probably instituted a commission, although this is not specifically stated in the constitution of the court.[2] Within three days the public prosecutor must lay before the court a statement of the charges against any prisoner. The civil police consisted of a sous-viguier with ten *compagnons* or personal guards, chosen by himself, and thirty-two *sergents* appointed by the viguier, and

[1] See p. 41.

[2] *La Cour Temporelle d'Avignon*, J. Girard and P. Pansier. *Pièces Justificatives, XVI.*

commanded by a captain. The police duties of the sous-viguier covered attendance at the court, the supervision of the markets, especially the butchers' and fishmongers' quarters. The guards watched over the public morals, and when the curfew tolled had their regular stations in the city. The sergeants, armed cap-à-pie and with sword and buckler, were responsible for public order ; for the arrest of criminals and ordinary police duties. The jailer was charged to keep order in the prison, and was authorized to receive twelve denari for a first day's incarceration ; six denari bed money for the first night's lodging, and three for each subsequent night. Prisoners paid for their food, but they might have meals sent from the outside, as well as their beds, in which case nothing was due to the jailer : he was also expressly ordered not to urge the prisoners to purchase provisions of him, but to facilitate in every way the distribution of the food which was provided for poor prisoners by pious and charitable guilds. Immediately after the reception of a prisoner the jailer was to advise the court and the relatives of the accused.[1] Alongside the prisoners' cells the executioner was lodged, who was paid by the piece, as may be seen from the statement of moneys due to Guillaume Brinhon, executeur des hautes-œuvres of the secular court. During the eight months between June 11, 1328, and February 5, 1329, sixty-one criminals were delivered for punishment to this *carnificem sanguinis*, the greater number to be whipped for simple theft ; among other more serious *fustigaciones seu execusiones*, the following are characteristic—

To whipping and cutting off the hand of Jean de Astraca for many evil deeds, 5 soldi, 6 danari.

[1] Girard and Pansier : *Pièces Justificatives, XVI.*

To whipping and cutting off the ear of Pierre de Rostand for many evil deeds, 2 soldi 5 danari.

To whipping and cutting off the ears of G. Castellani of Noyes for stealing a capon, 7 soldi 6 danari.

To burning Jean de St. Jean, heretic, 20 soldi ; tongue cut out, 5 soldi ; a board whereon to drag him to execution, 2 soldi 6 danari ; rope for binding, 6 soldi ; coal and pincers, 4 soldi—the tongue was evidently torn out with red-hot pincers.

To cutting out the tongue of G. of Avignon for swearing by the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 5 soldi.

To cutting off foot and hand and burning Bertrand Alboyn (offence not given) ; for the board on which he was dragged, iron chain and rope, 1 libra 14 soldi.

To whipping and cutting out tongue of Etienne de Baux for having two wives, 5 soldi.

To whipping and cutting out tongue of Berengaria, wife of Jean Serrurier, for swearing against the Virgin Mary, 5 soldi.

To hanging Raymond Berenger for many evil deeds (*quia fecerat multa mala*), 20 soldi ; and for the rope, 8 danari.

To drowning Pierre Bernard, thief and manslayer, 20 soldi ; for a sack wherein the said Pierre was placed, 5 soldi ; *item*, for the rope, 4 danari.[1]

Torture was evidently used to extract confessions, as appears from an entry in the inventory of the contents of the royal palace at the appointment of a new Clavarius, March 6, 1347 : *item*, a stone with an iron ring at which malefactors are put to torture.[2]

The court also employed a herald, or public crier,

[1] Girard and Pansier : *Pièces Justificatives, X.*
[2] Girard and Pansier : *Pièces Justificatives, XI.*

whose duty it was to publish the ordinances of the Tribunal about the city.

If life and property were not safe, and food pure and good and cheap, or public morals well looked after in Avignon, it was not for lack of laws. Unhappily, but fragmentary rescripts of the fourteenth century *preconisationes* have come down to us, but a copy of the cries published in 1458 and recently printed, and further redactions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, enable us to reconstruct some traits of communal government in papal times. Those of 1458 consist of no less than two hundred and thirty-seven articles, and are described as the general cries wont to be made by the cour temporelle of the present city of Avignon :[1] they are obviously a redaction of earlier enactments, since the cry is sometimes given twice ;[2] some are indicted in Latin, others in provençal, and the articles in many cases repeat the statutes of 1243, printed by Maulde. Promulgated by a papal government, they naturally begin with penalties against the denial of God, or of the Virgin Mary, or blaspheming against these or God's saints, or profane swearing at play or in taverns or the public streets ; a fine of fifty livres is imposed, and if the money cannot be paid the culprit is to be whipped until the blood comes without any mercy whatever ; any person who hears such blasphemy is to give information within a day or be fined one hundred sous. Shops are to be closed on Sundays and feast days under penalty of fine and confiscation. By the statute of 1243 any person

[1] Girard and Pansier : *Pièces Jusificatives*, *XXIX Generales preconisationes fieri solite per curiam temporalem Civitatis presentis aveneonensis.*

[2] *i.e.* 173 and 183 *de mundando carrieres.*

above fourteen years of age who blasphemed God or the Virgin Mary, was fined five soldi ; or the saints, three soldi ; and if he could not or would not pay, he was to be flung dressed into the deepest part of the fosse and left there so long as he blasphemed, care being taken lest he drown. Stringent regulations against bearing arms or being in the streets after dark without a lantern, and a long series of enactments, dealing with gambling-dens, taverns, the Sisters of Rahab, and other social evils, follow. Regulations as to the price, quality, weights and measures of goods sold by merchants and shopkeepers literally rain on the devoted heads of that unhappy or deceitful class, among whom fishmongers and butchers appear to have given the greatest trouble. There appears to have been something peculiarly demoralizing in the sale of fish ; the vendors of which would conceal their wares, or sell outside the gates, or place fresh fish on the top of the basket and foul below. The *Master of Victuals* appears to have had a difficult task in inspecting and fixing the prices of fish and meat and other perishable goods, and many and various tricks of trade are exposed by the cries. The fish-fags are warned not to insult the inspectors by profane epithets, nor mock at them with their neighbours, or they will suffer the penalties inflicted on those who insult the officers of our lord the pope. Fish was private property only if caught in a pond or fosse dug by the hand of man. Detailed regulations relating to honest craftsmanship, in the statutes of 1243, constitute veritable treatises on mediæval methods of manufacture ; even the minimum cost of nails to be used by shoemakers is prescribed. Tips or presents to buyers are forbidden and the prescribed price is to be paid and no

more. Every Saturday the householder is to cleanse the space in front of his house, of garbage, and cast it into the Rhone ; he must place a light in his window by night in such wise as to give light to any person going or coming along the street. In case of conflagration every citizen knew his post, and admirable regulations refer to the prevention and extinguishing of fires.

The Jews are a source of much legislation. They were forbidden to keep their shops open on Sundays and Feast days ; to lend on pledges of a sacred or sacerdotal character ; to deal in clothing in such a way as to compete unfairly with Christians ; they must allow Christians to circulate freely in the Jewry, and not pluck them by the sleeve in order to draw them into their shops ; together with harlots they must wear a distinguishing dress. No Jew or Jewess shall make an actual or verbal row, or strife, within the Jewry, nor may they arrange marriages between Christians. If any harlot, or Jew, or Jewess, touch any article of food exposed for sale, he or she must buy it. On the other hand, Christians were forbidden to cast stones at Jews or filth at their houses, or to insult converted and baptized Jews by calling them circumcised, dog, sow, cur, runagate, or son of a dog. Jew or Jewess must not leave the Jewry between Holy Wednesday and Easter Tuesday inclusive ; nor be seen working on Feast days and Sundays, and when the Holy Sacrament was carried along the streets no Jew shall allow himself to be seen, but must retire and conceal himself.

Nowhere in Christendom were the Jews so well treated as in Avignon, and the *juifs avignonnais* formed one of the most ancient and most famous of Hebrew communities : two hundred heads of Jewish families

took the civic oath sworn in 1358 to Innocent VI. Owing to papal protection, the county Venaissin was dotted with synagogues, and under the tolerant rule of the popes Avignon became the promised land of the children of Abraham. They were, of course, unpopular. Debarred from owning land, or dealing in corn, and hedged about in trade with hostile and jealous laws, they turned their subtle wits to the most unpopular of professions: they farmed the taxes, the seignorial dues, even the revenues of the apostolic chamber; they were not forbidden by the Mosaic law to lend money on interest to Gentiles, and they availed themselves of that privilege to the utmost; and since the result of enactments against usury is to raise the rate of interest, it proved to be a most lucrative profession. They did not attempt to compete with the great Florentine bankers, but dealt in small loans; Jew and usurer were synonymous. They were matrimonial agents, brokers, assessors and valuers, experts in jewels and pictures and manuscripts. The recurrent expulsions of the Jews were but a new way of paying old debts; they were never enforced, and if debts were wiped off nothing more was heard of the expulsion. "To get riches was their *raison d'être:* to lose them, their *raison de vivre*." Moreover, the Jewry was a fine milch cow to thirsty fiscal authorities. The Jews were taxed on the occasion of any war; for schools, for hospitals, for wood for the bonfire on St. John's eve, for sweeping the Place de Palais on the eve of the Fête Dieu, for hangings for the churches on the death of a pope. When the ancient Jewry opposite the episcopal palace was transferred in the thirteenth century to the parish of St. Pierre, a family tax was imposed of nine deniers to compensate the parish priest for the

loss of offerings from Christians, and the synagogue agreed to exclude from its precincts any family that failed to pay the tax : on his part, the curé promised to preach during Holy Week to his flock tolerance towards their new neighbours.[1] The Jews were famous as physicians ; in the fourteenth century twenty-five were qualified to practise, and Queen Joan of Naples entrusted her health to a Jew.[2] In 1337, so successful were Jewish physicians and surgeons in competing with their Gentile rivals that it was found necessary to forbid Christians to employ them or to take any medicine supplied by them, save in cases of imminent danger when no skilled Christian was available.[3] Jewish professors also taught in the university ; the community had its own tribunal for civil suits, which could in some cases override the ordinary civil law.

Prejudice and jealousy die hard, and as late as 1724, in the instructions given to the ambassador of the city at the court of Benedict XIII, he was urged on behalf of the merchants of Avignon to demand the enforcement of a bull by Clement VIII, which forbade Jews to deal in new goods and limited their traffic to the buying and selling of old clothes. Complaint is made of their avidity and of their usury ; they monopolize the home and export trade of the city and county, especially in silk ; the bad quality of their goods is prejudicial to the reputation of Avignon silk ; their rate of interest, at 9 per cent., is exorbitant, and should be fixed at 5 or 6 per cent. at most.[4]

[1] The Place Jerusalem, and the Rues Abraham and Jacob still remain.

[2] *Bulletin de Vaucluse*, 1879. R. de Maulde : *Les Juifs dans les Etats Français du S. Siège au Moyen Age.*

[3] Nouguier : *Hist. Chron.*

[4] Bib. Calvet, MS. 2393, fol. 134.

But a humble remonstrance or the masters and baillees of the guild of merchant craftsmen in cloth of gold and silk to the vice-legate on January 24, 1715, would seem to prove that the Gentiles themselves were not without blame in the depreciation of avignonnais stuffs. Grave loss of reputation is accruing, the petitioners assert, from the fact that the stuff on the looms is found by them to be cut short in width; their expostulations to the master-workmen are only met by mockery and laughter; and since the loss of the whole of their trade was to be feared if such evil practices continued, they implored his eminence to enforce the old time-honoured statutes and methods of the crafts, and to require the maintenance of full measure and quality in the weaving of taffety, demi-Armoisin, demi-Florence, demi-Angleterre damask and velvet, and other stuffs, so that the good repute of the city be preserved.[1]

The laws against aliens were severe: no foreigner, or tramp, without employer, or craft by which he could earn his livelihood, or any work-shy person is allowed in the city, and if such be found he is to be expelled within ten days, and never to return without leave of the court under pain of losing one foot; barbers and surgeons are to denounce to the court any patient whom they treat for wounds or fractures; nor may barbers cut or remove the tonsure without ecclesiastical authority; no leper is to enter or to be harboured within the city; no butcher or other person is to make any *charivari*, day or night, within the city, either in the slaughter-house or elsewhere, by rattling pots and pans, knives and cleavers and the like; spicers and apothecaries must not sell, or cause to be sold, or give away, arsenic or other deadly

[1] Bib. Calvet, MS. 2393, fol. 208.

poison, either secretly or openly, which might lend itself to wicked purposes, without special licence of the court, under pain of loss of person and goods.

In some cases the cries fix the maxima of wages, and enact that no person shall presume to pay or give to the wine-dressers or to agricultural labourers[1] more than certain specified wages : the penalty being twenty-five livres, one fourth of which is to go to the informer, whose name is to be kept secret.

In no mediæval city were the craft guilds so well organized or so flourishing. Little is known of their constitution, but a profoundly interesting instrument has survived which proves that trade disputes were not unknown, and that strikes were sometimes settled according to quite modern methods. On April 13, 1452, a covenant was made between Peyre Guinot, Galhart Nicho and Peyre Ve on behalf of the master plumbers of Avignon, and Steve Violes, Monet Guinot and Johan Barri, varlets of the said masters, on behalf of the journeymen, by which the masters, under heavy penalties, were forbidden to employ or give work to non-guild men, and the guildsmen were forbidden to dwell or work with blacklegs. Wages are not to be reduced, and if any of the said masters wish to employ a varlet, and they cannot come to terms, they may and shall choose another master and varlet of the guild who shall decide on the wages to be paid monthly or yearly ; and if a guildsman shall come into Avignon and find no work the said masters and varlets are to provide him with a sheep, or its value, for way-money (*per passer son camin*).[2]

[1] *Ligonisatoribus*, trenchers or diggers of the land.

[2] Girard and Pansier : *Règlements Corporatifs*, p. 39. *Transactio facta inter magistros payrolerios presentis civitatis Aven. et famulos eorundem*, etc. *Pièces Justificatives*, XXII.

The statutes of 1698 are substantially the same as those of 1458. The first article charges the Viguier to extirpate and hunt out heresy from the city and its territory; similar futile efforts are made to enforce sumptuary laws, to fix the price and control the sale of wares of all kinds, and, as in the former cries, the greater number of the enactments deal with the tricks and frauds of the market place, fishmongers and butchers being especially aimed at. The city was still unsavoury: dead animals were left in the streets; dunghills outside houses might be seized and confiscated by any one; the stench from the burning of the hoofs and horns of cattle, from dipping candles, was nauseating to the senses; food was cooked in the open streets; the curfew bell still tolled its hour, after which none, save the guards, durst be seen in the street without a lantern. The laws concerning the Jews were maintained; an attempt was made to get the streets paved by compelling householders to lay down pebbles in front of their houses, gardens, or shops, as far as the middle of the road; and if this were not done within three days after notification by the masters of the streets, a heavy fine was to be imposed; windows that overlooked a neighbour's garden or roof must be barred and raised at least five feet above the floor; they must have the glass fixed so that the window could not be moved or opened. An ordinance of Cardinal de Foix, October 17, 1458,[1] was re-enacted whereby no minor under 25, nor any married woman could make a legal contract without the presence of two elder male members of the family having no interest in the contract. The laws respecting the profession of a barber were made more stringent: no citizen

[1] Girard and Pansier: *Pièces Justificatives*, XXVIII.

shall open a barber's shop without first passing an examination and gaining the diploma of a master in surgery ; but a barber's widow might keep a shop if she employed a competent and approved master ; none shall draw teeth or operate for stone or cataract save master surgeons, who moreover may be called upon to give two or three, or more visits if necessary, to the poor in the hospitals. Apothecaries, too, must pass an examination and serve seven years' apprenticeship. The hours, but not the wages, of field labourers are regulated : they must work faithfully eleven full hours from May to July ; from August to April, nine hours ; except November to January, seven hours.

The criminal law was still mediæval in its barbarity : for the first offence a thief was to be whipped ; for the second to have his ears cut off ; for the third he was to suffer death, subject to the discretion of the judge ; forgers and coiners were to be whipped until the blood came, and if the forger were a notary (against whom many enactments are directed) he was to have his hand cut off for a second offence ; false witnesses were to suffer the same punishment, even to death, which their perjured testimony had caused to be inflicted on their victims ; the jailers were still empowered to charge entrance fees and for beds and food.

Some taxed legal charges afford information of interest : slavery was in existence, for a notary's fee for drawing up an instrument of emancipation was four florins ; for an act of excommunication, and letters of the participants in the malediction and absolution, the fee was three sous ; for a warrant of delivery to the secular arm, six sous. Lawyers' fees for drawing up marriage settlements convey a pleasing impression of general well-being : the marriage

settlement of a peasant, a vine-dresser, porter, shoemaker, tailor, mason, baker or other craft, not exceeding 200 florins, was taxed at two florins ; not exceeding 500, it was three florins, and so on, progressing up to 1,000 florins or more, when it was six florins ; shopkeepers' marriage contracts appear to have involved settlements of from 500 to 1,000 florins or more ; merchants, notaries, burgesses, from 500 to 5,000 florins ; doctors, nobles, gentlemen, from 1,000 to 5,000 florins.

CHAPTER XVI

THE PLAGUE AT AVIGNON—THE UNIVERSITY

Owing to the insanitary condition of the old papal city, visitations of the plague were of appalling severity. Of one of these, known to historians as the Grande Peste, we have a graphic picture in the diary of a doctor of the University of Avignon.[1] On September 4, 1580, it was reported that the plague was in the neighbourhood, and the cardinal of Armagnac, royal commandant of Provence during the Huguenot wars, set a guard at the palace and forbade any one to leave: on the 6th, the last day of the moon, the scourge of God called the *peste*, fell on the city in the house of a cobbler, Jacques Banc, and two other deaths were soon reported. On the 7th a priest died, and on the 8th Jean Bouche was shot near Champfleuri for having infected the city by secretly burying his chambermaid; on the 20th five plague-stricken houses were closed and the dread plague-cross painted on the doors; a canon of Notre Dame was isolated in his room, and the cardinal's page and another victim were carried dead out of the palace; whereupon the lord cardinal, with twelve servants, flees to Bédarrides. God help us! for we have small help from such folk. The sick and dead increase apace; surgeons and doctors die;

[1] *Relation de la peste dont la ville d'Avignon fut affligée l'an 1580*, par M. Barraud, MS. 2837, Bib. Calvet, fol. 89–97.

so cruel is the plague that whole streets are depopulated, especially in the lower parts of the city near the Rhone, and on the 26th the Jacobin and the Augustinian monasteries are closed. The mortality at the pest house and cemetery of Champfleuri, owing to lack of doctors and nurses was appalling ; on the 31st thirty-two houses were closed. God help us ! On November 2, the *Jour des Morts*, no service was held, no bells rung ; on the 5th an Italian was hanged who had robbed an infected house and then mingled with the healthy ; on the 7th a canon of Notre Dame struck by plague fell on the choir steps of the cathedral and, wounded in the head, crept to his room to die, where no one dared to enter ; the churches were silent ; no music, no organ peal was heard ; day after day in the diary runs the same refrain : the dead increase ! the dead increase ! On the 19th an order was made that every one was to remain in his house for twenty days, and not leave it ; and so folk thronged the butchers' and other shops to lay in provisions ; the churches were closed, and for a time there was a lull in the mortality, but during the first week in December deaths were more numerous than ever. One merchant was publicly whipped for concealing a dead body and then casting it into the street, and a woman stripped to the waist was scourged for concealing her dead child three days ; then, naked and streaming with blood, she was forced to carry her unburied infant to the cemetery at Champfleuri. On December 7 one of the most amazing incidents in this calamitous time occurred. An order came from our lord the pope at Rome saying that a certain holy person had revealed an infallible remedy : they were to bury a woman upright and straightway the plague would cease, and so a woman

who had died of the pest was buried upright at St. Symphorien. God grant it may be so and help us! Amen!

Horrors accumulated on the devoted heads of the citizens. Famine trod on the heels of plague, and the consuls bought up wheat at twenty-eight sous and sold it to poor folk at thirty-two. God confound them! Amen! Meanwhile the lord cardinal was making good cheer; no more help from him, who was useless as a barrel with the bottom knocked out. On December 28 a man was seen issuing from an infected house; a passer-by told him it was an ill deed; the man drew a dagger and stabbed him: he lay where he fell and bled to death, for there were no police. That same day a sick man was hanged at Champfleuri for being seen about the streets.

During January 1581 the Angel of Death stays not his hand; God is angry with us for closing the churches; may He give us counsel, for those that rule us know no more than a horse. God confound them, they think only of selling their wheat. On January, Mouxillon, a Jew, was hanged at the entrance of the ghetto, and an Italian in front of the Hôtel de Ville for stealing from plague-stricken houses. On January 18 a Jew died in the ghetto of the Rue Calandre—the first Jew attacked since the plague began—and on the 26th the concierge of the Hôtel de Ville was arrested and his books were confiscated: found guilty of having defrauded the city and supplied bad food to the sick at Champfleuri, he and six accomplices were hanged on April 3. Disgraceful scenes were witnessed at the pest house at Champfleuri. While the sick were dying by hundreds, the surgeons were usually drunk, and spent every evening quarrelling and fighting. And during

all this dreadful time the Huguenot armies were at the gates of Avignon, and Diedo, the papal commissary from Rome, was busy slaying his tens while the Angel of Death was slaying his thousands. Poor wretches, accused of plotting against the city, had lain in prison two and a half years awaiting their doom ; the pursuivant of death had arrived, and, having extorted confessions by torture, on January 23, 1581, five traitors were hanged in front of the palace. The body of one who had cheated the gallows by killing himself with a nail was dragged out from the palace and, with the others, strung up head downwards on a long beam. The bodies were left hanging until noon of the next day, when their heads were cut off, put in a sack and exposed on the city walls. On June 13 other prisoners were drawn and quartered before the palace. There had been more hangings in eight months than in ten years before, and if such folk are sent from Rome, we shall all be hanged little by little.

On December 13, 1580, three hundred Huguenots had ravaged the outskirts of the city, they killed six Jews and took half a score prisoners, scaring the inhabitants of the suburbs into the plague-stricken city ; on February 5, 1581, the prince of the brigands, alias the Prince of Condé, is at Orange to seek money and to lead the traitorous heretics against our good king Henry—God confound the Prince of Condé. On April 5 news comes that the heretics of Orange have taken fifteen villages in the Venaissin. Thus the unhappy city of Avignon, a prey to the three furies of plague, war and famine, reels through the spring of 1581 until, in the summer, the awful tide of mortality begins to ebb ; the churches open again ; the full toll of death is almost taken ; the lord cardinal of Armag-

nac and his suite return, and on September 18 the illustrious fugitive is met in the early morning at Notre Dame by the canons and the consuls. As he descended from his litter, the cardinal knelt down and the provost gave him the cross to kiss ; whereupon they all ascended to the church singing *Sacerdos et pontifex*, accompanied with musical instruments. Arrived before the altar, the *Te Deum* was sung, followed by *Ecce ancilla domini*, with music ; *Ora pro nobis* was sung by the children of the choir and the prayer *Gratiam tuam* by the most illustrious cardinal himself ; after which his eminence gave benediction ; all the officials came to do him reverence, and then he entered the palace. On Sunday the cardinal dined with the abbot of St. André, his greatest enemy, who had been a Jew, and the celebrations ended on October 6 with a general procession and salvos of artillery. When the procession reached the beautiful cross on the Rocher all cried aloud thrice : "Miséricorde !" Thus ended the ceremony of thanks to God for deliverance from the great plague of 1580–1.

It would, however, be a grave misconception to assume that the magistrates made no efforts to combat the scourge. An admirable code of sanitary regulations was drawn up when the plague was near, by the Bureau de la Santé appointed by the magnificent signors of the Consulate and published on August 24, 1580. As soon as a case of plague was notified the patient was to be sent to Champfleuri ; the whole of the inhabitants of the house were to be isolated in wooden huts for forty days, the house itself closed and padlocked and a big white cross *bien apparente* painted on the door, lest any one should lean or rub against the house. The house was then to be dis-

infected, and since experience had shown that women could not be trusted for this work, but, for the sake of some rag or other frippery, often failed to burn all the bedding and linen, Monsieur Jean had been engaged at a big salary, and he and his *aydes* had agreed to cleanse infected houses. Strict order was to be kept in the isolation huts ; there was to be no dancing, or excessive visiting or gossiping ; no citizen shall be seen in the streets at night—none save the soldiers of the guard ; no assembly of more than four persons shall meet together in any place, either in the town, or outside, or on the bridge ; every householder must clean the street in front of his house ; if any rags, or old clothes, or old ropes were found, he was incontinently to burn them ; none shall keep silk-worms, or pigs, or geese or other beast that engenders foulness or stench ; for greater purgation it was ordained that twice a day every one, either in his house, or in the street, should make a fire of sweet-smelling herbs, such as rosemary, sage, marjoram, and frequently perfume his house. Carters bringing in provisions must take the nearest way to their destination, and beware lest they rub against the walls and doors of the houses, and be careful to let nothing fall from their carts or to leave them untended ; and, since it often happens that the stricken seek remedies of their own accord, guides are provided to walk before them, to lead the way, carrying a white staff to warn folk not to approach such sick folk ; these guides were also to conduct the washerwomen to the place appointed for them, and they were to be men of discretion and not women or children ; all mendicants were to be sent to the church of St. Ruf, fed with sufficient bread and wine and given a small pittance ; no furniture was to be taken out of infected houses for gift or sale,

and no one to move from one house to another without licence from the consuls. But since all human wisdom is vain except it be aided by divine grace, and since the plague is truly a scourge of God, Messieurs the consuls implore His mercy and goodness, and beyond the solemn prayers which are and have been made continually, morning and afternoon, the Conservators of Health have made a vow that perpetually on the morrow of the feast of Monsieur St. Sebastian they and their successors will have high mass said in the Church of St. Agricol in honour of the blessed martyrs, and also in honour of the blessed Virgin Mary and of St. Agricol, St. Roch and St. Anastatius : and when the masses are said the altar shall be illumined with eight wax candles and twelve *torches ;* and the consuls and the commissioners and the city councillors shall be present at the mass, each holding a lighted candle in his hand, praying for the health of our city : and on these days one hundred measures of wheat shall be distributed among the shamefaced poor (*pauvres honteux*). May God, by his holy grace, deign to hear the cry of his people, and by the light of His countenance change their hearts, forgive their sins and iniquities and lead them in the path of virtue, that our city be preserved from war, famine and pestilence.[1]

The official dietary of the sick at Champfleuri was, on paper, no less admirable. In the morning a potage with yolk of eggs and crushed prunes for those who ate well ; dinner at ten o'clock consisted of a good potage with herbs, roast meat for those most sick, boiled meat for those who ate well, and sheep's trotters for any who desired them ; at three o'clock a snack (*goute*) was given—toasted bread for the sick with sugar in their wine, or roasted apples ; at six

[1] Bib. Calvet, MS. 2837, fol. 32.

o'clock came supper—bread, soup and roast meat; at midnight a hot bouillon.[1] But in times of general panic, administrative decrees and charitable organizations avail but little, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, that, when the sweet sanctities of family affection are trampled underfoot, the bonds of civic life are broken and the voice of public duty silent.

The flourishing university of Avignon suffered seriously from the return of the Holy See to Rome. The revival of learning and enthusiasm for dialectics due to the spirit, if not to the methods, of Abelard and his disciples, had been felt at Avignon long before the times of Clement V, as the foundation of a college to lodge and board eight poor scholars in 1267 proves. In 1298 the Count of Provence took the scholars of Avignon under his especial care, and authorized a certain banker to lend money on interest, in spite of the laws against usury, to students whose remittances were delayed. The actual foundation of a *studium generale* was, however, due to Boniface VIII by a Bull (1303) inspired with noble zeal for the advancement of learning. The scholars, many of whom came from over the Alps imbued with the democratic spirit of the Italian universities, made several attempts to introduce the principle of self-government into the constitution of the Avignon studium, and a serious revolt, in 1393, of the whole body of scholars, who bound themselves by oath to desert the schools until their demands were granted, was suppressed with difficulty. The advantage offered by the Alma Mater of Avignon to her students in the

[1] MS. 2837, Bib. Calvet. The dietary refers to the plague of 1629–30, but probably the regulations are based on those of 1580

matter of promotion proved a powerful attraction ; their chances of a preferential position on the Avignon benefice-roll drew the scions of the aristocratic families of Gaul, and in the roll of 1394 out of 1064 names forty are those of nobles. But the desolate years of the fifteenth century told heavily on the prosperity of the city and of its university, and a crisis was reached when in 1478 the doctors refused to lecture any longer without salaries, which the city refused to pay. Fortunately for the university, Avignon was then ruled by Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, better known to history as the great Pope Julius II, who in 1476 had founded the College du Roure[1] for poor scholars. The cardinal, a beloved nephew of Pope Sextus IV, induced that pontiff to assign an annual income of 600 florins from the papal revenues to provide salaries for eight doctors of law ; to endow the university with the fine papal library, and to grant many other privileges. The elevation of the cardinal legate, its benefactor, to the papal chair brought added prestige and prosperity to the university, and no less than seven colleges were founded at Avignon between 1425 and 1500.

The students, foiled in their attempts seriously to modify the autocratic and hierarchic constitution of the university, directed their energies to the organization of a students' guild, whose curious and unique statutes found official recognition. The guild, dedicated to St. Sebastian, was an *imperium in imperio*, and founded on the usual lines of a mediæval corporation ; it aimed at promoting good-fellowship and mutual assistance in sickness and death ; it had a quasi-religious character, and provided for the saying of masses and the preaching of sermons in the guild

[1] Now the Hôtel de la Préfecture.

chapel at the Church of the Dominican friars. One object of the guild was declared to be the making an end of the nefarious and incredible enormities, the drunkenness and immorality, that attended the purgation of a freshman (*bejaunus*)[1] which appears to have involved a preliminary banquet, the expenses of which were apparently found by the neophyte, who, if he had scruples as to the virtue of temperance, might devote part of the feast money to the honour of God and of St. Sebastian. Every ordinary member contributed six grossi to the funds of the guild ; every noble, twelve grossi, but impecunious students were enrolled free if they swore they were too poor to pay. The subscriptions were to be faithfully applied to the most glorious work of the guild, and if any freshman proved recalcitrant the statutes provided an effectual, if startling, remedy : his books were stolen and impounded until he paid up and joined the guild. Having paid his footing, and being enrolled, the freshman lost the opprobious title of *bejaunus*, and, after a year's residence, was promoted to the dignity of studentship ; some kind of mock trial appears to have formed part of his purgation.

The proceedings of the abbot's court of the College of Annecy, founded by Cardinal Jean de Broniac in 1425,[2] throw light on these quaint mediæval bodies which were so often suppressed by rectors of universities. The abbot held his court twice weekly, not only to purge and initiate *bejauni*, but to enforce regulations as to the behaviour of freshmen and students ; the freshman was to serve the students at

[1] *Bec jaune :* a yellow-beak or fledgeling.

[2] It lodged eight poor scholars of Savoy, eight of Geneva, eight of Avignon, the Comtat or Provence. Fornery, Vol. I. p. 448.

table, he must not stand between a student and the fire in hall, nor sit at the first table, nor refuse to give place to a student, nor allow himself to be addressed as *Domine:* he had also special duties to perform at chapel, and for every breach of the abbot's decrees he was chastised with a wooden spoon, whereas a student was let off with a fine.[1] The university quarter is recalled to-day by the Rue des Etudes, and several illustrious names—Cujas, Gassendi, among others—have rendered the old papal studium famous.

[1] H. Rashdall: *The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages*, Vol. II. pt. i. pp. 170–179, and Vol. II. pt. ii. pp. 632–634.

CHAPTER XVII

AVIGNON UNDER THE LEGATES—THE HUGUENOTS—THE INQUISITION—ROYAL VISITORS—TEMPORARY ANNEXATIONS TO FRANCE

The political history of Avignon since the final quenching of the Great Schism and the return of the papacy to Rome sinks to little more than local interest. Government by cardinal-legates continued until 1693, when reiterated complaints of absenteeism at Paris or Rome led the popes themselves to appoint only vice-legates. The Cardinal de Foix who died at Avignon in 1463 was the legate who built the steps of the platform in front of Notre Dame des Doms, and he contrived that the flight should consist of forty-nine steps, that being the number of words in the Lord's Prayer.[1] The Cardinal de Foix was succeeded by Charles de Bourbon, and he, in 1476, by the greatest of the legates, Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, who, as bishop of Avignon, had rebuilt the episcopal palace, and in 1475 had moved his uncle Sixtus IV to elevate Avignon to the dignity of an archbishopric, with the bishops of Carpentras, Cavaillon and Vaison as suffragans. It was during his legateship that the survivors of the Pazzi[2] conspiracy

[1] The number in the Vulgate. The steps were rebuilt in the eighteenth century.

[2] Author of the assassination of Giuliano de' Medici in the cathedral of Florence, April 26, 1478.

fled for refuge to Avignon, and thus many noble Florentine families became her naturalized citizens.

In 1516 Francis I, returning a conqueror from Marignano, rested several days and was fêted at Avignon, and again was seen there on his way from the celebration of the Dauphin's marriage with Catherine de' Medici at Marseilles in 1533, when the famous visit to Laura's tomb took place.

NOTRE DAME DES DOMS, AVIGNON

The morbid piety and cruel fanaticism which, after the defeat of Pavia, wrought upon the foul mind of Francis, and which drew a noble protest from Rome against the horrible persecutions at Paris, had its counterpart in the south. In 1540 orders came from the king to his parlement of Provence that the Protestants were to be exterminated, and on November 18, 1540, "those venerable magistrates, zealous for religion and for their prince, condemned

nineteen of the most guilty to be burned alive ; their chief refuge, the borough of Mérindol, to be utterly destroyed ; the bridges to be demolished, and the woods, for 200 yards around, to be cut down and eradicated."[1] The Protestants flew to arms, and

ARCHIEPISCOPAL PALACE, AVIGNON

thus the fair lands of Provence became a prey to the horrors of religious fury and civil war.

The *peuple idiot*, says Nouguier, seduced by their preaching, began to trouble the whole of France. But the "untutored folk," who have always persisted in associating genuine piety and sincere faith with personal rectitude, had no small reason for being

[1] Fornery, *Hist. du Comté Venasssin*, Vol. I. p. 534.

seduced by the Huguenot preachers. The corruption of the orthodox clergy is evident from the repeated ordinances of the synods of Avignon. The synod of 1509 prohibits playing at dice or cards in gambling

ANCIEN PLACE PIE, AVIGNON

hells, or the frequenting of taverns; priests were required to reside in their cures; the synod of 1613 issues a long series of stringent rules designed to combat the growing scandals of the clergy, the unseemliness of their dress, the carrying of arms, cohabitation with women, and recite a terrible list

of crimes against morals which are to be referred to the bishop's court.[1]

The Huguenots seized on Orange, and an influential citizen of Avignon and former president of the parlement of Orange, Perrinet Parpaille, having been captured on his return from Lyons, where he had been to raise money on the silver reliquaries pillaged from Orange, was delivered to the authorities of Avignon. After suspending him in a cage to be mocked at for three days, they beheaded him, and razed his mansion to the ground : on its site the Place Pie became a lasting memorial of his fate.

Unprofitable and wearisome are the annals of these distressful decades, during which Catholic and Protestant alike strove for a bloody pre-eminence in cruelty and rapine. Avignon and the Venaissin, by reason of their proximity to the Huguenot principality of Orange, were the theatre of many a stubborn fight, and the old papal city suffered much from open assault and secret conspiracy until the peace of Nîmes (1578) brought a temporary cessation from the horrors of religious warfare. Those were the times of fighting prelates. Domenico Grimaldi, bishop of Cavaillon and vice-legate of Avignon, as a good pastor, daily after celebrating mass would put on his cuirass, mount horse, and armed cap-à-pie, sally forth with the noblesse and freely expose his life in battle at the head of the Catholic troops to defend the faith and save his dear sheep from ravening wolves.[2] Domenico was no raw recruit in secular warfare. He had been *summus questor* of the papal contingent at the battle of Lepanto, and played a hero's part in that glorious victory over the Turkish Armada.

[1] Nouguier, *Hist. Chron.*, pp. 198, 222 *et seq.*
[2] Nouguier, p. 210.

Great was the consternation in Avignon at the approach of the redoubtable Admiral Coligny in 1570. The city was provisioned for a siege; every male between eighteen and sixty was ordered to prepare to fight, and the strong arm of the king of France was raised in her defence; some galleys of the Duke of Tuscany brought 800 Italian auxiliaries. But the dreaded Huguenot chief, although he crossed the Rhone at La Voulte, returned without beholding the walls of Avignon.

Within the city heretical doctrines had made small headway. In 1547 signs of contamination were detected among the students of the university; two of whom, having been convicted of heresy by the Inquisition, were led barefoot and bareheaded and clothed in their shirts, each holding a lighted taper in his hand, to all the collegiate churches of the city, where they abjured their errors and craved pardon of God: the serjeants who conducted them carried faggots of wood to show that *ces misérables* deserved the stake. Arrived before the cathedral, they were exposed to the crowd on a high scaffold; a sermon was preached at them; they were then imprisoned for life in the papal palace, and three days a week made to fast on bread and water.[1]

Paul III, alarmed at the progress of the sectaries, had re-established the Tribunal of the Holy Office at Avignon in 1541, and by a brief given at Rome June 5, 1538, bade the Cardinal Bishop of Carpentras use all his efforts to prevent the heresiarchs obtaining a foothold in the papal dominions. He was to search them out with diligence and expel them from the province; to punish and exterminate them and appoint a Religious of the Order of the Friar Preachers as

[1] Fornery, Vol. II. pp. 3, 4.

Inquisitor who was to uproot heresy and cleanse the papal territory of heretics : Father Bernard Berard was appointed first Inquisitor. The tribunal, however, appears to have had no very onerous duties within the city : it existed down to the Revolution, and the names of the Inquisitors may still be read, the last being Father Jean Baptiste Mabil, who on March 30, 1760, had certain heretical books burned by the hangman before the portal of the Dominican Friary.

But even in tolerant Avignon it was not a pleasant experience to fall into the hands of the Holy Office. On February 24, 1701, the Sieur Peironi, who lay in the prison of the Inquisition at Avignon, attainted and convicted of the heresy of Quietism, was condemned to make public abjuration in the Dominican church. A platform was raised in front of the pulpit, whereon sat the officers and secretary of the Inquisition : opposite this and below the pulpit was another platform whereon stood the Sieur Peironi, bareheaded, while a Dominican friar in the pulpit read in a loud voice, count by count, all the charges in the indictment against him, in order that the whole congregation might hear the crimes whereof the accused had been convicted. This done, the culprit descended from his eminence and ascended the platform where the officials of the Inquisition sat, fell prostrate at the feet of the father Inquisitor, made abjuration of his errors and recited the *Miserere*, during which the Inquisitor struck him with a wand he held in his hand. This humiliation ended, the *patient* was clothed in a tunic, marked with a red cross—the penitential habit he was to wear during the ten years' imprisonment to which he had been condemned : he was to fast every Friday and to pay the

cost of the proceedings.[1] On February 26, 1743, Père Hyacinth, on assuming office as Inquisitor, forbade any person of any state or condition to employ any heretic, at home or elsewhere, either in the care of silkworms or harvesting or in any other occupation on pain of exemplary chastisement.[2]

A powerful auxiliary in the maintenance of the Catholic faith in Avignon was the establishment of the Jesuits in 1564. For, says Nouguier, if heresy sought to steal into our city, God, by intercession of the very glorious Virgin Mary, sent the Fathers of the Society of Jesus to serve as a shield and buckler against it.[3] On August 14 the city purchased for the Fathers the palace of La Motte (where St. Catherine had been lodged) and endowed them with an annual revenue of four hundred gold crowns. So successful did the methods of these marvellous educators prove that pupils crowded their schools, and in 1617 the city allocated one thousand crowns to extend their class-rooms : subsequent endowments made the Avignon branch of the Society of Jesus one of the richest and most influential of the order.

Avignon, in these troublous times, was twice honoured by royal visits : in September 24, 1564, the feeble and irresolute Charles IX, with the queen mother Catherine de' Medici, and his brother the Duke of Orleans, and the Cardinals of Bourbon and of Guise, made a solemn entry into the city, the king riding under a rich dais of cramoisin embroidered in gold with fleurs-de-lys. The exalted guests were lodged in the great palace, and after Charles had sworn on the cross in the Cathedral to defend the Holy See and her rights, he was presented with a cup

[1] Bib. Calvet, MS. 2392, fol. 217.
[2] Fol. 99.
[3] *Hist. Chron.*, p. 210.

of gold worth two hundred crowns, filled with two hundred medals of gold, each weighing two crowns, and bearing on the face a portrait of himself laurel-crowned, and on the obverse the city of Avignon with the words *Avenionis munus*. There were great and gorgeous doings in Notre Dame on the feast of St. Michael when Charles gave fifteen gold crowns at the offertory : he left Avignon on October 16 by a bridge of boats across the Rhone.

Another of the royal authors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Henry III, made a less regal approach to the papal city on his return from Poland in 1574 to assume the crown at Paris. The royal pages were forced to pawn their cloaks on the way to get food and lodging ; the boat that carried the king's household luggage down the Rhone from Lyons foundered at the arches of the Pont St. Esprit ; the baggage was lost and thirty or forty of the passengers were drowned ; on land, so daring were the Huguenots that several of the king's horses were captured and some of the suite stripped, made prisoners or slain. Henry made his royal entry on October 27, 1574, with the usual ceremonies. On November 25, the king afforded the citizens of Avignon an edifying spectacle of royal humility and penitence by taking part, clothed in sackcloth, in a public procession to the chapel of the White Penitents,[1] together with the queen mother and the King and Queen of Navarre and all his court, before presiding over a meeting of the States of Languedoc, in the refectory of the Charterhouse of Villeneuve. Indeed, the recurrent visits of exalted persons were a heavy charge on the revenues of the city : in 1600 the extraordinary pomp and circumstances that attended

[1] See p. 353.

A CORNER IN THE CHARTREUSE, VILLENEUVE-LÈS-AVIGNON

the three days' sojourn of the pope's niece, Marie de' Medici, on her way to join Henry IV, her royal spouse, was long remembered, and the city fathers, knowing that Cardinal Aldobrandini, the pope's nephew, purposed resting at Avignon on his way to Paris as papal legate, carefully preserved the arcs-de-triomphe and other decorations prepared for Marie's reception, and by altering the arms and devices made them do service again at the cardinal's solemn entry. A cross of gold set with diamonds worth eight hundred crowns and some silver plate were presented to his eminence, who gracefully responded that he would present the silver plate to the city, but as for the cross he thought he would be wanting in respect if he failed to retain it. In 1634 Cardinal Mazarin was appointed vice-legate, and Richelieu, having retired to Avignon during the period of his ill-favour at Court, dwelt there for three years, and found the days of his sojourn pass so pleasantly that in 1639 he petitioned the pope, though unsuccessfully, to be appointed vice-legate.

The question of standing well with the powerful masters of France was an ever-present concern of the pontifical authorities ; the independence of the papal state existed only by their good-will, and the legates lost no opportunity of ingratiating themselves with the royal House. Louis XIII, at his magnificent reception in 1622, was presented with two hundred medals of gold, in a rich vessel, by the city, and with a richly caparisoned charger, with eight hundred gold crowns by the county. In the following year Urban VIII offered Avignon for the secret meeting-place of the plenipotentiaries of the League of France, Venice and the Protestant powers of Europe, which Cardinal Richelieu had organized against

Spain and Austria; and in October 1623 the envoys of England, Holland, Denmark, Savoy and of the Protestant states of the Empire, and of the Republic of Venice, entered Avignon disguised as merchants.

The existence of a strong city on the boundary of a considerable territory belonging to a feeble theocratic state wedged into the kingdom of France and commanding the passage of the Rhone, was none the less embarrassing to the monarchy in times of foreign complication. In 1536 Francis I, alarmed by the threatened invasion of Provence by the Emperor Charles V, determined to prevent the city falling into the enemy's hands, and sent Marshall Vielleville with six thousand men to take possession: this the royal favourite effected by a clever ruse. The young Marshall rode up to the gate and sought a parley with the vice-legate, who, standing on the walls, replied he had orders to open the gates to neither belligerent, whereupon Vielleville retired and returned with six men, ragged, ill-shod bearing rusty arquebuses, and craved permission for his small escort to enter the city for the repair of their arms and for the purchase of a small supply of powder. The unsuspecting vice-legate freely granted the favour. No sooner was the portcullis raised than the Falstaffian escort scuffled with the guards while one thousand men, who had lain in ambush, rushed in and the place was won. The Marshall kept his men well in hand, no violence was done even to women or Jews, and Captain Armiailles and five men-at-arms were shot for having disobeyed orders.[1] The danger passed, the city was evacuated; but in 1576 and again in 1583, Henry III offered to exchange the Marquisat of Saluces against Avignon and the

[1] Bib. Calvet, MS. 2374, fol. 64.

County Venaissin ; and thrice under the later Louis the papal dominions in France were seized to force the pope's hand, and as many times the vice-legates were reinstated.

The citizens, among whom the old traditions of communal liberty survived, hated their papal governors and their Italian garrison, and always welcomed the French occupation. They were a turbulent folk. During a period of scarcity in 1539, when bread was dear, the housewives of Avignon, hearing that cargoes of wheat were being shipped near the Porte du Rhône, marched thither, seized the gate, left a guard there and proceeded to loot the barges. The boatmen who resisted were pitched into the river, and when the men in charge of some of the barges flung the gangways into the Rhone to cut off access, several women leapt into the swift current, swam to the floating planks and replaced them. Their good men followed, and soon seven barges were cleared of corn. The magistrates attempted to imprison the ringleaders, but a multitude of men and women forced the prisons, and a night of jubilation followed. A few days passed and all appeared to have been forgotten. But the authorities were only biding their time : on a day, troops were secretly drafted into the city to reinforce the Italian garrison ; the principal streets were occupied, the gates closed and the ringleaders again arrested : on the morrow, from the gibbets in all the market-places throttled corpses were dangling in the air, and the shrieks of lesser culprits, who were scourged until the blood came, filled the streets. Such severe measures, says the historian, are necessary to restrain the people within their duty.[1] But not to win their affection, as the sequel will show.

[1] Fornery, Vol. I. 529.

In 1652, during the rule of an incompetent vice-legate, Lorenzo Corsi, who had succeeded in kindling the hatred of the nobles without winning the good-will of the citizens, disturbances arose owing to the scarcity of provisions, and on December 4 the rioters fell upon the Italian guard at the gates, who escaped being cut to pieces only by taking refuge in the cathedral. Corsi invoked the aid of the Bishop of Cavaillon and a detachment of soldiers; the citizens threw up barricades and rushed to arms. A conference was ending happily when some noblemen's lackeys insulted and fired on the people, and a noble dame was heard to exclaim, "All this vile rabble ought to be driven out of the city!" The people, goaded to fury, mustered six thousand strong, attacked the houses of the nobles, pillaged, and set them on fire. Order was at last restored, and Corsi, to the joy of the nobles, was recalled to Rome on October 6, 1653; whereupon M. de Castelet, meeting a tailor on the Pont St. Benezet, mockingly asked if he were going to Rome with his friend Corsi; the man replied ingenuously: "Yes, if I am bidden." Castelet then ordered his lackeys to chastise the varlet with their swords. The victim, bleeding from his wounds, entered Avignon, and the citizens again rose, fell upon Castelet's two palaces and looted them. Again the revolt was suppressed, and six of the ringleaders, in the darkness of the night, were haled out of prison and sent to the galleys. On June 4 Corsi's successor, Agostino Franciotti, entered Avignon with eight hundred men-at-arms and signalized his advent by sentencing to the rack a republican cobbler who had affixed on his door a copy of the Crillon arms with the device *vox populi vox dei*. Franciotti arrested and hanged the chiefs of the revolutionists within five hours, and by order of the

pope the city was forced to compensate the nobles to the extent of forty thousand crowns.[1]

In 1662 came the sweet season of revenge on the hated Italians. Louis XIV, when the news reached him of a cowardly attack on his ambassador at Rome, took prompt measures to bring the Holy See to reason, and at two o'clock of Saturday, September 30, Vice-Legate Lascaris was roused from his siesta in the palace by a peremptory summons to an interview with a royal officer, Baron de Buscat : the baron's embassy was brief and arrogant. His orders were to expel the papal garrisons from Avignon and the county, take possession of the territory in his master's name, and hold the vice-legate as hostage. The news soon leaked out, and the citizens, delirious with joy, and crying "Long live the king and away with the Italians," hastened to the Hôtel de Ville, forced the consuls to refuse any help to Lascaris and to accompany them to the city gates. The Italians were then dismissed and their places filled by a citizen guard. "God have mercy on them," says an eye-witness, "they went away crestfallen and fearful." The citizens proceeded to invest the palace, intercepted all the legate's correspondence, and sent the Count of Issoirs to inform M. de Mercœur, governor of Provence, of what had happened. "'Twas well done," answered M. de Mercœur, and on the 7th the Count of Issoirs was dispatched to Paris to know the king's pleasure. Louis received the envoy graciously in the Louvre, presented his royal portrait set in diamonds, worth eight thousand livres, to the Count, and on the 23rd royal letters arrived declaring the papal territory united to the crown of France. The gratified citizens flocked to the Hôtel de Ville, drums

[1] Bibl. Calvet, MS. 2374, and Fornery II. 362-366.

rolled, and amid a scene of wild excitement the papal arms were torn down and the royal arms of France hoisted in their place, both there and over the portal of the papal palace.

Many efforts were made to persuade the vice-legate to leave the palace, but to one and all Lascaris replied, "I cannot do this thing: I am responsible to the pope alone, and he to God." To the demands of the ushers of the Parliament of Aix in their full robes, and bearing their wands of office and attended by four archers of the royal guard, the same answer was twice returned. The usual city Christmas gifts to the vice-legate of twelve brace of partridges, the same number of hares, capons, boxes of sweets and a purse of a hundred silver crowns were withheld by the consuls, while increased tokens of royal favour arrived in the form of portraits of Louis set in diamonds for the first consul and other chief magistrates who assumed the panoply of supreme office and attended mass with an escort of armed city guards standing musket on shoulder at the entrance to the choir. Louis protested his affection for his very dear and well-beloved the consuls of Avignon, who should never have cause to repent their devotion to his Majesty. May was passed in a round of processions, Te Deums, salvos of artillery, illuminations, fireworks, and free banquets given by rich citizens. The merchants on the 8th carpeted the Place du Change, and merry lads and lasses danced the whole night through. This affair, says the chronicler, "hath already cost the city twenty-five thousand crowns, and the end is not yet." On July 26 the city and county were formally annexed to Provence, and on the 27th the president and chief officers of the Parliament, with their archers, dismissed and disarmed the Swiss papal guards and replaced

them by French soldiers ; whereat more Te Deums, cannon, fireworks, and rejoicings. Meanwhile, obdurate Lascaris had barricaded himself in the palace, and to him advances the president, M. d'Oppide, brushing aside all opposition, and a stormy and lengthy interview takes place. The vice-legate remains inflexible: rather than yield to force he will die at his post, and hints that if he did leave it would only be to fall beneath a score of poignards. "Know," answers the President, "that we are not in Rome, and the king's officers are not assassins."[1] Lascaris then craved permission to launch the papal interdict before he left, in order to save himself from disgrace at Rome : he would affix it by night and thus avoid any disturbance. The President, whose chief concern was to prevent its issue, in his turn proved inexorable. At length the vice-legate was hurried into a coach at eleven o'clock and escorted out of Provence in the darkness, bearing his spiritual artillery with him undischarged : fireworks and salvos of artillery sped him on his way. On August 28 the Count of Mérinville, the newly-appointed royal governor, received a boisterous welcome at Avignon ; the royal arms shone in all the glory of new paint from every inn, and more powder was harmlessly consumed.[2]

But, put not thy trust in princes ! On September 9, 1664, the brazen throats of cannon were again vomiting fumes of villainous saltpetre, and not for royal envoys, but to salute a papal legate, Cardinal Chigi,

[1] One of the French ambassador's suite had been killed at Rome.

[2] The Avignonnais have not lost their love of noise. During the general election of May, 1910, pandemonium reigned in Avignon for two days, and the crepitation of bombs and discharge of fireworks killed sleep for two nights in celebration of the return of M. Pourquery de Boisserin.

and to celebrate the return of hated Lascaris: Louis, having obtained full satisfaction from Rome, had made, by the treaty of Pisa, formal retrocession of the city and county to the Holy See (February 12, 1664). Lascaris, however, had only come to take formal possession. On September 11 a new vice-legate of the princely house of the Colonna entered on his duties, and on the 13th a great set piece of fireworks blazed before the papal palace; but, says our chronicler, "'twas a dismal failure although it cost fifteen hundred crowns"; on the morrow the cardinal legate left for Rome, having given "each of the auditors of the Rota a gold medal worth three pistoles and other officials silver medals with the effigy of Alexander VII on the face and Our Lord washing the disciples' feet on the obverse."

Colonna inaugurated his rule with a high hand, and as the result of obnoxious and arbitrary decrees the citizens, on October 23, flew to arms, crying, "Long live the Consuls and Liberty." The poor, scared Italians were again evicted from their posts; three were slain; others flung from the ramparts; siege was put to the palace and a treaty extorted from Colonna. The vice-legate agreed to dismiss the Italian garrison, to surrender his cannon to the Hôtel de Ville, to withdraw the hated decrees, grant an amnesty and obtain papal ratification. Meanwhile, both parties appealed to Paris: the citizens for royal support in shaking off the Italian yoke; the papalists for royal help in restoring order and obedience. Louis protested his great affection for the citizens and called a conference at Villeneuve, at the same time advising Rome of the turbulent, seditious and unstable nature of the people, and suggesting that his Holiness Alexander VII should consent, for a consideration, to

deliver the city and county over to the stronger arm of the French monarchy. Alexander decided not to barter away the patrimony of the Church, since in the event of complications in Italy, Avignon might once more serve as a city of refuge to an errant pope—a prophetic word, for had Avignon remained in possession of the Holy See in 1870, the course of modern Italian history would have been profoundly affected.

Colonna returned from the conference at Villeneuve accompanied by M. de Mercœur, who, to the amazement of the citizens, declared in a stern voice that it was unseemly for armed subjects to treat with their sovereign lord, and ordered the consuls immediately to disarm the people and deliver the city artillery and military stores to the palace arsenal. The Grand Monarque then, in his best *L'Etat-c'est-moi* manner, proved that he had small sympathy with folk who shout "Liberty" with arms in their hands. M. de Mercœur proceeded to read a royal ordinance which declared that King Louis strongly disapproved of the citizens' violence against their lawful sovereign; subjects had no cause whatsoever nor any legitimate right to revolt against their prince or to prescribe laws to him according to their fancy; other potentates who have a common interest in such matters cannot tolerate so contagious an example. Moreover, if such events had taken place in any other city whose interests were indifferent to him, his Majesty would have been unable to abstain from employing all his forces, even in the absence of any express requisition, such as he had now received from the pope, and as the eldest son of the Church he would have felt bound to inflict severe and exemplary chastisement on a seditious people; but considering their past affection towards him he had endeavoured to obtain their pardon from

Rome, and in the event of their repentance, amendment and submission to lawful authority such pardon would be accorded. If, however, they persisted in their attempts to impose laws and to form in the heart of this state a sort of republic, which recognized no head, his Majesty, being what he is, cannot withhold his support from the pope's good cause. The treaty they had extorted from Colonna must be quashed, and the vice legate was empowered to fortify the great portal of the palace by a fosse, four yards deep by two yards wide, with drawbridge and palisade; other gates of the palace might be similarly fortified, unless the vice-legate preferred to wall them up.

The consuls, having surrendered their cannon and disarmed the people, the promised pardon came from Rome, twenty-eight of the ringleaders being excluded from the amnesty. Colonna, who had introduced fifteen hundred men-at-arms to overawe the citizens, celebrated his triumph by a glorious procession on the Feast of the Purification of the Holy Virgin (February 2, 1665). Enthroned on a chair of state beside the High Altar of Notre Dame, and robed in a violet stole, sat the vice-legate, while the choir intoned the *Miserere*, the consuls kneeling before him, stripped of their official robes, and in such abject and lugubrious humiliation as to draw tears from all beholders. The submission performed, Colonna rose, and, to the exultant strains of the *Te Deum*, returned to his palace amid deafening salvos of artillery; the tardy Christmas presents were thereupon delivered, and on February 18 Colonna gave a great ball and sumptuous collation to the noble ladies of Avignon.

The royal officers and troops having taken their departure, the Italian garrison returned to their places and the vice-legate set about his fortifications,

to find material for which he began to demolish, on April 13, the tower adjoining the great chapel; on May 18 he attacked the Tour de Trouillas for stone, and on the 20th, seven of the exempted and fugitive ringleaders were hanged head downwards in effigy in front of the palace, with a placard on the gallows setting forth their crimes; afterwards their portraits were exhibited inscribed with their names, M. de Issoirs, who was a tall, handsome man, being painted as of gigantic height. A price of two hundred pistoles was placed on the heads of the fugitives (who were, however, safe enough within the realm of France), and the house of one who had died in exile, situated on the Rue Philonarde, was razed and a pyramid of stone erected on the spot, setting forth its owner's crimes. The vice-legate, too, fell into trouble with the Grand Monarque, for on June 12 the royal lieutenant clattered into the courtyard of the palace, demanded instant interview, and handed Colonna an ultimatum: his royal master expressed great displeasure that the fortifications had exceeded in extent the permission given by M. de Mercœur, and demanded satisfaction within twenty-four hours. The officer inspected the works, took an inventory of the arms stored in the palace, forbade further degradation of the towers, and having lodged a formal plaint against the bastion, the half-moon and ravelin,[1] took his

[1] "Where, then, is the difference?" (quoth my father). "In their situations," answered my uncle Toby; "for when a ravelin, brother, stands before the curtain it is a ravelin; and when a ravelin stands before a bastion then the ravelin is not a ravelin—it is a half-moon; a half-moon likewise is a half-moon and no more so long as it stands before its bastion; but was it to change place and get before the curtain—'twould be no longer a half-moon; a half-moon in that case is not a half-moon—'tis no more than a ravelin."

departure on the 13th for Paris: later, orders came from Rome to suspend the work, and Colonna had to content himself with fosse and palisade.[1]

So pleasing an event to ecclesiastical authority as the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes could not fail to re-echo in grateful celebration at papal Avignon, and on Holy Trinity Sunday of 1686 the Jesuit Fathers held high rejoicing at the extirpation of heresy by the will of king Louis, happily reigning, who utterly destroyed and wholly abolished heresy from his realms so that the one and only true religion should henceforth exist in France. It was a bright June day, and at two o'clock in the afternoon five hundred youths issued from the Jesuit College, four by four, musket on shoulder, hats beplumed and doublets adorned with scarves of rich embroidery, heralded by drums and fifes and a captain, pike in hand; these were followed by two trumpeters on horseback and one hundred and fifty young scholars of noble family, all well mounted and richly clad, one of whom, magnificently arrayed and glittering with precious stones, rode a superb charger and represented the king of France. After the mighty Louis came other youths simulating the princes and nobles of the Court; those who had fought against the heretics being distinguished by their names and escutcheon. The kings of England and of Poland and the Duke of Savoy and others of the regal allies were also represented. But the culminating joy was a triumphal car drawn by six horses, richly caparisoned, on which was seated a youth, who, tiara on head, repre-

[1] For these events the chief authorities are: Bib. Calvet, MS. 2374. *Sédition et émeute dans la ville d'Avignon le 23 octobre 1664. Brief narré de ce qui s'est passé dans la ville d'Avignon depuis l'an 1650 jusqu'à l'année 1665, tiré du livre de raison de M. Hierosme de Laurens auditeur de la Sacrée Rote du palais apostolique.*

sented the Pope trampling on heresy—a masked youth clad in sable and bound in chains. The procession, which closed with a number of gaily dressed children, marched about the city until nine in the evening, and the celebration ended with an elaborate set piece of fireworks in the similitude of an obelisk with a figure of Louis aureoled by the sun. It was all a prodigious success, and approved even by the most critical *esprits*, whereof there is no lack in our city.[1]

In 1688 the presence of a rich papal city and county wedged in the realm of France again proved a powerful lever in the hands of the monarchy. Some trouble having arisen between Louis and Innocent XI, there arrived in Avignon, on October 1, the royal Intendant of Provence and the king's officers with a peremptory notice to vice-legate Cenci to quit possession, who, during the night, in dressing-gown and night-cap escaped on foot to the Jesuit College; cries of *Vive le Roi!* were again heard in the city, cannons roared, Te Deums were sung and fireworks blazed. For a year the royal writ ran in Avignon and the county, until the death of Innocent and the advent of a more pliant pontiff healed the breach. On November 1, 1689, the usual ecclesiastical pomp attended the re-entry of the evicted vice-legate, the impartial throats of cannon welcomed him, and on Place du Palais fireworks celebrated the resumption of theocratic government. The papal arms were haled out of their cupboard in the Hôtel de Ville, the royal arms pulled down and stored for the next revolution, and the keys of Peter were blazoned again on the papal palace and the city gates.

[1] Bib. Calvet, MS. 2374. *Journal de la ville d'Avignon depuis janvier* 1. 1660 *jusqu'au* 31 *juillet* 1702.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AT AVIGNON—THE OLD AND THE YOUNG PRETENDERS—FINAL ANNEXATION TO FRANCE

The history of Avignon during the eighteenth century presents but few scenes of interest to the English reader. By the terrible famine of 1721, when the inhabitants were reduced to half a pound of bread a day, and by the no less devastating plague that followed, the population, which in earlier days had reached 50,000 souls, fell at the census of 1759 to 26,823, of whom about 400 were Religious and 385 Jews.[1] But apart from these *années terribles*, it was a city where life was pleasant and public burdens light. To those who were content to surrender their political and theological consciences to the paternal care of a theocracy, the papal yoke was an easy one. No sinister Bastille frowned darkly and menacingly over the streets of Avignon ; her citizens groaned not under the grinding taxation of the neighbouring monarchy, and to heretics and Jews the easy-going vice-legates, with their traditional Italian tolerance, were far less severe than the kings over the Rhone : no Calas was broken on the wheel in Avignon in the eighteenth century. Her irresponsible, pleasure-loving population, her noble architecture, her mild and sunny climate, her political independence, made

[1] Bib. Calvet, MS. 2393, fol. 52.

of Avignon a city of refuge whither flocked many an exile and conspirator, many a rich scapegrace and adventurer. The facile morals and social freedom that obtained there ; the gorgeous processions and brilliant ceremonies ; the picturesque Italian court with the quaint parti-coloured costumes of the Swiss; the resplendent scarlet and silver uniforms of noble guards ; the theatres—for Molière himself and his troupe had played there in 1655—lent a seductive charm to life in Avignon, and the city became a favourite halting-place for English travellers on the way to make the grand tour of Europe. The exclusive Dillettante Club, of London, whose membership was limited to travellers that had been to Italy, decided in 1748 that Avignon was to be regarded as Italian soil.

Most exalted of all the political refugees that found hospitality within the walls of Avignon during the eighteenth century was the old Pretender, whom the citizens welcomed as James III of England. The mansion occupied by the commander of the papal garrison, near St. Didier, was hastily evacuated and prepared for his reception, and on April 2, 1716, the not very heroic Chevalier de St. George entered by the Porte d'Ouille, followed by thirty-six horses, two carriages, his plate and linen and household. The Earl of Mar, whose futile rebellion had ended so disastrously, the Duke of Ormond, and hundreds of fugitive Jacobites, Scotch and English, flocked into the city, and, to the joy of Avignon tradesmen, there soon came the royal treasure of 80,000 gold crowns. A list[1] of those who arrived comprises 122 persons,

[1] Bib. Calvet, MS. 2827, fol. 611. *Liste des Anglais de la suite de Jacques III, roi d'Angleterre, arrivée à Avignon en 2 avril, 1716 o.*

among whom figure many of noble Scotch and English families whose names appear to have given the papal scribes considerable difficulty.[1] Two royal physicians and two surgeons formed part of the Jacobite court. A separate list of forty Catholic *seigneurs Anglais* is given. To the perturbation of the Holy Office at Rome, there were also many Protestant seigneurs and two ministers.

On May 16, by order of Clement XII, Cardinal Albani sent to the Archbishop of Avignon full instructions concerning the conduct he was to observe with regard to the heretical princes in the suite of the King of England. The archbishop is to take to heart that the sojourn of these heretics be profitable to the Catholic religion and result in their conversion, or at least be not prejudicial to our Faith, or bring any scandal to our people. He is therefore to be very careful to forbid the practise of any non-Catholic religion, and to see to it that no heretical preacher or minister dare open a conventicle wherein the heretics may propagate or foster their errors and false doctrines. In familiar intercourse or conversation, Catholics must not be forward in entering upon perilous discussions on religious matters, for error is sometimes more easily imbibed than truth. On the days when Holy Church forbids the eating of flesh, Catholics and heretics are not to sit at the same tables, for gluttony is a seductive vice ; the heretics are to remember that they dwell in a wholly Catholic city and country, which even in temporal matters are subject to the high pontiff, and that it would cause his holiness profound grief if the soul of any one of his faithful subjects was to be imperilled. Lastly, the archbishop is to take every opportunity of converting these strayed souls, sunk

[1] *e.g.*, Coelbuine ; Lintisgow, etc.

in error, to God and to the true Faith, and to look to it that the heretics be edified by the example of the Catholics of his dominions, and well persuaded of the truth of our Catholic religion, and especially may he effect this end by employing such persons as may seem best calculated to insinuate themselves without peril into their familiar and social gatherings.[1]

Protestant and Catholic alike spent a joyous time in Avignon, and the Chevalier de St. George divided his attention between devotion and pleasure. Daily he was seen at mass, either at the cathedral or his parish church of St. Didier ; he went frequently to communion and confession, and held a taper in the penitents' procession ; a famous Lent preacher was appointed for his edification. Apart from his religious duties the Chevalier's sojourn was a round of gaiety and excitement :—balls, dinners, routs, comedies, operas in the city; receptions, dancing, *grands jeux et boissons* at the vice-legate's court in the palace, where he often danced with the ladies of Avignon ; excursions to Vaucluse—all went merry as a marriage bell until, on September 15, the Chevalier was struck down by a serious illness, and his queen at St. Germain sent a famous surgeon from Paris to operate for fistula. So concerned was the vice-legate that he forbade the ringing of the church bells for eight days, and many times renewed the prohibition ; but before the stricken Pretender could rise from his couch, the Treaty of January 4, 1717, with France, banished him across the Alps, and to the great sorrow of the citizens the Chevalier was constrained to leave. On February 4 a farewell festa was given at the palace, where one hundred guests sat down, and on the 6th, after hearing mass at St. Didier, the Pretender entered his

[1] Bib. Calvet, MS. 2818, fol. 26 (*see* Appendix II.).

carriage with the Earl of Mar and the Duke of Ormond and bade an affecting farewell to his hosts at Avignon.

James was not the last pretender seen in the papal city: on February 14, 1749, a pastoral, entitled "l'Asile de la Vertu," and set to music by the Sieur du Pertuis, was performed at Avignon before "His Royal Highness, Charles Edward, Prince of Wales." The argument, flattering enough to the defeated of Culloden, ran as follows: "Virtue, exiled from the Earth since the Golden Age by the crimes of men, took flight with Astrea to Heaven. The guilty foibles of the gods compelled her to flee from that sojourn, whereupon Astrea, followed by Pallas, returned to the Earth in quest of her, the two goddesses mutually exhorting each other to spare no efforts to bring her back to heaven. Jove then appears and announces that Virtue, scorning the abode of thunder, has determined to dwell for ever among men, and is raising her temple in the breast of the Prince of Wales, whose praises Jove sings. The father of gods and men ends by inviting the people, who are rejoicing in the Prince's presence among them, to celebrate a happiness, whereof the very gods themselves are jealous, with festive dance and songs."[1] Bonnie Prince Charlie made but a brief stay at Avignon; a hint from the English government and the "Sanctuary of Virtue" left for his dissolute and inglorious wanderings over Europe.

In 1768 the solemn comedy of evicting the legate was played for the last time by the French monarchy. Louis the Well-Beloved, engaged in expelling the Jesuits, grew angry at their finding refuge in Avignon, and proceeded to occupy the papal city until 1774,

[1] Bib. Calvet, MS. 2374

when the monarchy had extorted what it desired from a recalcitrant pope.

In May, 1790, the citizens of Avignon petitioned for a reunion with France, and the Constituent Assembly rejected the appeal, whereupon the civic authorities forced its hand : on June 11 the magistrates bade Philippe Casoni, sixty-first papal vice-legate of Avignon, pack and be off, and the papal arms were never again seen over the portal of the old palace, although it was not until the final sitting of the Constituent on September 14, 1791, that the formal annexation was decreed.[1] A rising among the peasants, fomented by the priests, having resulted in the brutal assassination of the clerk to the municipality, whose eyes were gouged out with scissors by a woman, the infuriated populace of the city perpetrated a savage and atrocious massacre in the Tour de la Glacière.[2] But the ghastly details of this butchery, as well as the fierce reaction of the White Terror in 1814, may well be spared the reader. By the peace of Tolentino, February 19, 1797, the Holy See was forced by Napoleon formally to cede the city and county to France, and by the Treaty of Paris (June 1814) Avignon and the County Venaissin of all her added territories were alone secured to her. The population of the old papal city maintained their reputation for fickleness to the last, and they, who had welcomed the Republic and the Empire with delirious joy, insulted the fallen emperor by hewing his statues to pieces as he passed through their streets on his way to exile in Elba.

The fate of the chief architectural relic of papal times has since been a chequered one. Pillaged by the revolutionists, it narrowly escaped total demoli-

[1] *Moniteur*, September 15, 1791. [2] See p. 219.

tion, for on October 1, 1792, the city council petitioned for its destruction. Alternately, and sometimes simultaneously, serving as a barrack and a prison, it survived, a gaping ruin, until 1822, when the fabric was partially repaired by the War Office for use as a permanent barrack; in 1883 further sums were expended, and much of the palace was remodelled for the accommodation of a corps of Engineers. The Engineers have recently been removed to a new barrack, and the palace is now under process of restoration, its ultimate purpose being not yet determined.

It would be unseemly to conclude the story of Avignon without a passing reference to the renaissance of Provençal poetry associated with its name; for it was in the Sunday gatherings of a group of ardent young poets and dreamers, intoxicated with enthusiasm rather than wine, in the old papal printing-office of Aubanel *père*—a weather-worn turreted cardinal's palace in the Rue St. Marc[1]—that the *Gaie-Science* was re-born, and it was on a lovely May day of the year 1854 in the woods of Font Ségugne, near Avignon, that it received its baptism. Mistral has related in his memoirs how the Plèiade of Avignon, seven poets, met in its flowery glades—Paul Giéra, with his mocking spirit; Roumanille, ever kindling the sacred fire around him; Aubanel, his disciple, whose muse blossomed at the sun of love; Mathieu, wrapped in golden visions of a Provence once again, as of yore, the home of love and chivalry; Brunet, with a face like Christ of Galilee, ever dreaming of his Utopia of a Terrestrial Paradise; Tavan, the peasant, singing like a grasshopper on the

[1] The palace has long since been demolished and the street tenamed, Rue Aubanel.

glebe, as he bent over his plough ; and Mistral, eager to plant their victorious gonfalon on the summit of Mont Ventoux : how that, vainly searching for a name to consecrate the new birth, Mistral began to recite the old country ballad of *Monsegnour Sant Anséume*, to whom the Virgin told the story of her seven dolours ; and how on reaching the fourth,

CHÂTEAUNEUF DES PAPES

the teaching in the Temple, the line *Emé li set félibre de la lei* was acclaimed by the seven poets ; a bottle of seven-year-old châteauneuf wine opened, and with clinking glasses, the seven Félibres of the Law found an abiding name.[1]

The movement—although, perhaps, it is treason to say so in Avignon—has, probably, little future.

[1] *Moun Espelido ; Memòri e Raconte*, pp. 437, 453. Paris, 1906.

Provençal is fast disappearing as a spoken language, and lingers only in a few remote villages ; even the master, Mistral's, works are published in French as well in Provençal, and the *langue d'oïl* ever pursues its conquering course in the south. Many and bitter are the complaints of Government apathy at the long agony of a venerable, beautiful and expressive speech. "*C'est une chanson de l'entendre parler !*" exclaimed an indignant Avignonnais in our hearing as he deplored the inevitable tragedy.

The poems of Mistral and his fellow félibres are the swan-song of a dying tongue.

PART II—THE CITY

Section I

NOTRE DAME AND LE ROCHER DES DOMS—PONT ST. BENEZET

The traditions that cluster around the mother church of Notre Dame des Doms, were, until the Revolution, summed up in a Latin inscription near the main portal, some fragments of which are still preserved in the Musée Calvet. The wayfarer was bidden to learn much in few words: "That most ancient and venerable basilica, owing to the rich stream of gifts (*donorum*) rained down from heaven, was called Our Lady of Gifts (*de donis*)[1] by the piety of the common people of Avignon; St. Martha, hostess of Our Lord God, founded it; St. Rufus, son of Simon of Cyrene,[2] and disciple of Our Lord, who was first bishop of Avignon, dedicated it to God in honour of the Blessed Virgin ere she was taken up to heaven. The Emperor Constantine the Great enlarged the stately edifice; Charles Martel having avenged its almost total destruction by the infidel Saracens, it was restored by the munificence of the most pious King and Emperor Charlemagne. Unbroken tradi-

[1] According to a later mediæval etymology *doms* is a corruption of *domus*, the bishop's dwelling-place (Ital. *duomo*).

[2] Mark xv. 21.

tion teaches that it was consecrated by the most holy hand of Jesus Christ Himself. For seventy years and more it was ennobled by the assiduous piety of the High Pontiffs ; some of whom, together with many cardinals, rest in this same basilica. Sixtus IV changed the regular chapter into a secular chapter, and his nephew Julius II, Pont. Max., first the bishop and then the archbishop of Avignon, adorned it more sumptuously and increased its revenues. The piety of the most Christian kings rendered it illustrious by many privileges : *Ora et vale*." [1] Thus the inscription.

Documentary and architectural evidence, however, carry us back no further than the second half of the eleventh century, when the church was repaired and newly consecrated. Rebuilt 1140–1160, it was enlarged and modified in later centuries until its final restoration in 1842.

The original plan of this, as of most of the Romanesque churches of Provence, consisted of a single nave strongly buttressed and a semicircular apse, the interior being lighted by an octagonal lantern and dome raised over the east bay of the nave and carried on squinch arches—a Saracenic contrivance which the Provençal masons derived from Spain : the ground floor of the west tower formed a barrel-vaulted narthex. The first additions were made by Cardinal Jacques de Via in 1315, who built the two side chapels south of the last bay of the nave, dedicated to the Holy Angels, and to All Saints and the Holy Apostles : the former was wholly transformed in 1842 ; the latter, for which John XXII found the funds, was the burial-place of that pontiff and his nephew, and still holds his mutilated sepul-

[1] Musée Calvet, MS. 2392, fol. 228.

chral monument. At a later period a third chapel was added (on the north side) in memory of Cardinal de Brancas, and in process of time the whole of the spaces between the buttresses on the north and south were filled with chapels.

In 1672 the apse was rebuilt and lengthened to its present form, and Pierre Peru and Paul Brunel, masons, contracted to build the ornate renaissance galleries and tribunes that now flank the old nave. The last modification of any importance before the iconoclasts of the Revolution looted the cathedral, was the rebuilding (1677–1682) of the third chapel on the south in a circular form, which then was deemed the fairest chapel in the basilica.

The traveller who stands before the porch of Notre Dame des Doms, with its Corinthian columns and round arch, will be struck, as Prosper Mérimée was, by the classicism of the architecture, and be perhaps tempted, as some authorities have been, to ascribe it to Roman masons. There can be little doubt, however, that it was raised during, or soon after, the rebuilding in the twelfth century—perhaps to strengthen the tower—and its Corinthian architecture is but a clever imitation by Provençal masons of classic remains in the south of Gaul, such as the arch of Orange. During Simone Memmi's sojourn in Avignon that famous artist decorated the porch with noble frescoes that unhappily have wholly perished: that on the south wall, St. George and the Dragon, so thrilled Francis I with admiration that he could not tear himself away: the kneeling princess in green was reported to have been a portrait of Laura. The frescoes had almost disappeared in 1818, and when Mérimée made his tour of inspection in 1834 no vestige was to be seen of this painting, which, he says,

used to be shown a few years since in the passage leading from the porch to the nave of Notre Dame des Doms."[1] Faint traces remain of the Memmi frescoes on the pediment and tympanum of the inner portal : the Salvator Mundi and two angels on the former ; Cardinal Ceccano at the Virgin's feet on the latter. Judging by the water-colour copy made by Chaix about 1845, and now in the Musée Calvet,[2] these once beautiful paintings have been allowed to suffer a lamentable deterioration since that period.[3]

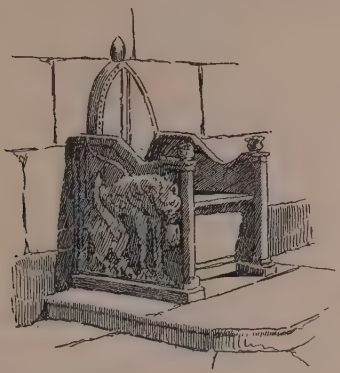
Few relics remain of the inestimable art treasures of pre-revolutionary days : on the left in the narthex is a fifteenth-century fresco of no merit, but interesting as a study of costume—Carlo Spiefami, with his wife Margaret and their children, kneeling before a representation of the Baptism of Christ ; two angels are holding a cloth to wipe the Saviour's body. In the first chapel to the left may be seen an old romanesque altar, supported by five columns, said to have been the altar used by the Avignon popes and formerly richly decorated with silver and gold : in the opposite chapel to the right stands another old altar with four Corinthian pilasters and a sculptured frieze. The second, a double chapel to the left, elaborately frescoed by the modern painter Eugène Deveria (1805–1865), contains, under a Gothic canopy, an incongruous fabrication of the first half of the nineteenth century, styled the tomb of Benedict XII. The once beautiful monument of the great reforming pope by Jean de Paris had already in 1689 fallen into

[1] *Notes d'un Voyage dans le Midi de la France*, 1835, pp. 138–139.

[2] No. 690.

[3] It is now (1911) proposed to restore them, as well as the Deveria frescoes.

such a state of neglect that the canons of the cathedral decided to demolish it, and spared only the figure of the pope in marble and the base. In 1732 it was described as *affatto rovinato*, and the chapter then had a new base made for the recumbent statue : in 1765, at the instance of the Tailors' Guild, in whose chapel it then stood, the monument was re-



OLD PAPAL THRONE

moved to give place to the tomb of a popular master-tailor of Avignon.

The base of the tomb now exposed to view is that of Cardinal Jean de Cros, and the statue of Benedict, the work of a nineteenth-century sculptor : all that remained of the Gothic tomb, for which Master Jehan Lavernier, *ymaginator, alias dicto de Paris*, was paid 650 florins in 1342, was broken to shivers at the Revolution.

The relic of the beautiful monument to John XXII, a less equivocal structure, may be seen in the old

chapel built by John and his nephew, now used as the vestibule of the sacristy. Described in 1732 as nearly a ruin, it was grievously mutilated during the Revolution, and the original effigy has been replaced by that of a mitred bishop ; nothing definite is known of the sixty statuettes in marble that once adorned the tomb, but enough remains of this masterpiece of Gothic monumental sculpture to enable the traveller to form some conception of its former manifold and majestic beauty : it has been twice restored—in 1825 and 1840.

Another salvage of revolutionary wreckage is the old papal chair, or throne, in white marble, decorated with carvings of the lion of St. Mark and the ox of St. Luke, which stands in the choir to the left of the high altar. Of the one hundred and fifty cardinals, prelates and legates buried in this church the monuments of but two remain in the third chapel to the left—that of the heroic vice-legate Domenico Grimaldi (1585–1592), whom we have seen a militant son of Holy Church in the Huguenot wars; and that of vice-legate Marini, who died in 1699.

The cathedral, in common with many of the Avignonnais churches, is rich in examples of seventeenth-century paintings by Levieux, Pierre Parrocel, Pierre and Nicholas Mignard, all of whom have helped to adorn the various chapels : a fine statue, St. Peter Repentant, by Puget, stands in the charming little seventeenth-century chapel already referred to. But this historic and venerable temple, wherein popes were celebrants and kings and holy Roman emperors worshippers, has to-day a sadly bare and chill aspect, and with difficulty can the modern pilgrim people its empty nave with the magnificence and splendour of papal times. The beautiful cloisters and chapter-

house that stood at the east of the cathedral, with their exquisite sculptures in marble, were shattered at the Revolution. The colossal gilt statue of lead, representing the Virgin, that crowns the tower, was raised in 1859.

As we stand on the platform before the porch, to

HOUSE OF THE PAINTER MIGNARD, AVIGNON

our left looms the great fortress-palace of the popes, resembling, says Mérimée, the citadel of an Asiatic tyrant rather than the dwelling of the Vicar of the God of Peace; to our right, the episcopal palace,[1] with its embattlemented summit, as reconstructed by Giuliano della Rovere: this, the *Petit Palais* which formerly served as a Catholic seminary, has been devoted

[1] *See* p. 265.

to educational purposes since the separation of Church and State in France. Opposite, to the left, is the former mint, a ponderous late Renaissance structure, of legatial times, its façade decorated with the Borghese arms, whose design has been libellously attributed to Michael Angelo ; and in the background is the ruined tower whence the besiegers directed their artillery on the palace during the siege of

HOTEL DES MONNAIS, AVIGNON

Benedict XIII. The statue of the *Brave Crillon*, beloved lieutenant of Henry of Navarre, which once stood before the Hôtel de Ville, now rises forgotten and solitary in the Place du Palais. In papal days an avenue of trees led from the Grand to the Petit Palais : but the place that once saw the solemn and magnificent pageantry of popes and emperors, kings and legates, is now deserted, melancholy, neglected ;

save when a travelling circus pitches its tents there and affords the city a week of delirious joy.

But a scene of incomparable beauty awaits us at the end of the shady walk that rises from the platform to the modern Promenade du Rocher des Doms. This, once the barren, wind-swept acropolis of Avignon which was crowned in papal times with the windmills and the forts, *Qui quen parle* and *Qui quen grogne*, and which in floodtime served as a cemetery, has been transformed into a delightful garden—a miniature Pincian—with many a sheltered nook to sit and dream in. The rubbish left by the housebreakers, when the new Rue de la République was ploughed through the city, having been carted up to the Rocher and mingled with the alluvial deposit from the banks of the Rhone, formed an admirable soil, which was laid out and planted with shrubs and trees. The work was pushed rapidly forward, and shortly after the Crimean War, Marshal Canrobert was able to plant the fine oak tree that still flourishes, and dedicate the little park to the citizens of Avignon. The view from the Belvedere over the Rhone and four departments of France is remarkable both for range and beauty. At our feet sweeps the broad majestic Rhone, hasting seaward *per aver pace co' seguaci sui*, and embracing in its course the great island of la Barthelasse with the remaining arches of the bridge, and the chapel of St. Nicholas; opposite are the hills and mountains of Languedoc, their nearer slopes, above poor dilapidated Villeneuve, fallen from her ancient splendour, covered with the summer villas of rich Avignonnais; the tower of Philip the Fair; the stupendous twin bastions of St. André; the gaping ruins of the Charterhouse of the Vale of Benediction: far in the background stands the square tower of

Chateauneuf des Papes. We follow the sinuous course of the Rhone, bordering the fertile plains of the County Venaissin, now the Department de Vaucluse, smallest but richest of the divisions of France, with its many towns and villages, irrigated by the lesser waters of the Sorgue, the Auson, and the Nesque. Our view is bounded by the long, massy dome of Mount Ventoux—a solitary, advanced sentinel of the Alps of Dauphiné, raising his giant head 6000 feet above the plain ; farther to the right the sombre wall of rock, at whose feet springs the fount of Vaucluse : to the left is the new suspension bridge and its stone prolongation beyond the isle of la Barthelasse, striding to the shore of Languedoc, over which rises precipitously the Rocher de la Justice : the small iron strategic bridge lower down is used for military purposes only. To our left also, a line of poplars marks the winding course of the Durance. The view to the south is masked by the Cathedral and the agglomerated mass of the Palace. If, therefore, we would embrace the whole circle of the horizon we must ascend the Cathedral tower, or the Tour de la Campane, and should the traveller fortune to enjoy the view on a clear spring morning or evening, when the Mount of the Winds is draped in his glittering mantle of snow, and the accidented peaks of the Alps stand forth sharp and clear in the brilliant and diaphonous air of Provence, he will carry away with him an ineffaceable impression of a scene of beauty, which may indeed be equalled but cannot be surpassed in Europe.

Descending the stately stairway that leads to the foot of the Rocher des Doms, and turning to the left, we soon reach the house of the *gardienne du pont*, who will admit us to all that remains of the miraculous

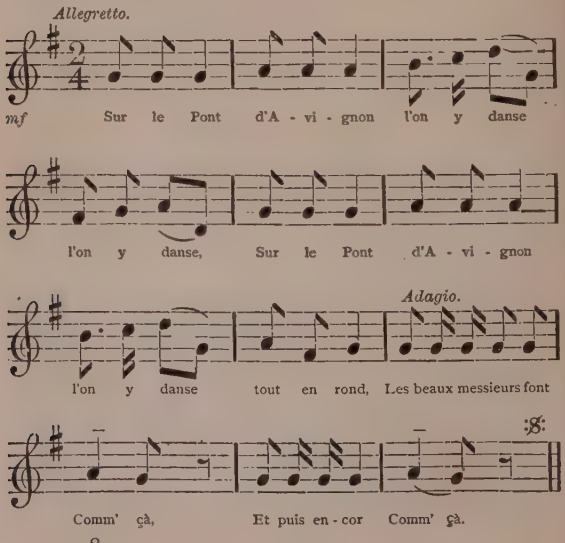
pontifical structure of the twelfth century. The destructive hand of man and the assaults of the Rhone —*impatiens pontis*—have dealt hardly with St. Benezet's work. Ruined during the siege of 1226, it was repaired in 1234–37, and in 1349 knit to the papal fortress at the Avignon end. In 1352, when Clement VI rebuilt four of the arches, it is described as of stone and wood;[1] it was cut during the siege of Benedict XIII, and repaired, or rebuilt, in 1418 and 1430; in 1602 three arches collapsed; in 1633 two more fell, and in 1650 the gaps were bridged by wooden struts and planks, which were carried away in 1670 by ice-floes. Owing to the interminable dispute between the monarchy and the papacy as to liability for its repair, each power claiming jurisdiction over the Rhone, all attempts to preserve it from ruin were abandoned in 1680, when Louis XIV refused either to allow the legates to take toll for the necessary repairs, or to undertake them himself.

Little is known of the original bridge, which consisted of twenty-two semicircular arches (Viollet-le-Duc gives eighteen), much lower than the present elliptic ones, which date back to the thirteenth century, according to Labaude—or to the fifteenth century, according to other authorities—when the bridge, having proved too low-pitched, was raised to its present level, and the flood arches over the piles were built. The four subsisting arches were, with the bridge chapel, restored during the last century. The old bridge formed an elbow upstream on the Villeneuve branch of the Rhone. The chapel of St. Nicholas, too, has suffered many vicissitudes. The

[1] Baluze, Vol. I. p. 278: *Pontem insuper lapidem et lignorum per quem in regnum Francius pertransitur.*

primitive Romanesque building was raised to the level of the new footway by dividing the nave into two floors and building a flight of steps, supported on a squinch arch, down to what then became the lower chapel. Much battered during the sieges of the palace, it was restored and reconsecrated in 1411, and a century later the Gothic upper apse was added, whose external walls overtop the old nave. In consequence of these modifications the lower chapel has a Gothic nave and a Romanesque apse, whereas the upper chapel has a Gothic apse and a Romanesque nave

The Pont d'Avignon is known to every French-speaking child, and with many variants the old *ronde*—


Allegretto.
mf
Sur le Pont d'A - vi - gnon l'on y danse
l'on y danse, Sur le Pont d'A - vi - gnon
Adagio.
l'on y danse tout en rond, Les beaux messieurs font
Comm' çà, Et puis en - cor Comm' çà.

is sung and danced from the remotest plains of Canada to the valleys of the Swiss Alps. The good folk of Avignon, however, protest that their *rondes* were not danced perilously *on* the narrow Pont St. Benezet, but *under* its arches on the green meadows of the Isle de la Barthelasse, and that *Sur* in lieu of *Sous* is due to northern misunderstanding of their sweet Provençal tongue.

The love of music has ever been a distinguishing mark of the Provençal folk, and may it not be that the grasshopper, adopted as the emblem of Provence, has some relation to this historic trait, and has come down from Greek times? We are told that it was the custom of the Greeks, within the memory of Thucydides at least, to wear a golden grasshopper in the hair, much as women wear a pin or clasp to-day, as an emblem of Music, "for when Terpander was playing the lyre in a musical contest at Sparta, and one of his strings snapt, and there seemed a danger of his losing the prize in consequence, the story goes that a grasshopper came and perched itself in the place of the broken string, and filled up the vacant note with its warbling: so the grasshopper passed into a pretty emblem of Music."[1]

Section II

THE PAPAL PALACE

The amplitude of the towering mass of architecture which forms the papal palace will be best appreciated by a preliminary stroll round such portions as may be seen from the public streets. Standing on the Place du Palais, the irregular west façade is bounded on

[1] Rowbotham: *History of Music*, Vol. II. p. 467.

the north by the restored Tour de la Campane, adjacent to which are, according to M. Digonnet, some remains of the old episcopal palace, the traces of a projecting cornice just above the windows of the first floor indicating the elevation of the original building,[1] which was enlarged by John XXII; traces of the cornice of the second floor, with two-light windows, added by him being visible behind Benedict's later machicoulis and battlements. Clement VI's arms still remain over the principal entrance, at each end of which the corbels of the two flanking turrets, demolished in 1770, may be seen. They are portrayed in an eighteenth-century painting in the Musée Calvet,[2] which also shows Colonna's advanced works that defended the access to the portal. The two-light window above the entrance is one of those that gave on the chambers of the lords of the treasury. Pursuing our way southwards, we pass the truncated Tour de la Gache and the beautiful lancet windows, now happily restored, of Clement VI's great chapel and Hall of Justice, and turn the corner of the Rue de la Peyrolerie, where we are confronted by an unsolved architectural enigma—some salient masonry, with traces of groining and a carved corbel. Does this imply the existence of an adjacent chamber supported on a vaulted buttress and subsequently demolished, or is it merely the toothing of a projected extension of the palace southwards? Curiously enough, while the documents published by Ehrle and Müntz have thrown light on so many details of construction, nothing has yet been discovered that affords any clue to a solution of this problem. M. Digonnet has essayed to defend his, the former hypothesis, by the analogy of a similar archi-

[1] See p. 60.

[2] See p. 372.

tectural feature in the fifteenth-century porch of the cathedral of Montpellier due to an Avignonnais architect and by the signs of demolition which the masonry shows, and which he believes cannot be explained on the latter theory. All this is, however, pure speculation, and the fractured aspect of the projecting stones may well be due to five and a half centuries of degradation of the toothing by weather. Only a few years since a stone fell leaving a ragged end visible. The buttress erected in 1357 is passed as we descend the Rue Peyrolerie.

Continuing our way eastwards we soon reach the massive buttressed Tour de St. Laurent (or Vestry Tower), and as we turn into the Place la Mirande we may perceive in this tower traces of legatial modification—a Renaissance window inserted in the frame of a Gothic window. From the Place Mirande may also be seen the old Porte de la Peyrolerie, now blocked, which gave access to the palace from the south-east. Descending the Rue du Vice Legat we reach the Tour de la Garde Robe, the Tour des Anges, and the remains of Benedict XII's original walls, with their machicoulis, which still exist on both sides of the rampart. The east façade of the palace is almost wholly concealed by the houses on the left of the Rue de la Banasterie ("Street of the Basketmakers"); but if we pass on and ascend the Rue du Four on our right we shall gain an excellent view of the great Tour de Trouillas, the Tour de la Glacière, and the Grande Cuisine, with its funnel-shaped chimney, which official guides have described to thousands of credulous visitors as the vent of the torture-chamber of the Inquisition, where the irons were heated, and whence issued the shrieks of its victims. We may, however, well pardon ill-informed *ciceroni*, when

we remember that Prosper Merimée, who surveyed the palace in September 1834, as Inspector-General of Historic Monuments, refers to a stove in this chamber "where the instruments of torture were heated," and describes a horrible contrivance (the *veille*) in use there;[1] or when a grave historian of Avignon informs his readers that the unhappy wretches who were to perish by the flames were taken there, and that the vaulting, shaped like a sugar-loaf, was still imprinted with the smoke that came from burning corpses.[2] Even J. A. Symonds repeats the tradition of this torture-chamber "funnel-shaped to drown and suffocate the shrieks of wretches on the rack."[3] No more atrocious roastings ever took place within this necessary domestic structure than those of joints of good Provençal beef and mutton, or fat geese and capons for the pontifical tables.

Returning to the Rue de la Banasterie, we make our way up the Rue de l'Escalier de Ste. Anne, and enter the barrack-yard on our left where we may gain a nearer view of the group of towers already referred to, with the Tour de St. Jean in the distance projecting into the old palace gardens. As we ascend the Escalier Ste. Anne, admirable views of the city are disclosed with its remaining towers and churches and greyish-brown, low-pitched roofs, so Spanish in aspect. Skirting the cathedral, we descend from the platform past the walled-up and partially concealed old Porte Notre Dame,[4] and reach again the main portal.

[1] *Voyage dans le Midi*, p. 145.

[2] Grosiean: *Précis historique sur la ville d'Avignon et le palais apostolique*. Avignon, 1842.

[3] *Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe*, Vol. II. pp. 311, 312.

[4] See p. 225.

PAPAL PALACE, COURT OF HONOUR

We may now enter the vestibule, with the arms of Clement VI on the groining; take our tickets (50 centimes) of the *concierge* on the right, and proceed to visit such portions of the palace as are shown by the official guides.[1] Crossing the Court of Honour, the inner façade of which, behind us, contains many features of the old palace, we are led to the vast Hall of Justice (*Salle d'Audience*). This beautiful and harmonious chamber—so debased by military occupation, but now under process of restoration—has a double nave, whose vaulting is supported by five massive clustered columns, and divided into six double bays, the easternmost of which is somewhat larger in span, for there sate the Auditeurs de la Rôte, supreme Tribunal of Christendom.[2] It was frescoed by order of Clement VI, who, his biographer informs us, considering that the place was to be exclusively dedicated to the rendering of justice, desired that his painter should follow the order which his holiness himself had determined: To wit, in the centre, the Divine Majesty was to be represented on His throne surrounded with figures of those saints, and others, who in the Old and New Testaments had uttered or written noteworthy things on Judgment, Law, Justice, Righteousness, or Truth; and beneath each figure, or on scrolls held in their hands, their sayings or writings on the above subjects were to be inscribed in very large and easily legible letters, and the books and chapters wherein such sayings or writings are contained were to be specified in red characters; so that all persons who beheld and read these sayings

[1] The visitor, unless he adopts a policy of passive resistance, will be hustled through at a speed that utterly precludes any adequate survey of the chambers.

[2] See p. 224.

might greatly profit thereby, and observe them faithfully and depart not from them.[1] Of these frescoes, long attributed to Simone Memmi,[2] and certainly executed by his school, a few figures remain in a fair state of preservation in the vaultings of the north bay.

In the left section, at the apex: Hannah, mother of Samuel; above her, reading left to right, Malachi and Habakkuk; above these, Obadiah, Micah and Nahum; and, at the top, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Isaiah and Moses. In the right section, apex, a sibyl; and reading upwards, Zephaniah and Joel; Daniel, Hosea and Amos; Enoch, Job, Solomon and David. The appropriate verses, cited from the Vulgate, may still be seen on the scrolls. Of the Last Judgment, painted below the prophets, and the Crucifixion, between the east windows, such faint outlines as are visible have recently been picked out in red, and it is sad to reflect that as late as 1818 the beautiful frescoes were in good preservation, for a visitor who saw them in that year has described them in a provincial paper:[3] in the Crucifixion, Christ on the Cross, St. John and the Magdalen were the chief figures; two angels with outstretched arms appeared to support

[1] Baluze, Vol. I. pp. 261, 262.

[2] By Crowe and Cavalcaselle: *New History of Painting*, Vol. II. p. 92, first edition of 1864: in the edition of 1908, edited by Langton Douglas, the authors modify their former attribution, and suggest that Simone had the ordering and design of the decoration of which the completion was due to others (Vol. II. p. 62). It is doubtful, however, if even this qualified attribution can be maintained. The foundations of the hall were, as we have seen (p. 223), only begun in the year of Simone's death (July 1344), and the vaulting was not completed until more than three years later. See Ehrle, p. 61, under date November 7, 1347: *implendo crotas volte audientie nove.*

[3] Digonnet, pp. 225–227.

the cross; behind the beloved disciples and the Magdalen stood St. George and St. Jerome, St. Ambrose and St. Augustine. The writer dwells on the masterly composition; the expressive features and the graceful pose of the various figures. The Last Judgement, divided into five scenes, extended over the whole breadth of the wall of the north bay and it measured about thirty by twenty feet. The picture was a masterpiece; among the innumerable figures the features of the angels and female saints were of admirable beauty and recalled the loveliest of Raphael's heads. There is also a Last Judgment referred to by Merimée and seen by him in a chapel he terms the Tribunal of the Inquisition, later the papal arsenal—a composition he describes as never having been surpassed by modern art and containing heads so exquisite as to approach the work of Raphael.[1]

There is no doubt, however, as to the fate of these priceless frescoes in the Salle d'Audience. In 1829 the Commissioners of the Antiquities of Vaucluse appealed to the military authorities to watch over their preservation; whereupon the Commandant of the Engineers replied that he did not share the commissioners' views with regard to the frescoes; they were of little artistic interest and not worth preserving: in fact they were not consonant with the spirit of a military establishment.[2] Scant remains are seen of the sculptural decorations. On the bosses of the vaulting of the bays of the Tribunal are the arms of Clement VI and of the Roman Senate and people, and on the corbels of the vaulting on the north and south walls are carved quaint decorative subjects which will be familiar to the experienced

[1] *Notes d'un Voyage dans le Midi*, p. 147.
[2] Digonnet, pp. 228–233.

traveller. Before leaving we may observe, to the left of the portal, remains of frescoes of St. Christopher and of the Virgin and Child.

The ample stairway which leads to the upper chapel was restored, as an inscription tells, by Vice-Legate Lascaris[1] in 1659. The chapel is one of the most harmonious and beautiful examples of ecclesiastical Gothic in France, and is composed of a single nave and a square apse, with groined vaultings, and clustered columns engaged in the walls. The tall, stately, lancet windows, barbarously subdivided into three superposed square windows to light the three floors into which the military authorities had divided the chapel, are now (1911) in process of removal and are being restored to their primitive beauty. All that remains of the magnificent altar, carved in 1354,[2] is the mutilated table now (1911) shown in the centre of the chapel, supporting a model of the palace as it stood in 1450. In the

Tour de la Garde-Robe,

which is usually shown next, are some interesting fourteenth-century frescoes, recently exposed by removal of the whitewash on the walls of a chamber on the third floor beneath the old chapel of St. Michael. They portray scenes of rural life and are executed with much charm so far as their present state of cleaning and partial restoration permits one to judge. On the north wall is a pleasant garden with fishpond, ducks and swans, and a cowled figure with attendants fishing with a net : on the south wall, cut by a recessed window, is a group of naiads disturbed while bathing by approaching hunters ; to the right a hunter holds a ferret,

[1] See p. 279.

[2] See p. 224.

and rabbits are seen scampering to their burrows. On the east wall are two scenes, divided by a window: the Fruit Harvest and a Hawking Party. On the west wall is a boar hunt mutilated by a chimney-piece which was erected in later years by a vice-legate contemptuous of primitive art. The visitor is usually next conducted to the

Tour des Anges

and shown the bed-chamber of Benedict XII and his successors; then, through the private apartments of the popes and the great dining-hall over the Consistory to the

Tour St. Jean

with the upper and lower chapels dedicated respectively to St. Martial and St. John the Baptist. The decorations of the chapel of St. Martial, for which Matteo di Viterbo[1] and his assistants were responsible, are fairly well preserved: they illustrate incidents in the legend of the patron saint who was the first bishop of Limoges,[2] for whom Clement VI, a Limousin by birth, had a special devotion. The composition is somewhat crowded, but names of persons and places are freely inscribed and the sequence of the legend is marked aphabetically. VAULTING. *A*. Conversion and Baptism of St. Martial. The young Martial, with his parents, Martial and Elizabeth, is listening to Christ's preaching[3]: below,

[1] See p. 233.

[2] *Golden Legend*, "Life of St. Martial": *Acta Sanctorum, De Sancto Martiale: die trigesima Junii.*

[3] According to the *Golden Legend*, Martial was one of the children whom the Saviour took into his arms and blessed.—(MARK x. 16.)

St. Peter baptizing the convert. *B.* The laying on of Hands. Christ, seated in the midst of His disciples, lays His hands on the kneeling St. Martial, who has abandoned his parents and put himself in the company as one of the disciples : below, a man fishing, symbolizes the call to be fishers of men. *C.* The saint is sent from Rome by St. Peter at God's command to preach the gospel in Gaul. Two scenes. (i) The Lord appears to St. Peter at Rome. (ii) Peter transmits the divine command to the weeping saint and comforts him. The curious architecture is worth attention. *D.* Resurrection of one of the saint's two companions, St. Austriclinian, who had died on the way. The saint having returned to Rome receives from St. Peter the staff which is to restore his companion to life ; note the embattlemented eternal city : St. Austriclinian is restored to life by a touch of St. Peter's staff. *E.* Casting out of a devil from Count Arnold's daughter at the castle of Tulle in Guienne. The saint (accompanied by his companions Alpinian and Austriclinian) conjures the devil, in the name of Jesus Christ, to issue out of the maid's body : below, the devil flees away in the form of a little black animal. The name of the city and castle with the Ghibelline battlements is incribed over its position in the fresco. *F.* The same city. Raising of Prince Nerva's daughter, who had been suffocated by a fiend. Nerva, cousin to the Emperor Nero, with the princess his wife, bring their dead child to St. Martial, who restores her to them alive and well, whereupon the whole city is converted and baptized. *G.* At Agen. The destruction of idols. The saint destroys the idols of the false religion. The priests of the idols, having beaten the saint, are smitten with blindness, and at his intercession their sight is restored. The devil, in the form of a black-

bearded monster with bat-like wings, is driven forth by angels. *H*. Also at Agen. Christ appears to the kneeling St. Martial and bids him go to Limoges.

Walls of the Chapel. **North wall: upper series.** *I*. The saint at Limoges. Two scenes. He is received into the house of the matron Susanna and her daughter Valérienne, and heals their servant who was poisoned. Having denounced the idolaters, he is flung into prison by their priests: an earthquake looses his bonds. The pagan priests are struck dead, whereupon the saint restores them to life, and the whole people (22,000, says the legend) are converted and baptized. **East wall.** No letter. Martyrdom of St. Valérienne. Much damaged. Some knights in chain armour in the embrasure are well preserved. *L*. The young virgin, having refused to consent to the desire of the lord Steven, is beheaded, and the squire who did his lord's bidding is struck dead. St. Martial restores the squire to life. **South wall.** *M*. Steven, "lord of all Provence from the river o Rhone unto the sea," is summoned to Rome by Nero, where he is converted by St. Peter's preaching, and offers 200 pieces of gold, which Nero had given him, to St. Peter to build churches. The scene is almost effaced, but groups of seated men and women are visible in the embrasure. *N*. The Earl of Poictiers's son is raised to life, whom the devil had bound with a chain of iron and drowned while bathing. The name of the river Vigenna (or Vienne) is inscribed, and the earl and countess with their kinsfolk are present at the miracle. Over the window the fiend "more black than coal" is seen in flight, carrying the chain with him. *O*. Above the door. Three scenes. To the left, the lord Steven, seated under a portico, orders the destruction of the pagan

idols. His commands are executed by a man with an axe. In the middle panel, Count Siegbert, cured of the palsy at Bordeaux. The Countess Benedicta is seen at the foot of the bed touching her lord with St. Martial's staff: Siegbert, made whole, raises his clasped hands to heaven. To the right. The miracle of the fire at Bordeaux. Benedicta, from her palace window, holds forth St. Martial's staff over the burning city, and the fire is quenched. *P.* The vision of St. Martial. The Lord appears to the saint and bids him raise a church to Saints Peter and Paul at Poictiers, who are being martyred at Rome. St. Martial is seen kneeling at the feet of Christ, who points towards the double martyrdom—St. Peter crucified head downwards and St. Paul beheaded. Above the fortified city the souls of the martyred apostles, borne by angels, are received into heaven. *Q.* **Lower series: North wall.** Ordination of St. Aurelian. The scene is placed in the choir of the church, founded at Poictiers by St. Martial: the canons are in their places, and spectators look over the back of the choir stalls. St. Martial is enthroned in the apse, and the mitred St. Aurelian kneels before him to receive the staff. The fresco is much injured. The Twelve Churches founded by St Martial, in his travels on foot over Gaul, is a curious, overcrowded composition, but the architectural details are remarkable. The locality and patron saint of each church is inscribed. **East wall.** Christ announces to the kneeling saint his approaching death. Death of St. Martial. This scene is laid in St. Stephen's church at Bordeaux: two angels are bearing away the saint's soul to heaven, in the form of a miniature bishop, while Christ, the Virgin Mary and the saints press forward to receive it. **South**

wall. Burial of St. Martial and healing of the palsied. One, sick of the palsy, having touched the saint's coffin as it was borne to its resting-place, is miraculously healed. The fresco is much injured, but the figure of the palsied, who has flung away his crutches, and the head of one of the onlookers, are well preserved. Miracle of the winding-sheet. St. Alpinian heals many rich folk with the saints' winding-sheet. This fresco is almost wholly effaced.

Chapel of St. John the Baptist

We now reach the finest and most important of the palace frescoes, whose author, despite many researches in the papal archives, remains unknown. In the first edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle they were confidently assigned to Simone Memmi[1] to whose judgment Mr. Behrenson added the weight of his name. In the second edition, however, the authors of the *History of Painting in Italy* refer the frescoes to the school of Memmi and to the same hand that drew the prophets in the Hall of Audience, but excluding Matteo di Giovanetti's less expert hand.

Unhappily many of the finest heads have disappeared.[2] In 1816 a Corsican regiment being quartered in the palace, some of the soldiers (who as Italians knew the value to collectors of the St. Jean frescoes) began the exploitation of the neglected chapel and established a lucrative industry in the

[1] "No doubt can exist as to the painter of these frescoes. Here laboured the same Simone," etc.—*History of Painting in Italy*, 1864, Vol. II. p. 96.

[2] When the writer last saw these frescoes (1910) a scaffolding had been erected beneath the vaulting, and he was informed a monsieur from the Beaux-Arts at Paris was coming to deal with them.

corps. Special tools were fashioned for the work; the men became experts in the art of detaching the thin layer of plaster whereon the heads were painted, which they sold to amateurs and dealers.[1]

Vaulting. Each of the bays in the groined ceiling is decorated with two figures, named and bearing appropriate inscriptions in Latin. **North.** St. John the Baptist in a raiment of camel's hair and wearing a leathern girdle, with the inscription :[2] *Even now the axe is laid unto the root of the tree;* St. Elizabeth, "soft, but somewhat feeble, in a flowery meadow holding up her dress with her hand."[3] **East.** St. Zacharias, inscription : *Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and wrought redemption for his people;* and St. Mary. Both heads have been cut out of the vaulting by the Corsican soldiers. **South.** St. Anne, "a well-preserved soft-featured saint in a landscape enlivened with a stream issuing from a spout"; St. Zebedee (head gone) with his nets. **West.** St. Mary Salome (the feet and lower part of the dress alone remain); St. John the Evangelist with the inscription : *In the beginning was the Word.*

Walls. **East.** Zacharias offering incense (head removed) : opposite is the angel announcing the birth of a child to be called John. Left of window, The birth of the Baptist. "St. Elizabeth, youthful and handsome, sits up in a square bed; in front to the right a woman of grand presence and fine profile holds the infant." The seated St. Zacharias, to whom the nurse presents the new-born babe, has the partially effaced inscription : *Thou shalt call his*

[1] *Notes d'un voyage dous le Midi*, p. 148.

[2] We give the English equivalents for the convenience of the traveller.

[3] The descriptive quotations are from Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

name John. In the embrasure of the window on either side are groups of men and women (*the multitude of the people*) in varied costumes of the fourteenth century. Two female figures in the foreground arrest the attention—one with a red dress, her hands crossed before her ; another in a close-fitting blue cloak with a hood of the same colour tightly buttoned under the chin and down the neck. This latter figure has been variously identified with Joan of Naples and the inevitable Laura.

Below are St. John preaching in the desert (much injured)—the red dress is a modern addition—and Christ in the garden. "The Saviour, erect and gentle rather than majestic, faces a recess in which vestiges of trees only remain, and seems in the act of speaking. Two angels stand behind Him, the nearest pointing across his breast to the Redeemer, conspicuous by his long thin shape and close draperies and remarkable for the crisp button curls of his hair ; the farthest in profile shrugging his shoulders and bowing with protruding elbows in the affected attitude of a dancing-master ; while the first of these former may be seen repeated in the Sienese school up to Taddeo Bartoli, the second is one of the pure bits of affectation peculiar to Simone." The treatment of the hair is traditional and based on the famous forged letter of Lentulus to the Roman Senate which describes in detail the personal appearance of the Saviour.[1] **North**. Above. The Baptism of Christ. Left. The Holy Ghost descends in the form of a dove on the kneeling Saviour, while the Father is seen blessing Him. Farther to the left the kneeling St. John baptizes the Saviour. Inscription : *This is*

[1] LECKY : *History of Rationalism* (new ed. 1910), Vol. I. p. 235, note.

my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. In the recess of the window, groups of men and women are looking on the next scene : The Baptist preaching in the wilderness. Inscription : *The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord,* etc. One of a group of priests and Levites holds an inscription, *Who art thou ? Art thou Elijah ? Art thou the prophet ? What sayest thou of thyself ? Why then baptizeth thou, if thou art not the Christ, neither Elijah, nor the Prophet ?* Below. Left. Dance of Salome. Salome is " throwing her figure and head back and timing her steps with the jerky motion of her hands, of which the palms are all but folded on the wrist. Salome is one of the strangest examples of affectation in Sienese art." In their first edition the eminent critics regarded Simone as the undoubted author of this work. **South.** Above. Calling of the sons of Zebedee. Left. James and John with their father Zebedee (head gone) are fishing in their boat ; in the recess of the window one is mending the nets, and another, fishing with a rod, has just hooked a fish. Right. Christ attended by two of the twelve receives the new disciples. Below. Christ giving the keys of heaven to St. Peter. The Saviour holds the two keys in the left hand and lays the right hand on the kneeling Peter. A double sword issues from Christ's mouth symbolizing power over earth and heaven. The Holy Ghost in the form of a dove hovers over the scene.

We now come to the most beautiful and dramatic group of the series : The Raising of Tabitha. The expresssion of kindly benevolence in the face of Peter and the tokens of wonder in the spectators, especially in a group of women, even in the two whose heads have been removed, is finely rendered. Crowe and Cavalcaselle call attention to

one of the group, her hands raised in wonder above her head, "an action common in Simone, repeated from the Capella S. Martino at Assisi, and derived from Duccio, who introduced it into his Entombment in the altar-piece of the cathedral of Siena. The spirit which dictated this movement is, in fact, as essentially Sienese as the composition of the scenes generally, and is reminiscent not only of Simone's productions at Assisi and St. Lorenzo Maggiore at Naples, but of the whole school." The two female figures to the right, who calmly survey the scene, form a striking contrast to the passionate grief of the former group. To the left in the recess of the window are portrayed the many who came and believed on the Lord: two children are bearing olive branches. **West.** Above. The Crucifixion. To the left of the Crucified is the weeping Virgin: to the right the beloved disciple to whom the dying Saviour is commending his mother: the Magdalen clasps the Cross. Angels at each side of the Cross, robed in blue, comfort the Redeemer; soldiers in mediæval chain armour, bearded Jewish High Priests, and other spectators stand around. Crowe and Cavalcaselle refer to the Saviour erect on the Cross, "a fine nude, of fair proportions and soft expression of face which may still be traced, and seems the best representation of the crucified Redeemer that had yet been produced by the Sienese school. The whole composition is wanting in the great Florentine laws of distribution." Below are some badly damaged scenes that still await interpretation. M. Denuelle[1] describes them as (1) The Burial of St. John. (2) Burning of the Baptist's remains!

[1] Author of the beautiful water-colour reproductions in the Trocadero Museum at Paris.

Two figures in this latter subject appear to be carrying away vessels on their shoulders, which Crowe and Cavalcaselle describe as stones. May not the scene be an Entombment?

The other portions of the palace, occupied by the Archives of the department of Vaucluse, are accessible daily from 9-11 and 2–4 to strangers "having an official capacity or to duly qualified members of learned societies."[1] At the same hours on Thursdays they are open to persons furnished with a permit to be obtained at the office of the Prefect of Vaucluse (Rue Viella). The old papal chapel of John XXII and his successor, had, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, lost both its roof and the vaulting which supported the upper chapel. A dilapidated shell of four bare walls, it served as a prison yard up to 1871, and in 1878 was repaired and put to its present use. The roof, but not the lower vaulting, was rebuilt, and traces of the spring of the lower arches are clearly visible. The abnormal height of the building is due to the fact that it is formed of two superposed chapels. All the windows of the lower chapel have been blocked, and the interior is lighted by the three tall Gothic windows at the east end of the upper chapel, and by seven Gothic windows in its left wall: the four smaller windows, irregularly placed between the larger ones, are believed by M. Digonnet to have belonged to the original chapel of John XXII, the larger one having been built when Benedict XII doubled its length. These older windows, which Benedict had blocked,

[1] *Ou aux membres de corps savants justifiant de leurs fonctions ou leurs titres.* This qualification is, however, interpreted liberally, and courteous request by a traveller to be admitted is generally granted.

were discovered and restored by the nineteenth-century architect. Nothing remains of the rich mural decorations or the beautiful pavement.[1] The degradation of this famous chapel cannot be laid to the charge of modern iconoclasts, for it was abandoned when Clement VI built his new one over the Audience Hall, and in 1369 was used as a storeroom and granary: after the fire in 1392, the old chapel was abandoned.

We descend to the cloisters—a picturesque ruin—now the archivist's garden and overgrown with climbing roses and other plants. The arcading carried an upper floor of whose two-light windows traces remain; at the south-west corner the bell-gable may be seen in which swung the famous papal silver bell, actually of ordinary bell-metal, but so called by reason of its silvery tone. We next ascend the mighty Tour de la Campane, whose battlements and machicoulis have been restored. A recent critic, making merry over these and other restorations, has diagnosed acute *crenelitis* as a chronic affliction of Avignonnais architects.[2] The question of restoration is a thorny one. Assuredly the architects responsible for the preservation of historic monuments in France, from the arch-restorer Viollet-le-Duc onwards, cannot be charged with lack of zeal. But the passion for restoration is a national characteristic; it is a part of the Gallic hatred of disorder and love of neatness; the same impulse that urges the peasant or workman, intolerant of ragged or gaping garments, to neatly patch his upper or nether clothing rather than suffer a rent or a hole to be seen. The reparation of this and other portions of the palace was imperative if the silent but

[1] *See* page 213.

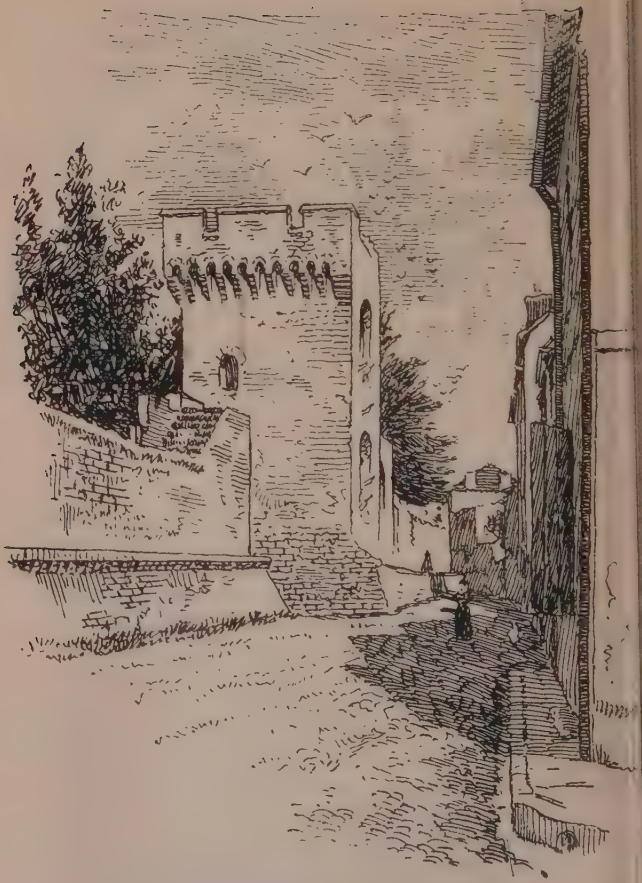
[2] A. Hallays: *Avignon et le Comtat Venaissin.*

unceasing erosive action of the elements was to be arrested. The tower used for the preservation of the local archives had to be made water-tight, and that the necessary repairs took the form of a restoration of the old battlements and machicoulis was a reasonable and appropriate act of preservation. The interior of the tower is composed of three noble chambers, whose date may be inferred by the simple escutcheon of Benedict XII on the Gothic vaultings ; a fine old chimney-piece in the room of the first floor may be seen in ascending. The view from the summit is superb. A word of caution, however, to the traveller may not be out of place : the restored, gaping machicoulis are ill-adapted for the modern sight-seer, and a false step might easily bring a premature termination to his travels.

Section III

THE CITY WALLS

Intimately associated with the history of the Palace of the Popes of Avignon is that of the unparalleled circuit of walls and towers which defended the city from the scourge of organized robber bands during the fourteenth century. The earliest quadrilateral fortifications embraced a relatively small area consisting of the Rocher des Doms and the parishes of St. Agricol, St. Didier, and St. Pierre ; these walls, demolished and rebuilt on a more extensive scale in the twelfth century, embraced an area easily traceable on the modern map, from the Porte du Rhone, round the Rues du Limas, Joseph Vernet, des Lices, Philonarde, Campane, Trois Colombes, to the Rocher. It was these fortifications that the Cardinal St. Angelo



A PORTION OF THE TOWN WALL, AVIGNON

forced the citizens to raze in 1227.[1] Until the acquisition of Avignon by Clement VI, the city was an open one and only defended by a double fosse. The origin of the papal walls has already been traced,[2] and their subsequent fate may now be briefly given. The assaults of the Rhone proved more destructive than human artillery. The walls and towers having been hastily raised, towers fell by reason of bad foundations, and the upkeep of the fortifications was a continual drain on papal and communal finances. In 1362 an irresistible flood of waters overthrew the Portes St. Michel and Limbert, and large breaches were often made by these recurring inundations. Moreover, the expansion of the city and the need of access to the suburbs involved frequent displacement of old and opening of new gates. In 1482 the whole system of the defensive works was modified to meet the new situation caused by the introduction of gunpowder; the gates most exposed to attack were further defended by outworks, that of St. Lazare having been fortified during the rule of Giuliano della Rovere by the addition of a powerful bastide, with three round towers, a drawbridge, and a new fosse which communicated with the great fosse before the main walls; other modifications took place during the Huguenot wars. Notwithstanding many repairs during the intervening centuries, the fortifications had, under the second Empire, suffered sad degradation, and at length Viollet-le-Duc was entrusted with their restoration. The famous architect set to work on their southern side and had completed about one-third of the restoration when the disastrous issue of the Franco-Prussian war arrested all further progress until the

[1] See p. 36.

[2] See p. 157.

Third Republic feebly resumed the task ; the walls along the Rhone, especially useful in time of flood, were backed with stone, their battlements and machicoulis renewed. The visitor, however, will need no reminder that the present passive aspect of the ramparts conveys but a faint impression of their former state, when a broad and deep fosse, seven feet

A PORTION OF THE RAMPART, AVIGNON

by twelve, washed their bases, above which they raised their once impregnable curtains full thirty feet. Two of the old gates have been demolished—the Porte de Limbert in 1896, and the Porte de l'Oulle in 1900 —the former, many times repaired, was the only existing example of the external aspect of a mediæval gate, the latter had been rebuilt in 1786 in the Doric style. A new gate, the Porte Pétrarque, now the Porte de la République, was erected by Viollet-

le-Duc when the walls were pierced for the new street ; the Porte St. Dominique is also new. These noble mural defences, three miles in circuit, twice narrowly escaped demolition—at the construction of the railway, when they were saved by a vigorous protest of Prosper Mérimée, and in 1902, when, on the pretext

PORTE PÉTRARQUE ; NOW, DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE

that they blocked the development of the city, the municipality decided to demolish the unrestored portions. Luckily, the intervention of a public-spirited Prefect of Vaucluse proved successful, and they were again rescued from the housebreaker's pick. No visitor to Avignon should omit to walk or drive round the famous ramparts. Their stones have been subjected to careful scrutiny by antiquarians and the masons' marks (*tacherons*)—about 4,500—

carefully examined and reduced to about four hundred and fifty types.[1] Opinions differ as to the meaning of these curious signs, but there is little doubt that M. Maire's suggestion is the correct one—the workmen were paid by the piece, and each had his own private mark which he cut on the stones he laid and thus enabled the foreman to check his work.[2]

We begin at the Porte du Rhône, and skirt the older part of the walls on the north-west, with their different style of corbels and machicoulis : M. Maire has no hesitation in assigning this portion to the time of Clement VI by reason of the coarser nature of the masons' marks. Turning southwards, we pass the Porte St. Dominique, and reach the Porte St. Roch (formerly the Porte du Champfleury, and only opened at plague times) and the Porte de la République. We soon note the unrestored portion, the site of the old Porte Limbert, and turn northwards to the Porte St. Lazare. Before we reach this gate we may fitly make a digression, and in pious memory of a great Englishman, fare along the Avenue du Cimetière to the grave of John Stuart Mill, who with his wife lies buried within the cemetery under an elder-tree on the right and towards the end of Avenue 2. A plain stone slab bears the well-known inscription to Mrs. Mill's memory—the noblest and most eloquent epitaph ever composed by man for woman.[3] It is pleasant to remember that Mill has

[1] *Bulletin Monumental Soc. Française d. Mon. Hist.* 1884. "Les Signes des Tacherons sur les Remparts d'Avignon." A. & A. Maire.

[2] The writer's own experience in a workshop where men were paid by the piece and where each used his own peculiar notch of identification, confirms this.

[3] W. J. Fox to his daughter : "If she [Mrs. Mill] remains [in Avignon] it might be said 'a greater than Laura is here.'" —*Life*, p. 99.

left golden opinions of his gentleness and generosity behind him at Avignon. His house, a charming little hermitage approached by an avenue of plane-trees not far from the cemetery, was sold in 1905, and a few relics were bought and still are cherished by the rare friends the somewhat self-centred philosopher made in the city. The present owner has preserved the library and study, where the Essay on Liberty was written, much as it was in Mill's days. To the peasants who met the tall, bent, spare figure, musing and botanizing along the country lanes and fields, he was known as "Monsieur Emile." Before he left the city on his periodical visits to England, Mill was wont to leave 300 francs with M. Rey, pastor of the Protestant Church in Avignon: two hundred for expenses of public worship; one hundred for the poor, always charging M. Rey to write to England if any further need arose. Mill, a great Englishman of European fame, to the amazement of his French friends, was followed to his last resting-place by no more than five mourners. As we write news comes that the civic authorities have decided to recall to posterity the association of the great thinker with Avignon by giving the name of Stuart Mill to a new boulevard, and that a bust has been unveiled to his memory near the pleasant city he loved so well. Mill was much gratified that his pamphlet on the Subjection of Women converted Mistral to the movement for their enfranchisement, and their legal equality with men.

We resume our promenade round the walls, and soon rejoin the Porte du Rhône whence we started.

Section IV

THE PARISH CHURCHES OF AVIGNON

1. *St. Agricol*

Tradition assigns to the church of St. Agricol a very ancient origin, for it is said to have been founded by the patron saint in 680 on the site of a Roman hippodrome. The present building is, however, only known to documentary history since the eleventh century. It was rebuilt in the time of John XXII, and made a collegiate church in 1321. Originally consisting of a nave only, the existing chapels were added in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; the last, that of les Grillets, having been founded in 1546: the restored Lady Chapel designed by Peru dates from the early eighteenth century. This somewhat heavy and incongruous mass of architecture is best seen in its outward aspect from the corner of the Rue St. Praxede, and from the Rue Géline near the Hôtel de Ville. The tower, modelled on that of the cathedral, stands against the south wall of the apse, and was begun in 1537: in 1545 it had reached the third storey when the work was interrupted, and only completed in the eighteenth century. The line of juncture may be easily distinguished by the cornice that marks the end of the sixteenth-century work.

The west front, reached by an imposing flight of steps and framed between massive buttresses, has, like most Avignonnais churches, suffered much degradation, and such of the meagre sculptural decorations of the ogee portal as remain have been wholly renewed or heavily restored. The city arms on the façade were

placed there in the fourteenth century by agreement with the consuls who furnished part of the funds required for the rebuilding ; the city arms will also be seen on the bosses of the roof inside. The interior, with its simple vaulting which springs direct from the shafts without the intervention of capitals, has a bold and graceful appearance. Some paintings by native and other artists will be found in the church, and at the east end of the right aisle a marble altar-piece of considerable merit carved (1525) in late Florentine style by a sculptor of Avignon, Imbert Boachon : it is commonly known as the tomb of the Doni. Peru's late Renaissance Lady Chapel, whose curious domed roof we saw from the outside, will repay inspection. It was built for the Marquis de Brantes, and contains the sepulchral monuments of the founder's father (1705) and grandfather (1641). The decoration of this graceful little oratory is singularly pleasing and harmonious : the statues of the Baptist and of St. Elizabeth are by the architect himself, and the charming representation of the Virgin and Child is by Louis XIV's favourite sculptor, Coysevox : Peru is also responsible for the rich and ornate high altar of the church. We are on classic ground here. It was in this temple that Petrarch and Rienzi communed together of the grandeur that once was Rome ; of her shame and degradation, and of mighty schemes for her redemption.

2. *St. Pierre*

Second and most beautiful of the parish churches of Avignon is that dedicated to St. Peter : it may be found by walking down the Rue des Marchands at the south-east corner of the Place de l'Hôtel de

CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE, AVIGNON

Ville and turning left just before reaching the Place Carnot. Tradition sets back its foundation to a period anterior even to that of St. Agricol, but a reference in 919 to the Veneration at St. Pierre of the relics of the patron saint of the city, is the first definite proof of its existence. Rebuilt in the twelfth century, it was made a collegiate church in 1358, when the Cardinal of Palestrina founded a chapter of canons there and built a cloister and canons' houses. A century later nearly the whole fabric was restored ; the side chapels were added and the church was re-consecrated in 1458. In 1495 Blaise l'Ecuyer contracted to build the tower, and the beautiful late Gothic façade, designed by Philip Garcia, was completed in 1512 ; the last structural modification dates from 1854, when the old south chapels were demolished and a new aisle with chapels was added.

The church is happy in its surroundings. Standing in a picturesque irregular Place, whose southern flavour is enhanced by the Italian loggia over the house to the left ; its graceful ogee portal and windows ; its charming cornice and balustrade ; its flanking towers, form one of the most delightful architectural features of the city. The mouldings of the portal are decorated with finely chiselled designs of vine leaves and grapes, oak leaves and acorns, and with familiar scenes of peasant life so dear to the Gothic masons (note the figure cutting grapes on the right). The advancing Renaissance is seen in the medallions on either side of the door-head, and the eighteenth-century figure of the Virgin, ample and matronly, is attributed to the local sculptor Jacques Bernus. The beautifully carved sixteenth-century doors (generally masked by common deal

protective leaves) are the work of Antoine Volard of Avignon, and wrought with reliefs of the Annunciation of St. Jerome and St. Michael. The simpler architecture of the interior forms a striking contrast to the more ornate external decorations, the vaultings of the nave springing from soberly carved corbels against the walls. A lovely little Gothic pulpit in white stone, delicately carved, will arrest the traveller's attention. The original statuettes have been replaced by others of various sizes and periods. St. James and St. Andrew in marble are late fourteenth century; St. Paul is of the fifteenth, and the figure of a bishop in wood of the seventeenth century. The donor of the pulpit dedicated the work to God in the following naïvè quatrain—

Afin que mieux cest Chaire-ci
A Dieu du ciel li soit plaisante
Jacques Malhe li cry merci
Et de bon cœur la lui presente.

To the left of the choir will be seen a Renaissance altar-piece executed in 1524 by Imbert Boachon for Perinet Parpaille.[1] Modern plaster figures of St. Peter and St. Paul have been substituted in the niches for the original statues of the Virgin and Child, St. Roch and St. Sebastian; but the admirable relief of the Last Supper beneath these figures deserves attention. The nave and choir of the church were panelled in the seventeenth century, with sumptuously decorated carvings, of which those of the choir stalls still survive: their rich gilding and ornate Corinthian columns frame pictures of little merit, but as decoration they give a gorgeous Italian aspect to the sanctuary. The church has

[1] See page 269.

ALTAR PIECE, NOTRE DAME DU SPASME. *By F. Laurana. Church of St. Didier.*

[*To face p.* 340.

an ample endowment of seventeenth-century paintings, those by Pierre Parrocel having been executed for the canon's cloister, and, on its destruction, transferred to the church ; they consist of seven scenes in the life of St. Anthony, and are executed in the artist's most facile and suave manner. An "Immaculate Conception" and others by Nicholas Mignard, and an "Adoration of the Shepherds" by Simon de Châlons, are also worth notice. The second altar to the left of the entrance holds the now forgotten relics of St. Pierre de Luxembourg (p. 191) —his cardinal's hat and tunic.

On quitting the church, a turn under the archway to the right will bring us to the Place du Clôitre St. Pierre. This picturesque little square, that marks the site of the old cloisters, is shaded by tall plane-trees ; with the grey, weather-worn stone of the ecclesiastical buildings showing traces of the vaulting of the old cloisters, it forms one of the most peaceful old-world spots in Avignon. As we follow round the church we have a good view of the massive buttressed architecture of Blaise l'Ecuyer's tower standing south of the apse, its usual position in Avignonnais churches.

3. *St. Didier*

The third and most popular of the parish churches of Avignon will be found by turning south from the Place Carnot along the Rue des Fourbisseurs which intersects one of the most curious of the old city streets—the Rue du Vieux Sextier—with its awnings and quaint architecture strangely suggestive of an Eastern bazaar.

The external aspect of the collegiate church of St. Didier, heavy and graceless, has little to attract the visitor ; indeed, if a layman may be permitted to say

so, the thirteenth and early fourteenth century masons of Provence appear never to have worked at their ease in Gothic architecture ; they never attained the freedom and lightness and grace of their northern brethren of the Isle de France. One has only to compare the masterly art of the builders of the dome and lantern and porch of the cathedral with the cumbrous architecture of the early Gothic churches of the city to become aware that the inspiration of the most successful Provençal masons derives from classic and Saracen influences through Cisalpine Gaul and Spain.

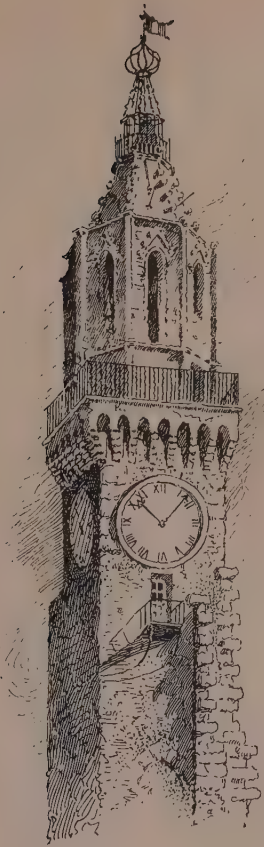
The interior—an aisleless nave with small side chapels—is even more austere than that of St. Agricol. It is, however, relieved by a beautiful late Gothic hexagonal tribune elevated on the north wall of the nave. Little is known of this structure : it is sometimes described as a pulpit, but more probably may have served for the exposition of relics. The organ gallery at the west end is carried on columns whose capitals are decorated with quaint reliefs of men and animals after the manner of Gothic masons. But the chief artistic treasure of the church is the remarkable relief in marble formerly known as the *Image du Roi Réné*, and now placed in the first chapel to the right on entering the church. This famous relief, the fourth of the Stations of the Cross (*Notre Dame du Spasme*), was executed (1481) by Francesco Laurana, a Dalmatian sculptor, for King Réné : it stood on the high altar of the Célestins until the Revolution. This, the artist's masterpiece, was wrought amid distracting anxieties and financial difficulties, and Francesco never succeeded in obtaining more than 850 of the 1200 crowns promised for the work. The powerful, almost repugnant realism of the figures ; the romantic vigour of the grouping, contrasting with

OLD PORTAL OF CARMELITE MONASTERY, AVIGNON

the more delicate carving of the architectural background, render this work one of the most impressive examples of early Renaissance sculpture in France. Happily, it has suffered but little from revolutionary iconoclasts, the head only of one of the female figures in the background having been renewed. The high altar of rich marbles by Peru also came from the Célestins, and the statues of the Baptist and St. Bruno from the Chartreuse of Villeneuve ; paintings by Simon de Châlons and Pierre Parrocel are among the pictorial treasures of the church.

4. *St. Symphorien*

The fourth of the parish churches, situated in the Place des Carmes, may be reached from the Place Carnot by following the street of that name and its prolongation, the Rue du Portail Mathéron. Before turning into the Place des Carmes, and opposite the machicolated clock-tower—all that remains of the great Augustinian monastery founded in 1261—we sight a beautiful ogee portal with rich flamboyant tracery—now forming the entrance to the stables of the Hôtel de la Croix Blanche : this lovely relic of late Gothic architecture was formerly the portal of the old Carmelite monastery, and the present St. Symphorien was the abbey church of the same great foundation. St. Symphorien has the longest nave in Avignon, but the fine vaulted roof having collapsed, for the second time, in 1762, the barrel-roof of to-day was substituted in 1836 ; the vaultings of some of the old side chapels, however, still remain, and the church possesses the inevitable collection of canvases by Nicholas Mignard, Sauvan, Pierre Parrocel, and other local painters. Retracing our steps along the Rue du Portail Mathéron, the Rue du Chapeau



TOWER, AUGUSTINIAN MONASTERY, AVIGNON

Rouge will lead us to the Rue St. Jean le Vieux and the Place Pie,[1] where a solitary tower, restored by Viollet-le-Duc, is all that remains of the castellated structure that once belonged to the Knights Hospitallers of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, to whom it was transferred in 1312 after the destruction and spoliation of the Knights Templars[2] by Philip the Fair. The picturesque old military buildings with their quaint turrets and windows have been recently swept away, together with the equally picturesque houses that enclosed the old Place Pie; where, not so long ago, one could see gathered on market days, busily chaffering and gesticulating, the peasants of the Comtat in their characteristic costumes, offering for sale the varied produce of the most opulent soil of France; cheap manufactures and the new iron Halles, modelled on those of Paris, have changed all that.

Section V

THE ABBEYS AND FRIARIES OF AVIGNON

The spoliation, suppression and demolition of the vast and wealthy monastic establishments of the Grands Augustins and the Grands Carmes is typical of the fate that befel the whole of the regular Orders in Avignon after the Revolution. A clean sweep has been made of the extensive and rich buildings belonging to the Dominican friars, and a whole new quarter of Avignon, comprised between the Rue Rampart de l'Oulle and the Rues Annanelle and Joseph Vernet and traversed by four new streets, the Rues Victor Hugo,

[1] See p. 269.

[2] The restored Gothic chapter-house of the Templars now serves as the dining-room of the Hôtel du Louvre in the Rue St. Agricol.

St. Thomas d'Aquin, St. André and des Fonderies, now stands on their site. Not a wrack remains of the Friars' sumptuous church, where their angelic doctor was canonized and St Ives of Brittany, patron of lawyers, raised to the seats of the Blessed—a church which surpassed the cathedral in size and in beauty of decoration. The position even of the great refectory, where popes were enthroned and so many stirring scenes were enacted, is unknown, and the magnificent sepulchral monuments of eighty cardinals and twice that number of bishops are as if they had never been. From Mérimée's notes, we learn that in 1835 the church was used as an iron-foundry and that the workmen, as they passed through the beautiful cloisters, used to amuse themselves by chipping off fragments of their exquisite carvings. A similar fate has befallen the magnificent rival establishment of the Franciscan friars (Cordeliers).

The fashionable monastery of the Pères Célestins, which rivalled the Dominican friary in wealth and extent and which held the famous shrine of St. Pierre de Luxembourg, was situated at the south of the city, inside the old Porte St. Martial. Many royal favours, as we have seen, were lavished on the sanctuary of St. Pierre de Luxembourg, and one of the possessions of the Célestin fathers shown to the curious down to the Revolution, was a ghastly portrait (so-called) of King René's mistress, said to have been painted by himself. René, who was one of their most munificent benefactors—so the story ran—grievously afflicted by the death of his mistress, desired to behold her once again : he therefore ordered her tomb to be reopened a few days after her burial in the cemetery of the monastery. Appalled by the hideous spectacle the once lovely form presented, he set to work to paint

her as she appeared in her winding-sheet, erect in the coffin set against a wall.

The vast church of the Order contemplated by Clement VII, and lavishly endowed by the Visconti of Milan, was begun in 1395, and never completed; when the body of its papal founder was translated there from its temporary resting-place in the cathedral, in 1406, the apse, the choir and the transept alone had been raised. The enduring conflict of the popes of Avignon and Rome stayed all further progress for sixteen years, and it was not till 1422 that the great nave was commenced; in 1424 the construction having reached as far as the first bay, the work was interrupted and eventually terminated by closing up the bay with a great wall; the spring of the vaulting for the next bay is still visible. The extent of the famous gardens of the monastery, enclosed with a tall hedge of laurel "high as a pine tree," may be conceived by the fact that the Hautpoul barracks and part of the Rue de la République occupy their site. The unfinished church is now used for military purposes, but since permission to view must be obtained from the Minister of War the traveller is hardly likely to enjoy a sight of this beautiful relic of early fifteenth-century architecture. South of St. Didier, however, at the corner of the Rue St. Michael and the Place des Corps Saints—so called because the chief entrance to the Célestins stood there—the external architecture of the great apse and part of the monastic buildings may be seen.

In the Rue de la République, north of Hautpoul barracks, the present Public Gardens of St. Martial have been laid out on the site of the monastic buildings and gardens of the Benedictine monks. The establishment was founded by Simon de Brosse in the

time of Pope Urban V, and in 1383 the abbey church of St. Martial was begun in the flamboyant Gothic style. Part of the old cloisters, four bays of the nave, and the apse have survived, the last being now used as a Protestant temple. The relic of the nave is included in the post-office buildings, and the restored tower serves as a centre for the municipal telegraph and telephone wires. The amazing delicacy and richness of the old window tracery are well seen from the Rue des Lices, whence the lovely apse may be entered (under a late Renaissance portal) at such hours as the meagre cult of the Reformed Church may permit.

The powerful Order of the Jesuit Fathers was not long in leaving its architectural mark on the papal city of Avignon, and the experienced traveller will easily recognize their characteristic buildings as he ascends the Rue de la République. The sombre architecture of the church that stands obliquely on his right was modelled on the Gesù at Rome, which the Fathers sought to emulate in the sumptuousness of internal decoration. The massive, gloomy block of buildings that extends down the Rue du Collège and along the Rue du Laboureur was the old noviciat, and the present Lycée, joined to the church by an archway, was formerly the Jesuit College.

Section VI

THE GUILDS OF PENITENTS

Under theocratic and oligarchic constitutions the common people have ever been encouraged to divert their political energies to the creation and government of religions, charitable and craft guilds, all of which

flourished exuberantly at Avignon. A perpetual rivalry in works of mercy and in magnificent processions rendered them popular ; their peculiar habit, their gorgeous banners and strange devices ; their flagellations and psalmody were a source of never-ending satisfaction and delight to a spectacle-loving people.

Of the seven Guilds of Penitents three have been resuscitated since the Revolution, and a visit to their faded sanctuaries will lead us through some interesting streets of old Avignon. Taking the tramway from the top of the Rue de la République, we alight at the Porte Limbert and proceed by the Rue Guillaume Puy to a bridge that crosses a branch of the Sorgue, by whose bank the Rue des Teinturiers, a shady avenue of fine old plane-trees, winds to the north-west. Along this cool, delicious way, where the huge mill-wheels of the dyers' houses slowly revolve their dripping pales, and garden walls are clothed with ivy and other trailing plants, we direct our steps, noting, embedded in a wall at the corner of the Rue Tarasque on our left, an old relief of the monster slain by St. Martha. We soon reach a little bridge that crosses to the portal of a chapel framed between two Corinthian columns, above which are figured two Penitents kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, with the legend : *Venite adoremus.* Here is the entrance to the oratory of the Grey Penitents, most ancient of the confraternities of Avignon.

After the capture of the heretical city by Louis VIII —so tradition tells—the victorious king, clothed in grey sackcloth, headed an expiatory procession to a little chapel of the Holy Cross that stood on the banks of the stream outside the city walls : a guild

was then established whose members devoted themselves to acts of penance and mercy, and a new sanctuary was raised on the spot. As a mark of especial favour papal permission was accorded for the perpetual exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on the altar of the guild, and, with a brief interruption during the revolutionary troubles, it has there remained exposed for well-nigh seven centuries down to our own day.

This venerable sanctuary is consecrated in the popular mind by the tradition of a famous miracle. During the great flood of 1443 the waters rose so high that certain of the brethren, fearing lest the Blessed Body of the Lord might be reached by the rising flood, hastily seized a boat and rowed to the chapel door, where—marvellous to tell—the waters, having invaded the chapel, were arrested for a space of four feet on every side of the altar and, like the waters of the Red Sea at Moses' rod, were a wall unto it. The fame of the little oratory grew, and soon a new and more spacious building was erected.

Let us enter the timber-ceiled passage that leads to the guild chapel—and quietly and reverently, for in its dim interior we surely shall find some pious devotee kneeling in prayer before the altar. We first reach a vestibule where on our left, behind an iron grille, is the altar of Our Lady of the Vine-dressers ; a short space, and two other chapels open out from a sombre octagonal chamber. One, a long, narrow Gothic building hung with processional banners and lamps, contains the altar of the confraternity, surmounted by a huge gilded glory executed by Peru in 1694, whereon the Sacrament is perpetually exposed—a privilege renewed by Pius VII in 1818, when the ruined buildings were restored.

The next bridge over the stream will lead us into a pleasant little garden, whence a view may be obtained of some remains of the old buildings of the guild, including the bell-gable. We note, too, the half-ruined tower of the Cordeliers, and as we resume our way soon catch a glimpse of a chapel in picturesque weather-worn dilapidation, all that survives of the famous friary church that contained the reputed tomb of the immortal Laura.

Continuing north-west along the Rue Bonneterie, as far as the narrow Rue Rouge, we turn left into a tiny irregular Place where, behind a nineteenth-century façade, stands Notre Dame la Principale, one of the oldest churches in Avignon. Founded in 930 by Duke Boson of Provence, and rebuilt in the fifteenth century, it needed extensive repairs in 1548, when the city fathers gave one hundred gold florins towards the cost. The fabric, sold during the Revolution, has since been partly reconsecrated to religious uses, and now serves as the chapel of the Guild of the White Penitents, founded in 1527 and reorganized during the Restoration. The history of the guild is a curious one. On July 19, 1527, thirteen virtuous citizens of Avignon met and decided to establish a Confraternity of White Penitents of the Five Wounds of Our Saviour Jesus Christ. They first found shelter in the Carmelite monastery, but their numbers rapidly increasing, the brethren petitioned the Dominican Friars for a plot of ground whereon they might raise a sanctuary worthy of their growing importance: in a year a magnificent chapel stood in the garden of the friary, where the members of the guild, with the applause of all good men, practised mortification and other acts of virtue with incredible fervour and profound devotion, to the unspeakable joy and glad-

ness of their hearts and to the sanctification of the inhabitants of Avignon.[1] Gifts and bequests of money and relics were lavished on the guild, and soon their chapel became one of the most famous sights in Avignon. Its walls glowed with frescoes by Simon de Châlons—ravishing figures of prophets and sybils ; its altars shone with priceless jewels, the gifts of regal and aristocratic members, while a gruesome decoration of human skulls and cross-bones recalled the vanity of human pomp and riches. King and subject, cardinal and priest, seigneur and bourgeois, all were confounded in the common habit of white sackcloth marked with the bleeding Heart of Jesus and the Crown of Thorns. Two slits in the hood formed apertures for the eyes, and each penitent bore a discipline in one hand and a torch in the other, as he went his way along the streets of Avignon. The rule of the guild was of the harshest, and members were required to repair to the infirmary on the return of the procession, that the wounds inflicted by their scourges might be tended.

At the memorable reception of Henry III on November 19, 1574, his majesty refused to sit on the raised daïs prepared for him, and received the scourge of the order, made of silver thread and decorated with rosettes of gold, from the rector's hand, kneeling with great humility and devotion in the presence of the queen-mother Catherine de' Medici, the Duke of Alençon, Henry of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and the Duke of Guise. In the monster procession of December 4, in which no less than 1800 penitents of all the guilds are said to have taken part, Henry, clothed in the sackcloth of the order and holding the discipline in his hand, drew tears from the spec-

[1] *Confrérie des Pénitents Blancs*, Avignon, 1858.

tators by his incredible modesty and humility. Two by two the brethren paced, each of the royal penitents carrying the cross in turn, the Duke of Guise bearing it with angelic modesty ; they visited the cathedral, the chief churches and monasteries, where hymns and motets were sung to the honour of the Son of God and of the Holy Virgin. At the Carmelites, the most pious and devout king in his turn became cross-bearer, and with inconceivable devotion and humility bore the sacred emblem. The venerable Cardinal of Lorraine then received the cross, and carried it barefoot as far as the house at the sign of the Bell.

But the blood of the Bartholomew massacre, only two years shed, lay on the heads of the chief actors in this edifying spectacle, and ere the century had closed all save Henry of Navarre had passed to their tragic doom : the Duke of Alençon lay in his grave ; the Duke of Guise had been stabbed to death, and the debauched and treacherous Henry III, author of his murder, had also fallen beneath the assassin's hand ; Catherine, too, had gone to her account, burdened with the anathemas of the Church.

A curious legend is associated with this royal visit to Avignon. Count Berton, father of the *brave Crillon*, having invited the four Henrys of France—Henry III, Henry of Navarre, Henry of Condé, and Henry of Guise—to a banquet at his house, in the course of the evening the guests fell to playing at dice. As Henry III made his throw, blood gushed from the table where they were playing—an ominous presage of the bloody death impending over the four royal players.[1]

[1] Henry of Navarre, Henry IV. of France, was assassinated in 1610.

According to the statutes of 1553 the officers of the guild comprised a rector; his two subordinates; a treasurer; twelve councillors; four masters of the ceremonies; four of the novices; three sacristans; three (male) nurses; two messengers and one priest. All the officers were to be men of good life and conversation, neither blasphemers nor tavern-keepers, and the rector must know how to read and write. The nurses were to keep the infirmary in good order and provide for binding up of the wounds of the scourged, and chiefly, two days before a procession, to make diligent provision of all things necessary for such curing of wounds. They must remain in the infirmary all the time a procession was in progress, and never scourge themselves at any time. Many restrictions aim at excess of zeal in inflicting discipline. Those who desired to scourge themselves, or to be beaten, shall not dare to begin before the office is ended, on pain of being stripped of their habit by the beaters (bastonniers) and excluded from the procession. After the procession the scourged must straightway repair to the infirmary to be tended, and if one swoon during the procession or cannot bear up he must leave the ranks and return to the chapel, and not enter any strange house or chapel. The brethren should walk with bowed heads and reverently; they must not sit down on any bench in the town, nor make derisive gestures, nor speak in a loud voice among themselves, nor to any person, not even their wives, outside their ranks. *Item*, they must not take any drink that may be offered to them, and if they need refreshment they should bring something with them. If a brother swear by God, or the Virgin Mary, or the saints, in the presence of the rector, he shall leave the chapel; or if in the

hearing of three or four witnesses during procession he shall be expelled the guild. During the sitting of the council no brother shall insult another nor bring arms into the council chamber, nor enter the great chapel with arms of offence. Women may join the guild on payment of the same contributions as the brethren, but shall not enter the chapel, nor wear the habit, and although the brethren were to accompany a dead brother to his grave clothed in their habit, to the number of twenty-five at least, such procession was not to accompany the body of a woman member.[1]

We now fare northwards, cross the Place Carnot, and follow the Rue Banasterie to a chapel at its end, graced by a fine renaissance façade, with a striking relief above the portal—two angels, surrounded by cherubim and aureoled in a glory, bearing the Baptist's head in a charger. This is the oratory of the Guild of the Black Penitents of St. John the Baptist, founded in 1586 by Pompeo di Rieti, colonel of a regiment of papal infantry. The Pénitents Noirs de la Miséricorde devoted themselves to the service of prisoners in the jails, whom they visited and fed; they accompanied the condemned to the scaffold, and gave them Christian burial. By papal dispensation they were empowered in 1616 to deliver a criminal from death on the festival of their patron saint. In the eighteenth century a pious benefactor built a madhouse behind their chapel, and thenceforward to the care of prisoners was added the care of the insane; and the older generation of Avignonnais still recall the strange mediæval figure of the Black Penitent, clothed in his sable habit, with two apertures in the cowl for the eyes, rattling his collecting-box

[1] *Confrérie des Pénitents Blancs d'Avignon.*

about the streets of the city, and crying, "Pour les pauvres prisonniers ; s'il vous plait." The sacristan will admit the traveller to the sumptuously decorated chapel, with its faded gilt carvings and pictorial decorations in the lavish Italian style of the eighteenth century. Some of the old habits of the order are shown in the sacristy, where, too, was formerly cherished the priceless crucifix of ivory which Master Guillermin carved for Jean Maune, a famous surgeon of Avignon, who presented it to the guild.

A pale reflection of these processional glories survived down to the period of the Second Empire. When the time for the celebrations drew near what a sweeping and watering of streets ! What fervour of excitement among the rival parishes of the city ! Green boughs were brought in, awnings raised over the streets ; the rich displayed from the balconies of their houses their most precious silks and embroideries, tapestries and damasks ; the poor hung out their quilts and counterpanes, and covered walls with sweet-smelling linen of dazzling whiteness fresh from the wash. The great *reposoirs* for the candelabra, the vases of flowers, the old folk sitting on chairs expectant of the procession, the lads and lasses pelting each other with roses and compliments. Then the approach of the tall, handsome *Suisses* in their gorgeous scarlet uniforms and bearing halberds ; the veiled maidens of the parishes arrayed in white ; the members of the guilds in their quaint habits ; the monks, the friars ; the rolling of the drums, the stirring music ; the reciting of the rosaries ; the clouds of incense ; and finally the solemn, impressive silence at the elevation of the Host in a resplendent monstrance over the kneeling people. At night the torchlight procession of the White Penitents pacing through the streets

like ghosts in their winding-sheets—is it not all written in Mistral?[1] Many an old Avignonnais will shake his head gloomily to-day as he tells of these past splendours and bewails the ruin of crafts that followed on their suppression.

Section VII

Some secular edifices of Avignon : the Musée Calvet.

The tall, machicolated tower, surmounted by a belfry that rises from the centre of the new Hôtel de Ville of Avignon, bears witness to an earlier building on that spot. There of old stood the livrée of Petrarch's patron, Cardinal Giovanni Colonna, which in 1447, having descended to the Cardinal of Albano, was purchased by the city fathers, who transferred thither their archives from the Cordeliers, and who a quarter of a century later, desiring to add a clock to their official residence, leased the tower for twenty florins a year from the nuns of St. Laurent, to whom it had been bequeathed. Monthly payments to the clock-maker in 1474 for windings prove that Jacquemart and his wife were already sounding the hours for the good folk of Avignon. In 1481 the figures, having been injured by lightning, a Gothic canopy was erected for their protection. The present Monsieur et Madame Jacquemart are modern reproductions, and the clock bears no resemblance to the fine old fifteenth-century horologe, with its face of blue and its gilded figures and hands, the four Evangelists at its corners, and a globe showing the phases of the moon.

The Dames de St. Laurent were a Benedictine

[1] *Moun Espelido.*

community, and several members of the Sade family took the veil there. An interesting fact bearing on the life of Petrarch has been brought to light by M. Bayle—a reference in an obituary belonging to the convent to the death of Francesco Petrarca, *amicus noster*.[1] The citizens were proud of the clock

JACQUEMART

they set up in the old convent tower which they bought from the nuns in 1497 : they spared no expense for its maintenance and for the machinery to work the figures. The name Jacquemart is probably derived from the nickname applied by the French nobles to their serfs (*Jacques*), and the varlet who rang

[1] *Bulletin de Vaucluse*, 1882, "Etudes sur Laure," p. 304.

the bell in a feudal castle was known as the Jacque. Madame Jacquemart is represented handing the floral emblem of constancy to her husband.

The picturesque old municipal buildings, resembling a mediæval Italian Palazzo Pubblico, with their machicolations and their mullioned windows, were

PORTAL, HÔTEL BARONCELLI-JAVON

swept away in 1845 to give place to the present pseudo-classic pile.

Of the magnificent patrician and cardinalate edifices of Avignon but few remain : one of the oldest and most interesting survivals is the beautiful late Gothic portal of the Hôtel Baroncelli-Javon, opposite the end of a short street on our left as we turn down the Rue St. Agricol from the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. Returning to the Place, the Rue du Change, to the

south-east, will bring us to the old commercial centre of Avignon, the quarter of the money-changers and brokers and chief merchants of the city, its winding streets characteristic of a mediæval city and designed for protection against archers. In the Rue Galante, which leads southward from the Place du Change, is a fine eighteenth-century mansion recently restored, and in the Rue de la Masse, across the Place St. Didier, will be found other examples of patrician architecture : on the right, a short distance down, is the Hôtel de Montreal (1637), whose halls were painted by Nicholas Mignard with the legend of Theagenes, and opposite to it the stately and famous Hôtel Crillon,[1] rebuilt early in the seventeenth century in the dignified, but somewhat heavy, overcharged style of the late Italian renaissance. It has a nobly-proportioned courtyard, and will repay careful inspection. In 1784 the Duke of Cumberland, brother of George III, coming to Avignon in search of a milder winter clime, was royally entertained by the last of the Dukes of Crillon, and left his host in the spring of 1785 with gratitude for restored health. In the Rue des Fourbisseurs, which leads north-east from the Place St. Didier, other examples of domestic architecture will be found.

We may return to the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville by the Rue des Marchands, and on the western side of the Rue de la République pass down the broad Rue Vialla : turning an angle to the left, we reach at the bottom of the Rue Petite Calade the spacious Rue Joseph Vernet, which in papal times under its old name Rue Calade was the first paved and most favoured residential street in the city. To our left is the superb Hôtel de Villeneuve (1742), now the

[1] See p. 354.

Musée Calvet, and opposite, the Hôtel des Taillades, with trophies sculptured on its façade.

The vicissitudes of the collections of art and science which now form the Museé Calvet have been many. In 1793 no less than 836 pictures, seized by the revolutionists in the churches and religious establishments of the city, lay piled in the archbishop's palace and other buildings. Three subsequent sales and some remissions to Nîmes and Paris greatly reduced their numbers, and when the keeper of the newly formed Musée d'Avignon published his catalogue of paintings in 1802 seventy-seven only had remained. In 1805 these paintings were exhibited in the refectory of the old monastery of St. Martial, where a municipal library was also established. In the Museé d'Avignon thus formed, the pictorial salvage of the Revolutionary era lay neglected and deteriorating from damp, until in 1816 the Restoration officials offered to surrender them to such of the churches of Avignon as might claim them for their own : whereupon all, save a few mediocre, unclaimed works, found their way back to the ecclesiastical authorities.

Meanwhile the famous physician and collector, Dr. Calvet, had died in 1810, and bequeathed his fortune, his library, his extensive collection of paintings, statues, coins, precious stones and other artistic treasures to the city of Avignon. First exhibited at St. Martial, they were subsequently exhibited (1832), in the Hôtel de Villeneuve, which the municipality had acquired for 85,860 francs from a rich merchant who had been ruined by the Revolution of 1830 : the whole of the municipal collections were then transferred to the Rue Calade and the present Musée Calvet opened to the public in May 1834. The city was further enriched

ADORATION OF THE CHILD JESUS. *Early Provençal School. Musée Calvet.*

[*To face p.* 362.

in 1839 by a valuable collection of minerals and fossils bequeathed by M. Esprit Requien, a well-known botanist and scientist, together with a score of pictures and some books : these, forming the Musée Requien, were housed at St. Martial. The State, however, having decided to install the new post office at St. Martial, the municipality agreed to construct a natural history museum at the bottom of the garden of the Musée Calvet and facing the Rue Bouquerie. But the building was delayed ; the post office officials claimed entrance at St. Martial ; and a large part of the valuable collection of minerals and fossils, after having been carted to the mairie and the fire station, was, by the order of the Mayor, M. Pourquery de Boisserin,[1] flung into the Rhone as "a heap of old stones."

The traveller will do well to begin his survey of the Musée Calvet on a week day, under the courteous and deprecatory guidance of the official cicerone whose paternal and hereditary affection for the treasures it contains will afford him no small pleasure; he can then return on Sunday afternoon and enjoy at leisure the objects he may desire to study more closely, with no interruption save the yawns of the bored soldiers who serve as guardians.

The collection of ancient sculpture and inscriptions, for which nearly the whole of Provence has been laid under contribution, and which has been strengthened by the purchase in 1841 of the Nani collection from Venice, contains no work of first importance, but a pleasing Greek stele and a Greco-Roman torso of a Venus found in a field at Pourrières by a peasant, are worthy of note. We pass to the

[1] Hallay's *Avignon*, p. 108. In 1910 M. Boisserin was elected a deputy amid a scene of wild enthusiasm.

precious salvage of mediæval and renaissance plastic art in Salle III, where stands the chief treasure of the collection—a beautiful figure of the Virgin and Child, of the best period of French art. Its story is a curious one. Carved in the fifteenth century for the Célestins, it came to be enclosed, until recently, in the façade of a private house in the Place des Corps Saints. M. Digonnet, when keeper of the museum, was fortunately able by alert and diplomatic bargaining to acquire the statue for the city, and when it was dislodged from its niche in the wall, an inscription, dated 1791, came to light, telling that the Virgin formerly adorned the portal of the monastery. Typically French in character, it recalls many a sweet and tender Virgin of the Isle de France masters. Among the few maimed relics of sculpture that made pre-revolutionary Avignon one of the richest treasure-houses of that art, we may signalize the statuettes Nos. 80–82, from the tomb of Innocent VI at Villeneuve; a collection of Romanesque and Gothic capitals; the arms of Pierre de Luxembourg and his bust; the bust of Clement VII, the sepulchral monuments of Pope Urban V, of Cardinal de Brancas, of the Seigneur of La Palisse, with the statuettes of Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance, and of Cardinal Lagrange, with the gruesome recumbent figure known as *Le Transi*. The beautiful Italian fifteenth-century bas-reliefs—St. Helena and the Virgin—will also be noted.

The chief interest of the museum to the cultured traveller lies in the small but admirable series of Primitifs Français on the first floor. The whole collection of pictures is arranged chronologically and nominally. On the left, as we enter the long room, are, 1 and 2, fragments of frescoes from the Papal

Palace and a private house. 8, The Fountain of Life, is a devotional painting. To the left,[1] the Magdalen with the pot of ointment ; to the right, St. Mary of Egypt, with long and appropriate inscriptions in Latin and old French. 3, St. Pierre de Luxembourg in Ecstasy, formerly was placed over the saint's tomb in the Célestins. The background is a representation of embossed Moorish leather. The picture, probably early fifteenth century, was exhibited at Paris in 1904 among the Primitifs Français (No. 70). 7, a triptych, is much decayed ; in the central panel the pope enthroned is in the act of blessing ; right and left are St. Maurice and St. Martha with the captive Tarasque. 4, A sainted Bishop and St. Catherine, was also exhibited at Paris. 9, Adoration of the Child Jesus, formerly accepted as a work by Gerard of Haarlem, is now believed to be an example of the early Provençal school and painted about 1480 ; the knightly donor, a strong and reverent figure, evidently a portrait, kneels beside St. Louis of Toulouse. The striking southern architecture of the castle in the background and the beautiful Provençal type of the Virgin make this one of the most noteworthy pictures in the museum. 5, Virgin and Child and the Donor, a surpliced canon. 6, St. Lawrence. 10, A double-panel painting : (*a*) St. Michael, (*b*) The Annunciation. The work has been doubtfully attributed to Nicholas Froment of Avignon, but 11, St. Siffrein, Bishop of Carpentras, may be more confidently assigned to this famous master of King Réné. The picture, a masterpiece, for a long time served as the lid of a chest in the church of St. Mazan, and was given by the curé to Monseigneur Debelay, who bequeathed it to the seminary of Avignon.

[1] The spectator's left.

Exhibited at Paris, the work evoked much interest, and, at the request of the Prefect of Vaucluse, finally found a home in this museum.

We next come upon four examples of the work of Simon de Châlons (Nos. 370–373), a facile and favourite artist of the Avignonnais in the sixteenth century, who during a long and busy career of forty years (1545–1585) filled the churches and monasteries with his paintings. 371, Adoration of the Shepherds, is a good example of the artist's manner. Below these are a collection of historical portraits, chiefly by unknown artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries: 426, Charles the Bold. 427, supposed portrait of Henry VII of England, will interest the traveller. 429, Ant. Calvet, of Villeneuve, an ancestor of the founder of the museum. 115, Portrait of Cardinal Odet de Coligny, by Corneille de Lyon (about 1548), long believed to be a portrait of Cardinal Bembo, was exhibited at Paris among the Primitifs. 312, Michael Nostradamus, the renowned astrologer, by his son Cæsar (1555–1629), believed to be a memorial portrait placed by his widow over her husband's tomb in the Franciscan church at Salon. 589, portrait, by Philippe de Champaigne (1602–1674). 275 is a masterly portrait by the brothers Lenain (seventeenth century). 276, formerly ascribed to Phillippe de Champaigne, is now assigned to the Lenain.

Before we pass farther along the gallery we may conveniently examine some sketches, by modern artists, of historical importance. 679 is a copy, in water-colour, by Aubanel, of the altar piece of St. Maximin, the earliest known representation of the Papal Palace (about 1520). Once attributed to Lucas van Leyden, it is now ascribed to a Venetian,

Antonio Ronzin. A ravelin is seen in front of the west portal, and the Tour de la Gache, shown at its full height, dominates the Great Chapel of Clement VI. 707 and 708 are pencil sketches, by Denuelle, of the Memmi fresco in the porch of the cathedral, and of a fresco in the chapel of St. Jean in the palace. The latter is interesting as showing the condition of the palace frescoes in 1850. 690, another water-colour copy (by Chaix) of the Memmi fresco, would appear to prove that the painting has suffered much deterioration since 1845.

We now proceed to our examination of the works of some seventeenth and eighteenth-century French painters whose names will be familiar to visitors to the Louvre at Paris. Nicholas Mignard (1606–1668) who settled at Avignon, was known as "Mignard d'Avignon," to distinguish him from his more famous kinsman, Pierre Mignard le Romain (1612–1695), the favourite painter of the Grand Monarque. By the former artist are some half-dozen pictures, among which we may note 296, The Dead Christ. By Pierre four works are exhibited : 302 is a portrait of the Grand Dauphin, only legitimate son of Louis XIV ; 303, portrait of the royal mistress, Mme. de Montespan as Flora, and her son, the Duke of Maine as Zephyrus ; 305 is a child's portrait by a grandson of Nicholas Mignard. Among some works by Sebastian Bourdon of Montpellier (1616–1671), one of the twelve founders of the Académie Royale of Paris, are : 78, Baptism of Christ, and, 81, the artist's self-portraiture. By Jean Baptiste Regnault (1754–1829) a successful Parisian artist of his day, is 347, a Bacchante, a replica of his diploma painting. Gaspar Poussin (1613–1675) is seen in four characteristic landscapes. 120, a rather poor Bacchus and Ariadne,

is by the favourite court painter and academician, Antoine Coypel (1661–1722). We now reach a numerous collection of works by nine members of the Parrocel family of Avignonnais painters, the most distinguished of whom, Pierre (1670–1739), is seen at his best in 321, St. Francis receiving the Cord of the Order from the Virgin. The two portraits 183 and 184, by Jean Alexis Grimoux (1678–1740), are priceless examples of the artist's skill in portraiture (purchased for 150 frs.), and superior to any of the four examples in the Louvre. By Nicholas Largillière (1656–1746), a pupil of Lely and some time court painter to Charles II and James II of England, is a fine portrait, 258, believed to be that of the Count of Grignan, governor of Provence. A characteristic diploma painting of the revolutionary period by Jean François Pierre Peyron (1744–1814) is 327, Curius Dentatus, while preparing his own modest repast refuses the presents offered by the Samnite envoys. We now turn to 130, the gem of the collection, an unfinished masterpiece by Jacques Louis David (1748–1825), Death of Joseph Barra. This painting, in the artist's approved classic style, was ordered by the National Convention to immortalize the memory of a young drummer-boy aged 14 who, mortally wounded in '93 during the war of La Vendée, pressed the tricolor to his breast while his life blood was ebbing away, and died with the word "Liberty" on his lips. "The little drummer-boy," says John Addington Symonds, "though French enough in feature and in feeling, lies, Greek-like, naked on the sand—a very Hyacinth of the Republic, La Vendé's Ilioneus. The tricolor cockade and the sentiment of upturned patriotic eyes, are the only indications of his being a

hero in his teens, a citizen who thought it sweet to die for France."[1] Our cicerone, whose historical knowledge is at fault, will tell you the scene illustrated is that of a captive republican lad who, on being bidden cry *Vive la Roi!* replied by *Vive la Republique!* and was thereupon shot by the royalists.[2] 154, by Joseph Siffrein Duplessis (1725–1802), is an excellent portrait of Louis XVI's chief physician Lassone; and 422, by Mme. Vigée Lebrun, is a good example of that lady's facile skill in portraiture. 170, supposed portrait of Queen Hortense, is attributed to the precocious talent of Baron Gérard (1770–1837), and is said to have been painted when he was seventeen years of age. We next turn to a large collection of paintings by the Vernets of Avignon, most famous of whom was Horace (1789–1863). 417 and 418, Mazeppa, have a curious interest. The former canvas having been slashed by a rapier, the artist made an exact copy (418), which he exhibited in Paris at the Salon of 1826. This latter painting was acquired in the same year by the Musée Calvet, whereupon Vernet repaired the slashed canvas and presented it to the gallery. In 419 Horace has portrayed his grandfather, Claude Joseph Vernet, the great marine painter, lashed to the mast of a storm-tossed ship in order to study the effects of a tempest. The gallery possesses some score of paintings by Claude Joseph, as well as the original drawings of the series of the seaports of France exhibited in the Louvre at Paris. 710, by Eugéne Deveria (1805–1865),

[1] *Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe*, Vol. II., pp. 313, 314.

[2] Evidently the story of the heroic magistrate of Roche-Bernard, whose cruel execution is described by Michelet. *Rev. Fr.*, VI, p. 402.

The Four Henrys at the Hôtel Crillon.[1] 171 is a Battle Scene by Jean Louis Géricault (1791–1824), the pioneer of the Romantics. Among the three Huets, 232 is a view of Avignon painted in 1842. Examples of the Barbizan school are: 124, Daubigny's Les Isles Vierges; 116, Italian Landscape, an early Corot, painted in 1842.

We now glance rapidly at some canvases by Avignonnais and other modern artists, not for any lack of artistic merit in those excellent works, but rather because the predominant interest of the traveller will probably be in the older schools of painting. In the collection of Italian and other foreign schools, 555, Coronation of the Virgin, long passed for a genuine Giotto, to whose school it undoubtedly belongs. 523, Virgin and Child, is assigned to Jacobello del Fiore, well known as one of the precursors of the Venetian school: a note in Italian behind the picture gives the date as 1421. 517, Virgin and Child and the Baptist, a school painting attributed to Lorenzo di Credi, is said to have long served as a cobbler's bench at Avignon. 524, Holy Family, is a contemporary copy of a Raphael in the Hermitage collection at St. Petersburg. By the sixteenth and seventeenth century Bolognese eclectics are, 512, Polyphemus and Galatea, Annibale Carracci; and, 513, Holy Family, Lodovico Carracci; and, 507, Death of St. Jerome, attributed to Guercino. Of the Venetian school of the same period are 547 and 548, Miracle of the Water turned into Wine, and Supper in the House of Simon the Pharisee, by Turchi; and 534, 535, Spring, and Jesus at the House of Martha and Mary, by Francesco and Jacopo Bassani. Three Salvator Rosas, 539–541,

[1] See p. 354.

illustrate the later Neapolitan School; and 554, St. Barbara, is assigned to the Spanish painter Zurbaran, as is also 553, The Gipsy. 511, Portrait of Archbishop Espinola y Guzaron of Seville, is another seventeenth-century Spanish painting by Careño de Miranda. Some German school paintings follow, among which are, 657, Resurrection of Christ (late fifteenth century), and 661, Man's Portrait, long attributed to Holbein but now assigned by Dimier to the Master of Rieux-Châteauneuf: it is the most important of the half-score works which have been ascribed to this mysterious foreign master. A few Dutch and Flemish paintings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are next seen: 620, Man's Portrait by Miervelt; 585 and 586 Village Scenes, attributed to Peter Breughel the Elder, are probably copies. 587 and 588, The Four Elements, are by Jan Breughel, Peter's son. 646, St. Anthony in Meditation, by Dominic van Tol, once hung in Marie Antoinette's private oratory. A fine drawing, 714, supposed portrait of the painter Stalbent, has been attributed to Vandyck and also to Velasquez.

In Salon II, to the left of the entrance to the long gallery, will be found the precious ivory crucifix executed in 1659 by Guillermin for the Penitents Noirs,[1] and a lovely bust of a child attributed to Donatello, and, subsequently, to Desiderio da Settignano. In this and the following rooms, III and IV, will be found a miscellaneous collection of paintings, miniatures, enamels, and old Roman glass—a valuable exhibit—Egyptian and other antiquities.

Descending to the ground floor, some topographical paintings in the library, the most important of which, 179, is in the keeper's room, will be shown

[1] See p. 357.

by courtesy. The solemn processional entry of the Papal nuncio, Doria Pamphili, was painted in minute detail by Claude Gordot in 1774, after the retrocession of the city and the county to the pope by Louis XV.[1] The nuncio is seated in a state carriage, drawn by six richly caparisoned horses, and preceded by Swiss guards with halberds. The whole aspect of the Place du Palais is shown : the palace with the outworks and drawbridge, erected by Vice-Legate Colonna ; the turrets ; the archbishop's palace ; the Rocher des Doms ; the mint. The library is also rich in illuminated MSS. of great beauty.

We next pass through the gardens to the gallery of portraits (*Salle des Illustrations Vauclusiennes*), noting on our right the monument with a Latin inscription placed (1823) by an English sentimental traveller, Charles Kelsall, in the ruined church of the Cordeliers, on the site of the supposed tomb of Laura. The chief interest in this room is the collection of so-called portraits of Petrarch and Laura : 430 and 431 of the poet, and 432 and 433 of his mistress. None is earlier, however, than the seventeenth century. 432 is obviously copied from the miniature in the famous Codex ("Canzone of Petrarch,") preserved in the Laurentian Library at Florence. 433, Laura with the Flower, is said by Gustave Bayle[2] to be a portrait of Catherine de Réal, a descendant of the heroic Raymond de Réal, who, when Podesta of Avignon, defended the city during the great siege by Louis VIII. She married into the house of Sade. The official catalogue describes the flower held in Catherine's hand as a pomegranate blossom, but M. Bayle,

[1] See p. 292.

[2] "Les Portraits de Laure," *Bulletin de Vaucluse*, 1880, pp. 227-251.

evidently no botanist, believes it to be a poppy (*papaver rhœas*) and consequently a play upon her name—*réal*, being Provençal for poppy. 434 has neither artistic nor biographical interest. The natural history museum, where the remains of the Requien collections will be found, is entered from this room.

Section VIII

Villeneuve-lès-Avignon

The royal city of Villeneuve, although geographically and politically sundered from Avignon and the County Venaissin, was socially and economically bound up with the papal city. The same reason that to-day impels the rich citizens of Avignon to dot the hills of Languedoc with their summer villas was operative in papal times, and popes and cardinals and prelates loved to build their summer palaces on the opposite bank of the Rhone. We may cross by a ferry that plies at the foot of the Rocher des Doms, skirt the Isle de Barthelasse, and continue by the new stone bridge, or we may travel by the little omnibus that starts from the Place de l' Hôtel de Ville and lumbers over the two bridges and along by the Tower of Philip the Fair, and finally sets one down in the Place before the collegiate church of Notre Dame de Villeneuve. How silent and neglected are the streets of this once wealthy and important city! How degraded its monuments, how faded its glory! In the hot, dusty afternoon, as the cranky old omnibus rattles along the narrow High Street, it appears to awaken echoes in a city of the dead.

The church has been recently restored and new

machicoulis now crown its old square tower. Founded by Cardinal Arnaud de Via and consecrated by his uncle, John XXII, in 1333, it grew in importance with the papal occupation of Avignon, and early in the fifteenth century church and cloisters were enlarged. If the traveller find the church closed, let him walk round to the west front and ring for the sacristan at

A STREET CORNER, VILLENEUVE-LÈS-AVIGNON

the entrance to the Ecole Chrétienne in the Place du Chapitre, who will display to his admiring gaze the chief treasure of the church : the ivory virgin and child presented by Cardinal Arnaud de Via, and known as the Vierge de Villeneuve, which has figured in so many exhibitions in France : it is one of the most precious examples of fourteenth-century ivory carving, and still retains its original chromatic decoration. A

double-headed virgin in stone is also shown, and below the high altar a fine seventeenth-century relief of the Dead Christ : a carved chair in marble that belonged to the abbots of St. André may also be seen to the right of the altar. The monumental effigy of the founder, in alabaster, lies in the second chapel on the north of the nave. Pictures by Mignard, Philippe de Champaigne and other artists are also to be noted. The old canons' cloisters, damp and evil-smelling, and in a sad state of dilapidation, may be entered to the left of the west portal of the church, or from the high street under a fortified portal, which opens on a vaulted passage still decorated with the arms of Arnaud de Via.

From the church we will make our way along the quaint old Rue des Arcades, and on our right soon find the entrance to the Hôpital, where the small Musée de Villeneuve is installed. We ring, and are led by a Gardienne to view the tomb of Innocent VI and a small collection of paintings. The fine sepulchral monument of the founder of the Chartreuse is in the traditional Gothic style, and, although restored, is the best preserved of the papal tombs of the Avignon period. Its story is a chequered one. When seen by Mérimée in 1834 the monument was in the possession of a poor vine-grower and used as a cupboard : casks were piled up against it, and all the beautiful alabaster statuettes had been destroyed or sold.[1] Another visitor of the period saw the tomb in use as a rabbit hutch. At Mérimée's vigorous protest the monument was rescued, restored, and placed in the Hospice.

Interest in the gallery of paintings centres in the famous Coronation of the Virgin by Enguerrand

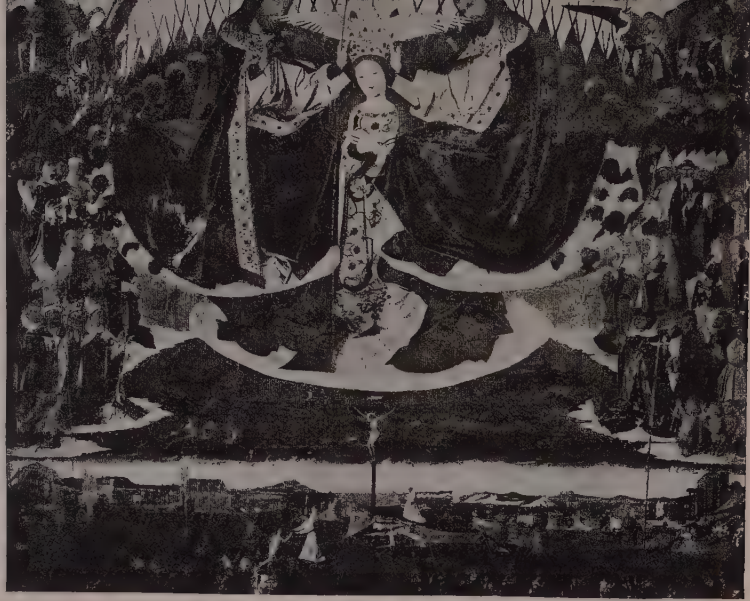
[1] Three are in the Musée Calvet.

THE ARCADES, VILLENEUVE

Charonton, which evoked so much discussion at the Exhibition of Primitifs in Paris (No. 71), where it was regarded as of capital importance in the history of European art. Its date and authorship are incontrovertible. Long attributed to King Réné, it subsequently became accepted as a work by Jean van Eyck, and later was ascribed to Van der Meere. A happy discovery by the Abbé Requin in 1889 of the original contract for painting the picture, drawn up in the spicer's shop of Jean Brea at Avignon, between a priest, Jean de Montagnac, and Master Enguerrand Charonton (*Magister Enguerandus Quarton*), of Laon, and dated April 24, 1453, has finally established the paternity of the picture, and incidentally thrown a flood of light on the relations between painter and patron in the fifteenth century. Little freedom was left to the artist. Every detail is specified, narrowly and precisely, as in a contract for building a house, and in order that the artist may have no excuse for not following the specification, the details are written in French, whereas the terms of the contract are in Latin. First, there was to be the representation of a Paradise, and in this Paradise must be (*doit estre*) the Holy Trinity. There is to be no difference between the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost must be in the form of a dove. Our Lady is to be crowned by the said Holy Trinity, and the vestments are to be rich ; that of Our Lady is to be cloth of white damask, figured as may seem best to the said master. The disposition of the angels and archangels, the cherubim, seraphim, prophets, patriarchs and saints is specified in elaborate detail : moreover, all the estates of the world are to be represented in the Paradise. Above Paradise are to be the heavens, with sun and moon, and the

Church of St. Peter and the walls of Rome are to be figured over against the setting sun ; and at the issue of the church is to be a pine cone of bronze :[1] thence spacious steps are to descend to the great piazza, and a street is to lead to the bridge of St. Angelo, with houses and shops of all kinds. The castle of St. Angelo must be also seen and many churches ; the Tiber is to be shown starting from Rome and entering the sea ; and on the sea are to be a certain number of galleys and ships. Beyond the sea must be figured part of Jerusalem : first, the Mount of Olives and the Crucifixion of my Saviour, and a Carthusian in prayer at the foot of the Cross ; and a little further, the sepulchre of my Saviour, and an angel saying : *Surrexit, non est hic.* At the foot of of the sepulchre shall be two [persons] praying ; and at the right side, the Vale of Jehosaphat, between two mountains, and in the valley a church with the tomb of our Lady, and an angel saying : *Assumpta est*, etc., and there shall be a figure praying at the foot of the tomb. On the left is to be a valley, wherein are three persons of one and the same age, and from all these three shall shine forth rays of the sun, and there shall be seen Abraham coming out of his tent and worshipping the said three persons, saying *Domine si inveni*, etc. ; on the second mountain shall be Moses tending his sheep, and a young girl playing the pipes, and our Lord in the burning bush, and our Lord shall say : *Moyses, Moyses*, and Moses shall answer *Assum.* And on the right side shall be Purgatory with angels leading forth rejoicing those that are going to Paradise, whereat the devils shall show forth great grief. On the left side shall be Hell, and an angel is

[1] The "pina di San Pietro a Roma" referred to in Dante, *Inf.*, XXXI. 59.



CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN. *Enguerrand Charonton. Musée de Villeneuve.*

[*To face p.* 378.

to be seen comforting the souls in Purgatory. Then in the part where Hell is shall be a devil, very hideous, turning his back to the angel and casting certain souls into Hell which other devils are handing to him. In Hell and Purgatory too, all estates of the world are to be represented according to the judgment of the master. The said picture is to be painted in fine oil colour, and the blue must not be German blue but fine blue of Acre;[1] German blue may, however, be used on the border. The gold used for the picture and the border must be fine burnished gold. The said master is to display all his science in the representation of the Holy Trinity and the Blessed Virgin, and the rest may be painted according to his conscience.[2] On the reverse of the picture is to be painted a fine cloth of crimson damask figured with fleurs-de-lys. The said master is to have the said picture faithfully done by St. Michael's Day, and to be paid 120 florins at 24 soldi to the florin, of which sum the master had received 40 florins on account; the balance is to be paid—20 florins when the picture was half finished; 40, according to the rate of the progress of the work thereafter; and the remaining 20 florins when the picture was completed and delivered at the Carthusian Church.[3]

How faithfully Master Enguerrand fulfilled his contract may be seen in the picture before us, clumsily restored though it be.

[1] *Azur d'Acre* (Ultramarine).

[2] Evidently allowing the employment of assistants in the less important parts of the composition.

[3] *Doc. inédits sur les Peintres*, etc., par l'Abbé Requin. No. 8. *Pactum de pingendo unum retabulum pro domino Johanne Montanhacii, presbitero.* Paris, 1899.

The remainder of the paintings need not detain us long : a sentimental St. Rosaline, by Pierre Mignard, and a Descent from the Cross, by Simon de Châlons, are, however, worth the traveller's attention. The author of the *Guide Joanne* bids the visitor place an offering in the box of the hospital ; we found the

COURTYARD OF THE HÔTEL DE CONTI, VILLENEUVE-LÈS-AVIGNON

Gardienne strongly preferred the palm of her hand as a receptacle.

Returning to the Grande Rue, and making our way northward, we pass the restored seventeenth-century portal of the palace of the sainted Cardinal of Luxembourg ; the weather-worn, neglected, late Renaissance portal of the so-called Hôtel de

Conti ; the ruined Gothic portal of the palace of Cardinal Pierre de Thury, through which we pass to the old court-yard and a chapel subsequently restored and now used as the chapel of the Grey Penitents. We pass many another relic of departed grandeur, and beyond the Place Neuve on our right come upon a great portal which opens on a vaulted passage leading to one of the most bewildering and extraordinary congeries of ruined monastic buildings in France, now inhabited by a population of poor folk—two hundred families, it is said—who, since the Revolution, have settled in the vast buildings of the once famous and opulent Charterhouse of Villeneuve. Founded by Innocent VI, three years after his elevation to the papal chair, and enriched by subsequent endowments, the Charterhouse of the Val de Benediction, the second in importance of the Order, grew in wealth and importance during the centuries until it was sacked and sold in small lots during the Revolution to the ancestors of the present occupants. The circuit of its walls was a mile in extent ; its artistic treasures were prodigious. The Coronation of the Virgin we have just seen, came thence ; the Pietà of Villeneuve, now in the Louvre ; the founder's tomb ; the high altar of Notre Dame at Villeneuve, and a few other relics, alone survive of its vast possessions. The scene resembles nothing so much as a city ruined by bombardment or earthquake, but how long the wreck will remain in its present picturesque and melancholy condition is difficult to forecast. The state is slowly buying out the owners, and doubtless ere many years are passed the more valuable artistic remains will have been swept and garnished and restored. The Concièrge—courteous and bright as all French gardiens are—will lead us through the Cour

hors Clôture, to the north of which stood the smithy, the granaries, the stables, the poultry farm, the kitchen garden, the olive-press, the mills, the workshops, the servants' quarters, the wood-store, the bakery, the kitchen, and other subsidiary services of a great monastic community. Before us is the chief entrance to the monastic buildings—a noble late Renaissance portal, erected in 1649, and surmounted by the inscription : DOMUS SANCTÆ MARIÆ VALLIS BENEDICTIONIS. Passing on, we enter the Allée des Mûriers, to north and south of which were granaries and store-rooms, and, farther north, the cells and cloisters of the lay brothers, the great cellar, the apothecaries' hall. At the end of the Allée des Mûriers we pass through a small passage and soon reach the Place de l'Eglise, where the priors' rooms and the library were situated. Through the vine-clad porch, with a portal rebuilt in the Doric style, we enter the old abbey church—a great, gaping, imminent ruin, open to the sky. The apse has fallen, and the circular gap in the west wall was once filled with the beautiful tracery of a rose window. A curious detail are the large open jars, or acoustic vases, placed beneath the windows of the nave, some of which are still in their places. The primitive church consisted of a single nave, as in most Avignonnais ecclesiastical architecture, to the south-east of which Innocent built a spacious and sumptuous chapel, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, where he designed to be buried ; subsequently, chapels extended to the west end of the church and formed a south aisle, the whole church having been finished in 1398. The old belfry still stands near the east end. To the north-west of the church were the great cloisters of St. Jean, and the thirty-nine cells of the Fathers. All that remains of this part of the

monastery is the Rotonde de la Fontaine in the old cloister garden—a curious pseudo-classic domed construction in the Ionic style, erected late in the eighteenth century to protect the old fountain from degradation by weather. To the east of the cloisters of St. Jean were the refectories, of which a few ruined walls remain, and to the north of these, the old pontifical private chapel orientated north and south.

The frescoes on the walls of this chapel have, by a lucky chance, been partly preserved. They are the work of Italian artists, and although much injured when the chapel was used as a hay barn and receptacle for manure, careful cleaning has discovered some of the frescoes almost intact, and in some places, the washing having removed the paint, the original red outlines traced for the day's work in fresco have been made visible. The work is of unequal merit: much of it carefully executed, much hurriedly done and by inferior hands. The heads were aureoled in gold, and the hair of the head and beard painted hair by hair. Money seems to have been lavishly spent, for the vaultings were painted with ultramarine and starred with gold. The style and treatment remind one of the decorations of the chapel of St. Martial in the papal palace at Avignon, and since it is known that Matteo di Viterbo worked at Villeneuve in 1345, the design, though not the execution of the work, may have been due to that busy artist. The subject is the life of the Baptist, and the frescoes begin on the right wall: in some, the inscriptions have survived, in others they have been obliterated. The scenes in sequence are: "Appearance of an Angel to Zacharias"—a poor composition; "The Birth of the Baptist," the heads of the new-born infant and the

mother having been removed ; "The Visitation"—a well-preserved fresco ; "The Circumcision of the Baptist" ; "Zacharias writing 'His name shall be called John.'" On the lower part of the right wall is the figure of a pope with tiara and nimbus and three sainted deacons : St. Stephen, St. Lawrence and another. The upper part of the left wall was covered with a large composition, and a long inscription, Matthew xi, 2–7, illustrating the miracles of Christ. The left portion of the fresco has gone, but some fine heads remain ; on the right a figure of Christ standing on a kind of pedestal has almost wholly disappeared, the feet and a portion of the dress alone remaining. Smaller subjects below are : Beheading of the Baptist ; Salome presenting the Baptist's head to Herodias ; the disciples reverently laying a headless trunk in a tomb in a garden. This once beautiful composition is much injured.

Most of the figures, painted on a blue ground, that decorated the apse have vanished, but among those that can be distinguished are St. Bartholomew, St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. James the Less ; one of the apostles holding a scroll recalls the figures of the prophets in the Audience Hall in the papal palace. In the third bay of the apse is a Crucifixion, with the Virgin, St. John the beloved disciple, and a bishop whose head has been removed. This, the finest of the frescoes, is painted with much simplicity and charm, and its anonymous author has been somewhat extravagantly eulogized by M. Réveil as the Fra Angelico of the fourteenth century. In the lower part of the fourth bay, Pope Innocent VI is seen kneeling before the Virgin, the tiara by his side : the head has disappeared. On the vaultings are traces of angelic figures on clouds in a starry blue firmament, and the

OLD BUILDINGS IN THE CHARTREUSE DE VILLENEUVE

groinings are decorated with trefoil and quatrefoil designs. The quality of the painting is, on the whole, below the standard of the chapel of St. Martial ; the composition is hurried, facile and rather commonplace. In the miracles of Christ and the figures of the Apostles are traces of the influence of the Sienese school, and

FORT ST. ANDRÉ, VILLENEUVE-LÈS-AVIGNON

it has been plausibly suggested that the Italian master who contracted to execute the work may have employed less skilled French artists to carry out his designs.[1]

At the east of the Refectory of the Fathers, and north of the abbey church, are the remains of a fine old Gothic cloister, to the east of which was the

[1] See *Gazette Archeologique*, 1887, pp. 298 *et seq.*

chapter house and the sacristans' room and the sacristans' great well, which still remains. The barbers' room was near, and farther north the cemetery of the monastery. The visit to these curious and extensive ruins may end here, and the traveller

ROTONDE DE LA FONTAINE, CHARTREUSE DE VILLENEUVE

will depart from the picturesque ruins of five centuries of monastic splendour with an ineffaceable impression of faded glory.

As we return from the Chartreuse we turn left along the Place Neuve, and climb to the mighty fort of St. André, which occupies the most venerable site

in the royal new city, for on the hill where it stands tradition relates that St. Cesarie, Bishop of Arles, was buried, and that there, in the sixth century, the first Benedictines settled. The primitive settlement, destroyed in the ninth century, was extensively rebuilt in 980, and within its walls churches were dedicated to St. Andrew, St. Michael, and St. Martin. In the twelfth century the rich and powerful monastery, a strongly fortified, self-sufficing community, was held under the counts of Toulouse, and from their overlordship it was subsequently admitted by the counts to be within the territory of the republic of Avignon, whose consuls in 1210 compelled the abbot to demolish his walls and promise never to rebuild them.[1]

In 1292 Philip the Fair was permitted to settle a small community there, to whom he accorded in 1293 valuable privileges and the same protection he granted to his good city of Paris. Philip, to whom the position was valuable as a frontier post, erected a castle there, maintained a royal garrison, and the new settlement became known as the New Town (Villeneuve). The walls and towers then raised were rebuilt in 1352 by John the Good, who exacted a toll, known as St. Andrew's penny, for maintenance on all merchandise that passed through the Senechaussée of Beaucaire. Of these majestic ruins, restored in the sixteenth century and again in recent times, the Tour des Masques[2] at the west angle with its simple battlements is the oldest portion, the massive machicolated towers that frown over the main entrance having been raised by John the Good; the

[1] See p. 21.

[2] *Masca*, witch, is Provençal. The tower was said to be haunted.

ruined ravelin dates back to the seventeenth century. We enter and stroll about the desolate interior, crowned by a tiny Romanesque chapel of the twelfth century, that well deserves its name of Our Lady of the Fair View (Notre Dame de Belvézét), with a graceful apse (restored). From its summit, or from the tall old watch-tower of the monastery, a marvellous view is obtained of the gaping ruins of the Charterhouse of Avignon, the County Venaissin, the Cevennes, Mont Ventoux, and the distant Alps.

In the later years of the monarchy a post of artillery was stationed in the fort, and it was from the fire of a battery planted there that a young captain of artillery, one Napoleon Bonaparte, in 1793, overawed the city of Avignon, which was occupied by the Marseillais federalists who had declared against the Convention ; and it was with the cannon seized at St. André that Bonaparte marched to Toulon and expelled the English from its harbour. The papal soldiery were ever objects of scorn to the royalists of Villeneuve, who dubbed them *patachines* (*petachina*, Ital. for slipper), and taunted them with drilling under parasols—a pleasantry repaid by the Italians who hurled the epithet *luzers* (lizards) against the royalists, who were said to pass their time sunning themselves against the hot rocks of Villeneuve.

As we make our way back to Avignon we may pause to visit the old square tower, formerly the keep of Philip the Fair's fortress, that commanded the issue of the old Pont St. Benezet ; the tower was raised a storey, and the machicoulis were added in the fourteenth century.

Section IX

VAUCLUSE

No visitor to Avignon, however brief his stay, should omit the classic pilgrimage to Vaucluse.[1] The dark, mysterious, silent pool at the foot of the precipitous wall of rock that closes the beautiful valley of the Sorgue has from time immemorial attracted the curiosity or evoked the awe of men. The ancients raised a temple there, and the little Christian church that probably replaced it was traditionally founded in the fifth century by St. Veran. Robert the Wise visited the valley of the Sorgue with his queen in 1319, and it was Petrarch's father and uncle who first led the precocious boy to behold its marvellous beauty. But it is the imperishable music of the Rime which makes Vaucluse sacred ground to-day, and which throughout the ages has drawn every poetic soul to its romantic gorge. Alfieri in 1783, on his way to buy horses in England, turned aside with transport to visit the magic solitude of Vaucluse, and "the Sorgue," he writes, "received many of my tears; and not simulated and imitative tears, but verily hot, scalding, heart-felt tears." The ardent lover of the Countess of Albany was inspired to write four sonnets by the scene, and passed there one of the most beatific yet most dolorous days of his life. The lachrymal glands were easily excited in those days, and the poet continued his journey "scattering tears everywhere."[2] Wordsworth,

[1] Vaucluse may be reached by train to Isle-sur-la-Sorgue, whence brakes carry the traveller to the village; or better by carriage from Avignon, visiting the fortified abbey church of Montfavet (p. 94) and the beautiful Isle-sur-la-Sorgue with its shady avenues of senatorial plane-trees and its streets cooled by five canalized branches of the crystal waters of the Sorgue.

[2] *Vita*, Cap. XII. *Per tutto spargendo lacrime.*

on his way to Italy in 1837, was most of all pleased with the day he spent at Vaucluse, where he was enchanted with the power and beauty of the stream and the wildness and grandeur of the rocks.[1] There is little of solitude in the closed valley to-day. A big paper factory blocks the view as one ascends ; cafés, dancing and refreshment booths abound, and on Sundays and holidays a noisy crowd invades the once remote solitude and takes trips on the Sorgue in a motor boat bearing the immortal Laura's name. But on ordinary days, once he has left the village and the factory behind him, the traveller will find the scene profoundly impressive. The Abbé de Sade's description[2] still holds good. "The valley," he writes, "is enclosed on all sides by rocks in the form of a horseshoe, a path by the bank of the clear stream, flowing through meadows, ever green, brings us to the foot of an enormous mass of rock that menaces heaven, where, when the spring is low, one can enter the awful darkness of a vast cavern dug by Nature's hand, near the centre of which is an oval basin, like a well, forty paces across in its widest diameter : thence rises the Sorgue, a tranquil surface of untroubled water, dark to the eye, but actually clear and limpid. It produces neither moss nor rust ; it is not good to drink, being heavy and indigestible, and useful only for tanning and dyeing. Pliny and Strabo speak of it. On ordinary occasions the spring passes underground to the bed where the river begins its course, but towards the spring equinox, and at other times, after heavy rain, the waters rise on high before the cave, overflow and dash over the rocks with a terrific noise until they reach the river." Thus the

[1] *Letters of the Wordsworth Family*, Vol. III. p. 129. London, 1907.

[2] *Mémoires*, I. 341, 342.

Abbé de Sade. Under normal conditions the pool lies, a placid little tarn of peacock-blue waters, at the foot of the beetling crags that block the valley.

And where was Petrarch's hermitage, *aspera quædam et agrestis?* The modern Café de Pétrarque et Laure, with its legend that Sonnet cxxix.[1] was composed there, may be safely ignored, for if there is one thing certain in a thorny controversy, it is that the poet's house and garden were on the left bank of the Sorgue,[2] and that in the Abbé de Sade's time every stone that remained of the poet's house had been carted away. A curious delusion that the house was situated just below the château of his friend Pierre de Cabassoles, that crowns the rocky eminence, and whose ruins still remain, was revived in 1896 by Monclair. In Tomasini's *Petrarcha Redivivus* a sketch[3] of its position is given, and every traveller in the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries, down to the publication of the Abbé's book, appears to have been possessed of that idea, and a supposed house of Laura opposite was also exhibited to visitors, with an underground passage of inter-communication between the two buildings.

In 1557 a Florentine traveller visited the half-ruined house on the hill, and, pained to behold the poet's neglected and forgotten dwelling degraded to a sheepfold, cut in its stone wall the inscription—

FRANCISCI ET LAURÆ

MANIBUS

GABRIEL SYMONIS

[1] *Lieti fiori e felici, e ben nate erbe.*
[2] *De Reb. Fam.*, VI. 3; *Fracasseti*, Vol. I. p. 335.
[3] p. 74.

Vaucluse

In the eighteenth century, Casanova, making an excursion from Avignon to the old ruined house on the hill, met a large crowd of sight-seers there. He contemplated the remains with tears in his eyes, and, flinging himself on the ruins, the arch-scoundrel, with outstretched arms as if to embrace them, kissed the stones and wetted them with his tears; then rising, he fell on his friend Dolci's neck and embraced him several times. Casanova also was shown Laura's house near the poet's[1]—each, of course, no more genuine than the slobbering tears the rascal shed.

M. Eugène Müntz has recently sought to identify the site of Petrarch's house and garden by the Sorgue: he believes them to have been situated on the spot now occupied by a poor modern cottage at the issue of the old tunnel in the village, on the left bank of the stream. The house bears the inscription: *Demeure et Jardin de Petrarque au XIVe siècle*.[2]

[1] *Memoires*, Vol. V. pp. 62–64. Paris, 1902.
[2] *La Casa di Petrarca a Valchiusa*, Nuova Autologia, August 16, 1902.

APPENDIX I

SONNET FOUND IN LAURA'S TOMB

Qui riposan quei caste & felici ossa
Di quella alma gentile & sola in terra
Aspro't dur sasso hor ben teco hai soterra
El vero honor la fama è belta Scossa
Morte ha del verde Lauro svelta e mossa
Fresca radice e il premio de mia guerra
Di quatro lustri : e piu se anchor non erra
Mio penser tristo e il chiude in pocha fossa.
Felice pianta : in borgo de Avignone
Nacque e mori : & qui con ella jace
La penna, el stil, l'inchiostro e la ragione.
O delicate membrà, o viva face
Che anchor me cuoci e struggi inginocchione
Ciascun prieghi il Signor te accepti in pace.

O SEXO

Morta bellezza indarno si suspira
L'alma beata in ciel vivra in eterno
Pianga il presente e il futur secul priro
Duna tal luce : & io degli occhi e il tempo.

Abbé de Sade, *Mémoires*, Vol. III; *Pièces Justificatives* XI, p. 41. Sade's copy was made from the original with great care.

EPITAPH BY FRANÇOIS I

En petit lieu compris vous pouvez voir
Ce qui comprent beaucoup par renommée,
Plume, labeur, la langue & le savoir
Furent vaincus par l'aymant de l'aymée.

O gentil Ame estant tant estimée,
Qui te pourra lover qu'en se taisant ?
Car la parole est tousiours reprimée,
Quand le subiet surmonte le disant.

SADE, *Memoires*, Vol. III. ; *Pieces Justificatives*, XIII. p. 42.

APPENDIX II

Instructions from the Holy Office in Rome in the matter of the heretical princes at Avignon in the suite of the King of England (*the old Pretender*)

NELLA presente contingenza che si trovano in cotesta città diversi personaggi heretici con famiglari della med^a ^tsetta dovrà esser a cura di Monsr. Archiv. che la loro dimora diventi profittevole alla catt^ce Religione con la conversione de' med^mi o' almeno non riesca di prejud^o alla nostra fede, e di scandolo alli popoli, che in essa vivono.

Perciò Mons. Archiv. dovrà stare molto attento che non si permetta a loro esercitio di religione non Catolico, nè che si toleri che alcuno ministro o predicante heretico audisse di far conventicole con li heretici sud^i per coltivare e conçervare li loro errori e falsi viti.

Dovrà pure essere attento che nelle conversationi e familiarità colle persone catoliche non si avanzino a discorrere in materia di religione con pericole delle anime, chè alle volte facilm^te s'imbevano più degli errori che della verità.

Parimenti dovrà esser cura di Mons. Archiv. che non si avanzino li heretici, e molto meno li catt^ci a far tavola assieme ne' giorni e tempi ne' quali la Santa echiesa proibisce l' uso delle carni acciochè l'occasion

troppo allattina dell' umana ingordigia non dii mostro di prevaricatione alli Cattolici e di scandolo a tutti. Nelche m^r^ concorrerà ad avvertire di essere in città tutto catolico et in paese immediatamente soggette, eziando nel temporale, al sumo pontefice e che sarebbe di un sommo dolore se havesse a sensire a la caduta e il periculo di alcuna delle anime de' suoi sudditi; e finalm^te^ per prendere in ogni tempo l' opportunità di convertire a Dio et alla una vera fede le anime traviate et somerse nelle errori, dovrà esser avvertenza delle med^o^ Monsr Archiv. di usare tutti li modi e maniere perchè rechino li heretici predi^i^ ben edificate da' catt^ci^ di colesta dominio, e ben persuase della verità della nostra Cattolica Religione, anche col mezzo di quelle persone che parevano più propre ad insinuare senza pericolo nelle loro famigliarità e civile conversatione.

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Boucicault, 198–200
Bourdon, Sebastian, 367
Braquemont, Robert, 202
Bury, Richard de, 84

Cabassoles, Philip of, his château, 122, 392
Calvet, Dr., 362
Camera paramenti. *See* Reception hall.
Campane, Tour de la, 220, 221, 306, 310, 328
Canello, Bernard, 217
Cannolati, Bartholomew, 66–70
Capet, House of, 51
Cardinals, their wealth, 77; and munificence, 237
Carmelite monastery, 344, 346
Carobert of Hungary, 140, 141
Carpentras, riot at, 54, 206
Casanova, 393
Catherine de' Medeci, 272, 353, 354
Célestins, foundation of, 192
——, the, 342, 347, 348
Cervolles, Arnaud de, 156
Cesena, butchery at, 178
Châlons, Simon de, 341, 353, 366, 380
Champaigne, Philippe de, 366, 375
Champfleuri, 99, 254, 255, 256, 258, 260
Chapel, papal, of John XXII, 213
——, private, of Clement VI, 223; new chapel of, 223, 317
Chapelier, Bertrand, 227
Charles I, of Durazzo, Duke, 142; abducts Maria of Naples, 143; slain by Louis of Hungary, 146
—— II, of Anjou, 41
—— II, of Durazzo, 153
—— IV, Emperor, at Avignon, 162, 218
—— VI, of France, at Avignon, 186
—— IX at Avignon, 272
Charonton, Enguerrand, his contract for painting "Coronation of the Virgin," 377–379
Charterhouse, Villeneuve, 273, 305, 381–387
Chateauneuf des Papes, 306, 245
Chateaurenard, 203
Chester, Bishop of, 80
Chigi, Cardinal, 281
Clement V chosen Pope, 44; Coronation, 45; removes Curia to Avignon, 47; death, 49; his pontificate, 50–52
Clement VI, election of, 95; character of, 96, 97, 137; and Rienzi, 97; death of, 137; his love of art, 231
—— VII. *See* Geneva, Robt. of
Clergy, corruption of, 268
Cloisters, the, 328
Coligny, Admiral, 270
Colonna, Giovanni, Cardinal, 84, 358
——, Jacopo, 83, 85
——, Stefano, 84
——, vice-legate, 282, 284, 286, 310
Companies, the Great. *See* Companions
Companions, the, 30, 154, 155; capture Pont St. Esprit, 158, 160; defeat royal army, 162; at Villeneuve, 163; excommunicated, 161, 166; employed by the Church, 166
Company, the White, 159
Condé, Prince of, 257, 353, 354
Consistory, Hall of, 207, 218, 219
Cordeliers. *See* Franciscans.
Corot, 370
Coypel, Antoine, 368
Coysevot, 337
Crillon, le Brave, statue of, 304
Crowe and Cavalcaselle, their views on palace frescoes, 315 *note*, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326
Crown, papal, dual and triple, 76
Crusaders, the, 30
Cucuron, William of, 60
Cumberland, Duke of, 361

Danes, ravages of the, 16
Dante, 50, 55, 58, 70, 108, 111, 126, 136
Daubigny, 370
David, Jacques Louis, 368
Deveria, Eugène, 300, 369
Dominic, St., 29
Dominicans, the, 346
Domnolus, Bishop, 11
Durance, the, 3, 306

Edward II, 51
—— III, 154
Ermengarde, Princess, 16
Evelyn, 2

Famine, 288
Faust, Goethe's, quoted, 105, 110

Félibres, the, 294, 296
Felix V, 209
Florin, papal, value of, 75–78
Fondi, Conclave of, 185
Forcalquier, Counts of, 17, 18, 20
France, desolation of, 156
Francis I at Laura's tomb, 114; composes sonnet, 114; at Avignon, 266; his persecution of Protestants, 267; seizes Avignon, 271; at Notre Dame des Doms, 299
Franciscans, the, 52, 61–63, 347, 352
Froissart robbed at Avignon, 188–190
Froment, Nicholas, 365

Gache, Tour de la, 226, 310
Garde Robe, Tour de la, 217, 223, 311, 317
Geneva, Cardinal Robert of, later Clement VII, 173, 178, 181, 184; elected pope, 185; sails for Avignon, 186; deathbed, 195; burial, 196
Genèvre, Mont, 3, 136
Gérard, Baron, 369
Géricault, Jean Louis, 370
Gherardo, Petrarch's brother, 80, 82, 119
Giovanetti, Matteo, 231–234, 318, 383
Glacière, Tour de la, 219, 293, 311
Grasshopper, its symbolic meaning, 309
Gregory XI, election of, 171; bans the Florentines, 172; his vow, 175; leaves for Rome, 177; death of, 179
Grimaldi, Bishop, his bravery, 269; his tomb, 302
Grimoux, Jean Alexis, 368
Guesclin, Bertrand du, 163, 164
Guillermin, crucifix by, 357, 371
Guise, Duke of, 353, 354

Hawkwood, John, 159, 178, 179
Heine, 49
Henry of Navarre, 353, 354
—— of Trastamare, 163
—— III, 2, 273, 353
—— VII of Luxembourg, 48, 51
Henrys, the four, 354
Hereford, Bishop of, canonized, 74
Holy Office, the, 270; and Jacobite Protestants, 290–291, and Appendix II
Honorius III, 33 [1]
Honour, Court of, 314
Hôtel Baroncelli-Javon, 360
—— Crillon, 361
—— de Conti, 381
—— de Montreal, 361
—— des Monnaies, 304
—— de Ville, the new, 358
—— de Ville, the old, 359
—— de Villeneuve. *See* Musée Calvet
Huguenots, 257, 268

Innocent the Great, 29, 33
—— VI, election of, 137; builds walls of Avignon, 157; death of, 159; tomb of, 375
Inquisition, the, 28
——, legends of, 311, 312
Inquisitors, 271

Jacquemart, 358–360
Jesuit College, 349
Jesuits, the, 272, 286, 292
Jews, the, 246–248, 251, 256, 288
Joan of Naples, Queen, her marriage, 141, 143; her character, 142; invested with crown, 143; suspected of husband's murder, 144; flies to Avignon and defends herself at the Curia, 146; sells Avignon to the papacy, 148–150; her trial, 151; declared innocent, 152; her death, 153; her physician a Jew, 248; portrait, so-called, 324
John, Good King, at Avignon, 160, 218
—— XIII, Pope, 17
—— XXII, election of, 56; character of, 57, 60, 74; at Avignon, 59; charged with heresy, 71; recants, 72; death of, 74; his wealth, 74, 78; monument of, 301, 302
—— XXIII, 205, 207, 208
Julius II. *See* Rovere, G. della
Justice, Hall of, building of, 223; frescoes in, 314–316

Kitchen, the great, 219, 220, 311
Knollys, Robert, 157

Landor, W. S., 144
Largillière, Nicholas, 368
Lascaris, Vice-Legate, 279, 280, 281
Latrines, Tour des, 219

Laura, 84, 100, 101; meeting with Petrarch, her story, 101–113; her death, 109, 112; her identity, 111–116; alleged tomb of, 113, 114; and portraits, 230, 299, 324, 372; and house, 393
Laurana, Francesco, 342
Laurent, Tour de St., 227, 311
Lebrun, Vigée, Mme., 369
Lenain, the brothers, 366
Lepanto, 269
Levieux, 302
Limoges, destruction of, 169
Livrées, the, 59
Loubières, Jean de, 223, 224, 225, 227
Louis, of Anjou, 190, 191
—— II, of Anjou, 203
——, of Bavaria, 61, 63–65, 83, 86, 90
——, of Hungary, King, 143; accuses Joan of murder, 145; avenges Andrew's death, 145, 153
——, of Taranto, Prince, 142; marries Joan of Naples and escapes to Avignon, 145; made King of Jerusalem, 146; brutality to Joan, 152
—— VIII, 33–35, 350
—— X, 55
—— XIII, 275
—— XIV annexes Avignon, 281, 287; rebukes citizens of, 283
——, St., 38, 39
Lucius III, Pope, 28
Luna, Cardinal Pedro de, later Benedict XIII, 183, 185; elected pope, 197; his character, 197, 198; besieged in papal palace, 199–201; escapes, 203; his triumph, 204; attempted poisoning of, and death, 210
——, Rodrigo de, 199, 205
Lyon, Corneille de, 366

Mar, Earl of, 289
Maria of Naples, 141, 146
Marie de' Medici, 275
Maries, the, 8, 9
Martel, Charles, 14
Martin V, 209
Masons, signs, meaning of, 334
Mazarin, Cardinal, 275
Mazzini, 126
Memmi, Simone, 112; arrival at Avignon, paints frescoes and Laura's portrait at, 230
Mérimée, Prosper, 299, 303, 316, 333, 375
Mignard, Nicholas, 302, 344, 361, 367, 375
——, Pierre, 302, 367, 380
Mill, John Stuart, 334, 335
——, Mrs. 334
Mint, the. *See* Hôtel des Monnaies
Mirepoix, Pierre de, 213
Mistral, 3, 4, 9, 116, 144
——, F, 295, 296, 358
Mistral, the, 6
Molière, at Avignon, 289
Monnaies, Hôtel des, 304
Montfavet, church of, 94
Montfort, Simon de, 30, 31, 32
Musée Calvet, 361–373; sculpture at, 364; Primitifs Français at, 364–366; French schools, 365–369; Italian school, 370–371; Spanish school, 371; Dutch and Flemish schools, 371; antiquities, 371; Guillermin, crucifix by, 371; bust attributed to Donatello or Desiderio da Settignano, 371

Nantes, Edict of, revocation of, 286
Napoleon, 293
—— at St. André, 389
Nicholas V, anti-pope, 64
Niem, Theodoric of, 184, 192
Notre Dame des Doms, 60, 265, 297–303

Occam, William of, 63
Orange, 257, 269; arch of, 299
Orimond, Duke of, 289
Orsini, Cardinal, 182
——, Napoleone, 55, 56

Pallone, game of, 218
Palace, Apostolic. *See* Palace, Papal
——, old episcopal, 60, 87
——, new episcopal, 60, 87
——, Papal, 87; siege of, 199–201; second siege of, 205–207; building of, 211–230; decoration of, 231–239; last history of, 294; visit to, 309–329
——, Pierre de Thury, Cardinal, 381
Papacy, its humiliation, 194
Papal chapel, old, 327, 328
Paris, peace of, 37; Raymond VII at, 37
Parpaille, Perrinet, 269, 340
Parrocel, Pierre, 302, 341, 344, 368
Pazzi, conspirators, 265

Pedro the Cruel, 163
Peironi, Sieur, punished for heresy, 271
Penitents, the Black, 356–357
——, the Grey, 350–352, 381
——, the White, 273, 276, 352–356
——, their processions, 357, 358
Perigord, Countess of, 50
Petracco, Ser, at Avignon, 80
Petrarch, his vituperation of Avignon, 52; at Carpentras, 55, 80, 81; at Avignon, 80; at Montpellier. 81; Bologna, 81; returns to Avignon, 82; at Lombez, 84; and Benedict XII, 93; and Rienzi, 99, 127, 128; meets Laura, 101; vicissitudes of passion for, 101–113; at Vaucluse, 120–135; climbs Mont Ventoux, 117–120; his gardens, 121–124; literary activity, 124–126; befriends Rienzi, 132; worried by poetasters, 134; final departure for Italy, 136; at St. Agricol, 337; reference to, 359; so-called portraits, 372; house of, 392, 393
Philip the Fair, 41, 43. 46, 49, 55, 57; tower of, 373, 388, 389
—— V, 56
—— VI, 90, 91
Pius VII, 351
Place Carnot, 339, 341, 344, 356
—— de l'Hôtel de Ville, 337
—— des Carmes, 344
—— des Corps Saints, 348
—— du Change, 280, 361
—— du Clôitre St. Pierre, 341
—— Pie, 269, 346
—— St. Didier, 361
—— St. Pierre, 339
Plague, the, 254–261
Poictiers, Philip of, 207
Pont d'Avignon, Ronde du, 308
Porte de l'Oulle, demolition of, 332
—— de la République, 334
—— du Rhône, 329, 334, 355
—— Limbert, demolition of, 332
—— Notre Dame, 225, 312
—— Pétrarque. *See* Porte de la République
—— St. Domenique, 334
—— St. Lazare, 334
—— St. Michel, 331
Pluralism, 79
Pretender, the Old, 289–292
——, the Young, 292
Prignano, Francesco, 193
Provençal a dying tongue, 296
Provence, Count of, 261
Poussin, Gaspar, 367
Puget, 302

Randon, Seigneur de Joyeuse, 205
Raymond, Count, of Barcelona, 18
——, Count, of St. Giles, 17, 18
—— VI of Toulouse, 29–33
—— VII, 33; his penance, 37; death, 40
——, friar, 173–177
Reception hall, 217
Regnault, Jean Baptiste, 367
Réné, King, 342, 347, 365, 377
Requien, Esprit, 363
Revolutionists annex Avignon and the Venaissin, 293; loot cathedral, 299; seize pictures, 362
Rhone, the, a great highway, 1–3; and political boundary, 15; view of, 305; its ravages, 331
Richelieu, Cardinal, 275
Rienzi, Cola di, at Avignon, 97; dictator at Rome, 127–129; his letters to Avignon, 127; his fall, 129, 130; prisoner at Avignon, 132; set free, 133; again at Rome, 139; his death, 139; prison of, 222; at St. Agricol, 337
Robert of Naples. *See* Robert the Wise
—— the Wise, 48, 52, 65, 140, 141, 143, 390
Rocher des Doms, 117
——, Promenade du, 305
Roger, Hugh, Cardinal, his hoard of gold, 78
Rome, anarchy at, 58, 86, 138
——, desolation of, 167, 168
——, riotous conclave of, 181
Rothbold, 17, 18
Routiers, the, 30
Rovere, Giuliano della, Cardinal, 262, 265, 303, 331
Rue Banasterie, 311, 356
—— des Etudes, 264
—— des Fourbisseurs, 341, 361
—— des Lices, 349
—— des Marchands, 337
—— du Change, 360
—— du Vieux Sextier, 341
—— Joseph Vernet, 361
—— Peyrolerie, 227, 229, 310, 311
—— Teinturiers, 350
—— Vialla, 361
Rupert, Fra, 142

Sade, Abbé de, his "Petrarch," 115; at Vaucluse, 391
St. Agricol, church of, 260; 336–337
St. André, walls of, 21, 305; fort of, 387–389
St. Angelo, Cardinal, 33, 35
St. Benezet builds bridge, 21–25
——, Bridge of, 307, 308, 309
St. Bridget, 168, 169
St. Catherine of Siena at Avignon, 173; interview with Gregory XI, 174; moves Gregory to leave for Rome, 175, 177; appeals for charity, 184; for unity, 185; appeals to base motives, 194
St. Didier, 291; church of, 341–344
St. Esprit, bridge of, 2, 3, 25, 158
St. Jean, Tour de, 219, 312, 318
St. John the Baptist, Chapel of, 322–327
St. Martha, 8–10
St. Martial, chapel of, 219; painting of, 233; description of, 318–322
——, church of, 349
St. Nicholas, chapel of, 25, 305, 307, 308
St. Peter's, Cardinal of, 181, 182
St. Pierre, church of, 240, 241, 247, 337–341
St. Pierre de Luxembourg, his miraculous powers, 191; canonized, 192; relics of, 341
St. Ruf, 10
St. Stephen, church of, 60
St. Symphorien, church of, 344–346
St. Veran, 390
Scève, Maurice de, discovers Laura's tomb (?), 113
Schism, the Great, 185–210
Sigismund, Emperor, 208, 209
Sixtus IV, 265
Smollet, 2
Sorgue, the, 390, source of, 391
Sorgues, Château of, 30, 204
Spolii, Jus, 236 *note*
Students, their guilds, 262–264
Symonds, J. A., 312, 368

Templars, chapter-house of, 346, *note*; tower of, 346
Tolentino, peace of, 293
Troubadours, 19, 28
Trouillas, Tour de, 218, 221, 222, 285, 311
Turenne, Countess of, 96

University, the, 261
Urban V, election of, 159; bans the Companions, 161, 166; moves to Rome, 167; returns to Avignon, 168; death of, 170; character of, 170, 171
—— VI, election of, 183; his reforming zeal, 184; his tyranny, 192; and cruelty, 193; his death, 194

Valentinois, Countess of, 175, 176
Vaucluse, 117–126, 130, 131, 134, 135, 291, 306, 390–393
Velutello at Avignon, 113
Venaissin, County, 32, 47; ceded to Holy See, 41, 204, 269, 293, 306
Ventoux, Mount, ascended by Petrarch, 117–120, 306
Verdun, Treaty of, 15
Vernet, Claude Joseph, 369
——, Horace, 369
Via, Arnaud de, 60, 61, 94, 374, 375
Via, Jacques de, 65, 79
Villeneuve, Cardinal, 198
Villeneuve, palaces at, 87; church of, 94; view of, 305; Notre Dame de, 373–375; Vierge de, 374; Musée de, 375; Charterhouse of, 381–387
Viollet-le-Duc, 307, 328, 331, 333, 346
Visconti, the, 66–70, 172
Vision, the Beatific, 72–74, 85
Viterbo, riot at, 167

Walls of Avignon, 157, 168, 329, 334
William I, of Provence, 17
—— II, of Provence, 17, 18
Wordsworth at Vaucluse, 390, 391

Young, Arthur, at Avignon, 4

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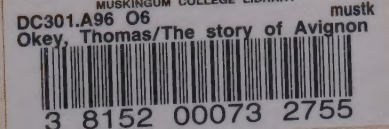
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